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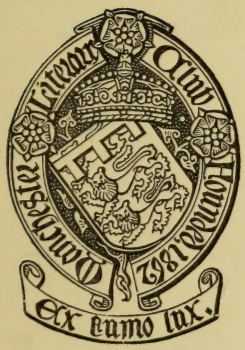

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STORIES "LEFT HALF TOLD."

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

THERE have been a good many stories written and unwritten that have never got themselves quite told; and a man sitting down reflectively to consider a subject of this kind will perhaps, like the present writer, have his mind carried back to some early literary effort of his own—some bud of promise that never blossomed to a perfect flower. What was that story we commenced to write in the years long gone, and which was to astonish the world with its marvellous incidents? The very name of it is forgotten, and try as we will we cannot recall it. But it was in the days when Fenimore Cooper exercised a magician's power and *The Last of the Mohicans* was one of the most entrancing of books. It was to be a story about Indians, the war path was to be trod, the tomahawk and scalping-knife used freely, and the characters were to be cast in the heroic moulds of Uncas, Hawkeye, and Leatherstocking. How many chapters were written it is impossible to tell now, but it was never finished, it was a story left half told; irrecoverable, too, now as one of the lost books of Livy, and the heedless world has gone on its way in blissful ignorance of its loss. And how much besides has gone with such stories, gone beyond recall—the glamour and romance of youth—

> The radiance which was once so bright
> Is now for ever taken from the sight,

and it is as ineffectual an effort to try to bring back that dead youth of yours and mine, with their half-achieved efforts, as "to call up him that left half told the story of Cambuscan bold."

Half-told stories leave a regretful sense of loss; but recalling the literature of your youth, and the tales that charmed you then, you will remember thankfully that it was to a story left half told that you owe some of your richest delights. If the grand-vizier's daughter had finished her story to the Sultan on that memorable first effort of hers, what would have been the result? Swish would have come down the scimitar upon her devoted neck, or, to speak more by the book, the bowstring or other instrument of strangulation would have been applied to her delicate throat, and where would have been the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments?* But, as we know, that cunning story-teller knew the power of a tale left half told to arouse curiosity. It was a daring experiment, but it was successful. At daybreak she was to be led forth to the executioner, but "an hour before day, Dinarzade being awake failed not to do as her sister ordered her. 'My dear sister,' cries she, 'if you be not asleep, I pray, until daybreak, which will be in a very little time, that you will tell me one of those pleasant stories you have read; alas! this may, perhaps, be the last time that ever I shall have the satisfaction.' Scheherazade, instead of answering her sister, addressed herself to the Sultan thus: 'Sir, would your majesty be pleased to allow me to give my sister this satisfaction?' 'With all my heart,' answers the Sultan. Then Scheherazade bid her sister listen, and afterwards, addressing the Sultan, began her story." How wily is the trick which causes the narrative to come to a stop as the scimitar is lifted over the head of the merchant ready to

smite. It was daybreak, and the Sultan had to say his prayers and could hear no more just then. "Lord, sister," says Dinarzade, "what a wonderful story is this!" "The remainder of it," says Scheherazade, "is more surprising, and you will be of my mind if the Sultan will let me live this day and permit me to tell it you next night." The Sultan, who had listened with pleasure, says to himself: "I will stay till to-morrow, for I can at any time put her to death when she has made an end of the story." So having resolved not to take away Scheherazade's life that day, he rose and went to his prayers. The sequel we know—how she beguiled the Sultan from his murderous purposes, and, like Lady Godiva,

> Built herself an everlasting name.

It was a story of this oriental cast that Chaucer, leaving half told, moved Milton, in his pensive mood, to wish the author back again. He longed to hear once more

> The morning star of song, who made
> His music heard below;
> Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
> Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still.

The student, too, who sits among his books, and contemplates the fragmentary and unfinished work that lies before him, if he had power to call up from the vasty deep the great spirits who have sojourned here on earth, and left great tales half told, would, doubtless, begin where Milton did, and make first choice of Chaucer. The poet's invocation, too, would fitly furnish the keynote of his mood. Invoking the "spirit of divinest melancholy," he says:

> Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
> Sober, steadfast, and demure,
> All in a robe of darkest grain,
> Flowing with majestic train,
> And sable stole of cypress lawn,
> Over thy decent shoulder drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commércing with the skies,
Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

. . . . . .

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek,
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside;
In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Taking down from the shelf that volume of the *Canterbury Tales*, one can contemplate that story of Chaucer's wrought out as on a piece of ancient tapestry in threads of silk and gold. As Professor Skeat says, Chaucer was a wonderful picture writer, and this "Squire's Tale" is a choice specimen of his power. It is supposed to be "founded on a story of Arabian origin, ennobled, no doubt, by Chaucer in the process of transplantation. Almost all the incidents and circumstances are found scattered in different Arabian tales, though not combined in any one." As it comes out of Chaucer's loom, the figures stand out with prominent distinction, there is stirring incident, and all about it a warm glow of colour. We read how Cambuscan, the noble king, who dwelt at Sarray in the land of Tartary, had two sons, Camballo and Algarsife, and a daughter called Canace of beauty most surpassing. How it befel that this Cambuscan, having worn his diadem for twenty years, kept the feast of

his nativity, and in royal vesture clad sat on his dais in his palace high, with all his lords about him, and how after the third course of that great feast, while as he sat

> Hearking his minstrels their thinges play
> Before him at his board deliciously,

there appeared in the hall suddenly a knight upon a steed of brass, and in his hand a mirror of glass, and upon his thumb a gold ring, and by his side a naked sword hanging, how he rode up to the high board and with courtly message told that the King of Araby and Ind saluted Cambuscan, and had sent him in honour of the feast this steed of brass that would take its rider whither he chose, on land or in the air, and vanish or come again at his bidding. The mirror and the ring were for Canace, and the mirror had magic powers to show the beholder when any adversity would happen in the king's reign, and disclose to the lady if her lover were false or true. By aid of the ring she could know the mysteries of the grasses and herbs of the field and their healing powers, and hold converse with the fowls of the air. The sword had power to inflict wounds beyond healing, unless the smiter thought fit to stroke the wound again with the flat of it, and then the wound would heal instantly. Marvellous things were to be done no doubt with the steed, the mirror, the ring, and the sword, but it is only of the ring in the hand of Canace, and the use she makes of it, to heal the self-inflicted wounds and restore her recreant lover to the deserted love-sick Falcon, that we have any story. The tapestry is left unwoven, with the threads of it hanging loose, at the point where we are promised adventures, battles, and great marvels. We are told that the work will be gone on with, and that where he left off the poet will again begin. Whether he ever went on with it is doubtful. Milton thought he left it half told. Skeat says there are indications in Howe's *Temple of Glass*,

written in the reign of Henry VII., that there was a continuation in existence, but whether by Chaucer or not there are no means of ascertaining.

Isaac D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, dealing with the subject of lost works, says : " I believe a philosopher would consent to lose any poet to regain an historian ; nor is this unjust, for some future poet may arise to supply the vacant place of a lost poet ; but it is not so with the historian. Fancy may be supplied, but Truth once lost in the annals of mankind leaves a chasm never to be filled." The story of Cambuscan may have been ended by Chaucer and lost, but anyhow in time came Spenser, who seemed to think that some chronicle had existed, for of it in the *Faerie Queene* he says that there were acts that now

be nowhere to be found
As that renowned poet them compiled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be fyled.
But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
That famous monument hath quite defaste
And robbed the world of treasure endless deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare,
O cursed Eld ! the cankerworme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite devoured, and brought to nought by little bits ?

And then in the modest spirit of a true poet, who believes that the mantle of the older one has fallen upon him, he takes up a phase of the story on his own account.

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit !
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steal from thee the meede of thy due merit
That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive.
And being dead in vaine yet many strive
Nor dare I like, but through infusion sweet
Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive
I follow here the footing of thy feet
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

Space will not permit me to tell the story in detail as Spenser tells it; suffice it to say that it is of Canace, and how three brothers—Priamond, Dyamond, and Triamond—fight in the lists with Canace's brother Cambello for the fair lady's hand. Two of the brothers are slain, for the magic ring and sword held by Cambello are omnipotent; but the fates have ordained that as each brother falls his soul shall enter the next who comes upon the field, and stout Triamond, the last of them, makes a vigorous stand, but would have been overcome had not a healing and pacific power appeared in Cambina, his sister, who enters the lists in a chariot drawn by two lions. At the touch of her magic wand their weapons fall; she brings Nepenthe too, which is

> A drink of sovereign grace
> Devized by the gods for to assuage
> Hearts grief and bitter gall away to chase,
> Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage,
> Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
> It doth establish, in the troubled mynd,
> Few men but such as sober are and sage
> Are by the gods to drink thereof assigned,
> But such as drink eternal happiness do find.

The combatants drink from the golden cup,

> Of which so soon as they once tasted had
> Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
> Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
> And lovely haulst, from fear of treason free,
> And plighted hands for ever friends to be.

The end of it is that

> Triamond had Canacee to wife,
> With whom he led a long and happie life;
> Cambello took Cambina to his fere,
> The which as life were to each other liefe,
> So all alike did love and loved were,
> That since their days such lovers were not found elsewhere.

From Chaucer to Coleridge, from Canace to Christabel, the distance in point of time is great, but the imagination takes that leap and links the two together. These two

beautiful ladies are central figures, and the element of the supernatural enters into both stories. Chaucer's beautiful Canace comes to us with the freshness of the morning about her as she walks in the park with her ladies, while Cambuscan and his lords are sleeping off that feast of his nativity. The vapours are rising from the ground, and through those early morning mists the sun looks ruddy and broad, and the ladies are light-hearted as they listen to the singing of the birds. Altogether, it is, as the poet says, a fair sight. Christabel comes to us in the darkness of the midnight hour and with the hooting of owls, as she steals from the castle while the baron sleeps, there by the old oak tree in the park to pray for the weal of her lover that is far away.

'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit—tu—whoo!
And hark again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye moonshine or shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say she sees my lady's shroud.
Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark,
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers, but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full,
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.
The lovely lady Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;

Dreams that made her moan and leap,
As on her bed she lay in sleep;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

Is it needful to tell afresh that tale of the woes of the holy Christabel, how she stole along in the midnight dark, and under the oak tree in the park knelt down and prayed her maiden prayer; and how a low moan that broke the silence thus revealed to her

A damsel bright
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone;
Her neck, her feet, her arms are bare,
And the jewels disordered in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

We know how this lady fair and fell beguiled the holy Christabel by her false tale, and how this Geraldine was taken by the unsuspecting maiden to her bower in the castle, and how, on the way,

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame,
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Was there ever a more exquisite picture than this stealthy flight of these two ladies through the sleeping house:

Sweet Christabel her feet she bares,
And they are creeping up the stairs,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!

And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.
The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here,
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain;
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp, with twofold silver chain,
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

Then there is that scene in the chamber, where the horror that mingles with the beauty of the strange lady is revealed to her—that sight to dream of not to tell—and that spell cast upon her at the recitation of which Shelley is said to have fainted:

She took two paces and a stride,
And lay down by the maiden's side,
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah well-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou know'st to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow.
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

How the spell worked, and how on the morrow the beautiful witch, with that veiled horror of hers, fascinated the aged knight, Sir Leoline, and estranged him from the spell-bound, woe-stricken Christabel, may all be read, but the sequel of it, in Coleridge's words, nowhere. The poem is divided into two parts, which were written with an interval

between them of three years, but not published until sixteen years after. Coleridge tells us it was his own indolence which prevented the completion of it, but he thought he could finish it, and says: "If easy in my mind, I have no doubt of the reawakening power and the kindling imagination." There is a sketch of the sequel, supposed to be Coleridge's own, which Mr. Gillman gives, to the effect that the witch who has declared herself to Sir Leoline as the injured daughter of his old friend, Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine, knowing that Bracy the Bard, who has been sent to him, will find out the imposture, vanishes, but reappears, and with the return of the bard personates the absent lover of Christabel, and against the maiden's instinctive dislike leads her to the altar, but at the critical moment the true lover appears with the ring, which is the sign of his betrothal. The witch disappears, the marriage takes place, explanations follow, and Christabel and Sir Leoline are reconciled. Charles Lamb was right, no doubt, when he advised Coleridge not to finish the story. It is a question whether the poet could have done it if he would. His son, Hartley, certainly thought he could not. Better, perhaps, that it remains as it is—the most exquisitely beautiful fragment in all English literature.

There was a mad wag of a poet, who wrote in *Blackwood* under the name of Morgan Odoherty, or Ensign Odoherty, who hailed from "Archie Cameron's college, Glasgow," and who thought it was a pity that Coleridge had left his work half done and with the mystery of it unexplained. In a letter to the editor of "Old Ebony"—his "sweet editor" as he is pleased to call him—he says: "You must have observed with regret that many of our best poets leave their greatest works in an unfinished state. It is my intention to finish these works for them, for I never could at any period of my life bear to think that anything should be left but half done.

I have accordingly finished Mr. Coleridge's 'Christabel,' and, what was a still more laborious task, Mr. Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' If Lord Byron does not publish *Don Juan* speedily, I will, for I have written him, and he is very restless in my desk. In short, I wish, like the celebrated Macvey Napier, Esq., to become a supplementary genius, and while he undertakes to render complete all the rest of human knowledge, permit me to do the same service to poetry. I have sent you the third part of 'Christabel' by my friend the 'Bagman,' who, so far from being a fool, as one of your critics averred, is, next to our friend D., one of the sharpest blades in Glasgow. You will receive a bale of the 'Excursion' by the waggon very soon." This third part of "Christabel" is a *jeu d'esprit* that I venture to think would not find its way into any magazine of these times. Coleridge, it is said, could hardly have explained the mystery and purpose of "Christabel." Odoherty's explanation is of a kind that need not be repeated here. This, however, is the mad wag's introduction :—

> Listen! ye know that I am mad,
> And ye will listen !—wizard dreams
> Were with me ! all is true that seems !—
> From dreams alone can truth be had—
> In dreams divinest lore is taught,
> For the eye no more distraught,
> Rests most calmly, and the ear,
> Of sound unconscious, may apply
> Its attributes unknown to hear
> The music of philosophy !
> Thus I am wisest in my sleep,
> For thoughts and things, which daylight brings,
> Come to the spirit sad and single,
> But verse and prose and joys and woes
> Inextricably mingle,
> When the hushed frame is silent in repose !

And this is a sample of his inspired verse :—

> Tempest or calm, moonshine or shower,
> The castle clock still tolls the hour,

And the cock awakens and echoes the sound,
And is answered by the owls around;
And at every measured tone
You may hear the old baron grunt and groan;
'Tis a thing of wonder, and fright and fear,
The mastiff-bitch's moans to hear—
And the aged cow in her stall that stands
And is milked each morning by female hands
(That the baron's breakfast of milk and bread
May be brought betimes to the old man's bed,
Who often gives, while he is dressing,
His Christabel a father's blessing).
That aged cow, as each stroke sounds slow,
Answers it with a plaintive low!
And the baron old, who is ill at rest,
Curses the favourite cat for a pest—
For let him pray, or let him weep,
She mews thro' all the hours of sleep,
Till morning comes with its pleasant beams,
And the cat is at rest, and the baron dreams!

Christopher North might well say that this continuation of "Christabel" perplexed the public, but he also adds that it pleased Coleridge. Moreover, Odoherty himself subsequently speaks of the delight which his effort had given, and thanks Coleridge most warmly for the kind and good-tempered way in which he had been pleased to speak of his humble efforts.

Coleridge had an imitator and poet-supplementary of another kind, whose object was avowedly serious, but with a result almost grotesque. This was the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, a book that I do not find on my shelves now, for I am afraid some of us are a little indifferent to that kind of poetry now. The proverbial philosopher, however, thought that the mantle of Coleridge had fallen upon him. We know how modestly Spenser essayed to tread in the footsteps of Chaucer. Mr. Tupper undertook to complete "Christabel," and styled his effort "Geraldine." He acknowledged that it was a dangerous and difficult proceeding. "Christabel" was the work of years; but so easy was this new task to him that he

tells us it was the pleasant labour of but a very few days. That "Geraldine" is to "Christabel" as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine goes without saying. When Christopher North got hold of it he waxed wroth, and in reviewing it said: "As many people as choose may publish what they call continuations and sequels of 'Christabel,' but not one of them will be suffered to live. If beyond a month any of them is observed struggling to protract its rickety existence it will assuredly be strangled, as we are about to strangle Mr. Tupper's 'Geraldine.'" There is a story to the effect that "Ebn Saad, one of Mahomet's amanuenses, when writing what the prophet dictated, cried out by way of admiration: 'Blessed be God the best creator!' Mahomet approved of the expression, and desired him to write those words down also as part of the inspired passage. The consequence was that Ebn Saad began to think himself as great a prophet as his master, and took upon himself to imitate the *Koran* according to his fancy; but the imitator got himself into trouble, and only escaped with his life by falling on his knees and solemnly swearing he would never again imitate the *Koran*, for which he was sensible God had never created him."

There is another unfinished story of Coleridge's, a beautiful fragment of a creation "rounded with a sleep." He dreamt Kubla Khan, and waking wrote down something less than sixty lines of it. Then that unfortunate "person from Porlock" came in, and the rest of the three hundred lines that were to be, vanished from mortal ken for ever. He hoped to complete this poem too, hoped that the glory and the freshness of the dream would be revived, and that Kubla Khan's stately pleasure dome would be finished. He says "from the still surviving recollections in his mind the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally as it were given to him, but the

to-morrow is yet to come." In the Sybilline leaves, too, is a story of "Three Graves," which is also a fragment, and which Mr. W. Rossetti says may be preferred to all Coleridge's other works in point of living strength and interest, the precious power of "coming home" to the reader. Criticism is hardly within the scope of this paper, but it may be noted that Coleridge thought differently of his work. He tells us that he is doubtful whether the ballad style of it is sufficient to justify any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous. "It is not presented as poetry, and it is in no way connected with the author's judgment concerning poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively psychological." It is a story of the withering effects of a mother's curse. Edward, a young farmer, is in love with Mary, but Mary's mother falls in love with him and asks him to marry her instead of her daughter, and on his refusal curses them both. There is a bosom friend, Ellen, who furthers the union of the couple, and upon whom the curse also falls. The ballad ends abruptly, and has appended to it the significant words: "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." The old sexton tells the tale, and a verse or two will serve to show the style. He says:

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark!

You see that grave! The Lord He gives,
The Lord He takes away:
Oh! 'tis the child of my old age
Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one
That was not dug by me,
I'd rather dance upon 'em all
Than tread upon these three!

But there is bathos in the ballad, too, as when the poet tells us how

The gentle Ellen
Did well-nigh dote on Mary,
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more,
She managed all the dairy.

As the vision of the "noticeable man with large grey eyes" fades from the mental sight, there comes instead the form of Adonais, "the pard like spirit beautiful and swift," who left half told the story of Hyperion, that fragment which has in it "the large utterance of the early gods," and which Byron said, "seemed actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus." It breaks off abruptly with an unfinished line, and the last word which commences that line is the fitting one "Celestial." Following that, the printer has filled in a series of suggestive stars, and the fanciful reader looking upon them may see some dim resemblance between the poet and the hero of this high strain. The voice of Cœlus from among the gods has said

I am but a voice,
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides, can I avail.

And then,

Ere half this region-whisper had come down
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curvèd lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceased ; and still he kept them wide :
And still they were the same bright, patient stars,
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

For the prosaic reason of the breaking off of this Olympian story we must turn to a letter of Keats to his friend Reynolds. He says, "I have given up 'Hyperion'—there are too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful or rather artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be

kept up. It may be interesting to you to pick out some lines from 'Hyperion,' and put a mark to the false beauty proceeding from art, and one to the true voice of feeling. Upon my soul 'twas imagination; I cannot make the distinction—every now and then there is a Miltonic intonation, but I cannot make the division properly." Keats in his unfinished work is more fortunate than Coleridge. No one has attempted to complete "Hyperion."

Of those whom the gods have loved, Keats and Kirke White seem to me to stand together. Kirke White was a boy almost as marvellous as Chatterton. Nearly all his poetry was written before he was nineteen. He has left many fragments, and there is one of "An Eccentric Drama," written at a very early age, which is peculiarly striking. It opens with a wild and original song, called the "Dance of the Consumptives," of which this is a stanza:

> Ding dong! ding dong!
> Merry, merry go the bells.
> Ding dong, ding dong!
> Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
> "Swinging slow with sullen roar."
> Dance, dance away, the jocund roundelay!
> Ding dong, ding dong calls us away.

There is in it, too, a passage which has an echo of Keats in it, though it was written when Keats was a child, and contains a presentiment of the poet's fate:

> With what a silent and dejected pace
> Dost thou wan Moon! upon thy way advance
> In the blue welkin's vault!—Pale wanderer!
> Hast thou, too, felt the pangs of hopeless love,
> That thus with such a melancholy grace,
> Thou dost pursue thy solitary course?
> Has thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy forsook
> Thy widowed breast,—on which the spoiler oft
> Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
> Fantastic pillowed thee, and the dim night,
> Obsequious to thy will, encurtained round
> With its thick fringe thy couch? Wan traveller,

How like thy fate to mine? Yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st.
My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness—my journey here,
Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.

Like "Hyperion," this fragment of a drama ends with an unfinished sentence, and the last line runs thus:

Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—

That out of Gray's "Elegy" anything humorous should be developed is what one would scarcely look for, though Hood has turned to mirth the fate of the early riser therein drawn. Out of it, however, there sprang "A Long Story" of an unfinished kind, which is a little curious. When the "Elegy" was in manuscript, it was handed round, and fell into the hands of Lady Cobham, who dwelt at Stoke Pogis. She admired it so much that she was determined to introduce herself to the poet, and, taking two ladies with her, called upon him. He was out, but a card was left with a playful message on it. Gray was so struck by the romantic incident, which by the way was the prelude to a little bit of romance in his life, that he composed a series of fantastic verses on the event. There is a description of Lady Cobham's house and its history, and after it has gone on for a few verses, the poet exclaims:

What! in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe;
Your history whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe?

Then he goes on to tell how the amazons issued out of the house in search of a wicked imp they call a poet:

The heroines undertook the task
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour entered.

The trembling family, they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle:
Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber,
Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a teacup he might lie,
Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

And so on in the like strain until the poet comes to a point in which he inserts this line—

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

and winds up with—

And so God save our noble king,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

Two sequels to the Long Story were written at equal, if not greater, length—one by John Penn, Esq., and the other by the Laureate Pye, which you may read, if they are worth it, in Hakewill's *History of Windsor.*

Coming down to more recent times and to songs more heroic, what schoolboy familiar with the *Lays of Ancient Rome* and with "Ivry" has not regretted that Macaulay left the story of "The Armada" half told? After following the fiery warning in its course round the island, and reading how

Belvoir's lonely terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle—

one is inclined to look somewhat impatiently at the printer's "patient stars," which tell us that as far as Macaulay is concerned we shall hear no more of the story.

I have glanced thus briefly and in a most gossiping fashion at a few of the unfinished songs which the poets have left,

and it remains to deal as briefly and lightly with some of the half-told stories of the prose writers. Here, again, the student, sitting in his library and looking round upon his books, will have his mind filled with a feeling of pensive sadness when he remembers how often in the theatre of human action the curtain has come down suddenly upon the unfinished drama, and someone has stepped forward to tell the audience that the chief actor is dead. There is nothing for it then but to turn down the lights and let the audience make its way out of the darkened theatre, wondering as it goes what the end of the play would have been. The story in such cases is not always a novel or a fairy tale. You remember in *Middlemarch* there is a description of a student who had a story to tell, which he called "The Key to all the Mythologies," and which he died leaving uncompleted. Poor Casaubon's case is not an isolated one. There have been a good many stories of that kind which have never been finished. Casaubon's was an imaginative case; but is there not Buckle's *History of Civilization* before us as a striking specimen—a fragment of a grand idea? You may read in the author's words how he felt as he surveyed the field of knowledge spread out before him and longed for life to explore it to its furthest limits. There is something sad in the foreboding words in which he tells us that though a man toil and strive, "the noontide of his life shall pass by, and the evening of his days overtake him, and he himself have to quit the scene, leaving that unfinished which he had vainly hoped to complete." He says, too: "Little did I know how the horizon enlarges as well as recedes, and how vainly we grasp at fleeting forms which melt away and elude us in the distance. Of all that I had hoped to do I now find but too surely how small a part I shall complete." Two volumes only of that work got themselves presented to the world. There were to be at least nine more, and each

was to be the work of two years. Anthony Trollope tells us in his *Autobiography* that his father had commenced a work—an Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica as he called it—on which he laboured to the moment of his death. "It was his ambition to describe all ecclesiastical terms, including the denominations of every fraternity of monks and every convent of nuns, with their orders and sub-divisions. Under crushing disadvantages, with few or no books of reference, with immediate access to no library, he worked at his most ungrateful task with unflagging industry. When he died, three numbers out of eight had been published by subscription, and are now, I fear, unknown, and buried in the midst of that pile of literature the building up of which has broken so many hearts." Anthony Trollope had himself a dread of leaving unfinished work; but his son tells us that at the time of his death he had written four-fifths of an Irish story called *The Land Leaguers*. "This book was a source of anxiety to him. He could not rid his mind of the fact that he had a story already in course of publication, but which he had not yet completed. In no other case except *Framley Parsonage* did he publish even the first number of any novel before he had fully completed the whole tale."

But I am travelling a little too fast in these records of unfinished work, and must go back to Gray's time and to a contemporary of his who left more than one uncompleted story. *The Sentimental Journey* is a half-told tale, and *Tristram Shandy* was to have been continued had Parson Yorick lived. When Sterne was approaching the completion of the ninth volume of *Tristram Shandy*, he says: "I shall publish late in this year; and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finished I shall continue *Tristram* with fresh spirit." *The Sentimental Journey* was the new work meant, and he retired to Coxwold to write it. He had been in bad health, and had travelled in

painful and slow stages to his Yorkshire home, but when he got there his health improved. He says, writing to a friend: "I am as happy as a prince at Coxwold, and wish you could see in how princely a manner I live. In a land of plenty I sit down alone to dinner—fish and wild-fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley under Hambleton Hills can produce, with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard, and not a parishioner catches a hare, a rabbit, or a trout but he brings it as an offering to me." I went the other day to look at that quaint old Shandy Hall, the white parsonage house standing by the road side beyond the village, with the trees shading it, and the rich wooded valley below backed up by the dark Hambleton Hills. There was a young lady seated on a camp stool in the field opposite, sketching the place. As I stood looking at it, I fell into conversation with another pilgrim to that shrine of sentiment, who asked me to look at the half-finished sketch which his daughter was making. It was odd to find that my newly-made acquaintance bore the name of Quincey, and was a relative of the English Opium Eater whose *Confessions*, it has always seemed to me, were no more than a half-told tale. I went into the house and looked at the room where Sterne possibly took his solitary dinner, and at the lesser room close by where he is said to have written *The Sentimental Journey*. I peeped into the spacious kitchen where his dinner was cooked, with its wide, recessed fireplace whose chimney forms a buttress-like projection of the outer gable, and I saw the staircase up which Parson Yorick went to bed.

The earliest purchased book in my library is a little brown volume bound in calf skin, a ragged veteran of a dwarf size that you could put in your pocket. The paper is poor and

faded and the printing quaint. I picked it up on an old bookstall when I was a lad, and it has formed as it were the nucleus of my library. It is a copy of the *Sentimental Journey*, and though it is not illustrated, the long pale Shandean face of the author has peeped out at me from its pages many a time. I have been with him in his journeys, and have smiled at his eccentric gallantries, his graceful wit, and his affected sentiment, but I cannot say that I have altogether liked him, or that he is among my favourite humorists. He is unique in his way, however, and no one can properly affect to despise him altogether. I thought of the author the first time I went to Paris, for wandering about some of the older streets of the city, I came upon a copy of his book on an old bookstall there. One could imagine him driving into the city, with his postilion's whip going crack! crack! "So this is Paris, quoth I; and this is Paris! humph, Paris! cried I, repeating the name a third time. The first, the finest, the most brilliant! The streets, however, are nasty. But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells, crack, crack, crack—what a fuss thou makest, as if it concerned the good people to be informed that a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a postilion in a tawny yellow jerkin, turned up with red calamanco! Crack, crack, crack, I wish thy whip—But 'tis the spirit of thy nation, so crack—crack on."

There is in the *Sentimental Journey* a half-told story of a Shandean type which Sterne calls "The Fragment." He says, "La Fleur had left me something to amuse myself with for the day, more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine. He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm and he had a good step to bring it, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt

the currant leaf and his hand. As that plate was sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was. . . . When I had finished the butter I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper—but, stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third—I thought it better worth, so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it. It was in the old French of Rabelais' time, and for aught I know might have been wrote by him. It was, moreover, in Gothic letter, and that so faded and gone off by damp and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make anything of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again and embroiled my patience with it afresh—and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza. Still it kept hold of me, and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire. I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy I at it again, and after two or three hours poring over it I thought I made sense of it." And then he goes on to describe his Rabelais story, and finds it contains another story which commences where his fragment of paper breaks off. "'And where is the rest of it, La Fleur?' said I, as he just then entered the room. When La Fleur came close up to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me that there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapped round the stalks of a bouquet to keep it together, which he had presented to the demoiselle upon the boulevards. 'Then prithee, La Fleur,' said I, 'step back to her at the Count de B's hotel and see if thou canst get it.' 'There is no doubt,' said La Fleur, and away he flew. In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment.

Juste Ciel! in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her—his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young sempstress—and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it. Our misfortunes were involved together. I gave a sigh, and La Fleur echoed it back to my ear. 'How perfidious!' cried La Fleur. 'How unlucky!' said I. 'I should not have been mortified, monsieur,' quoth La Fleur, 'if she had lost it.' 'Nor I, La Fleur,' said I, 'had I found it.'"

We know how Sterne left his Yorkshire home to die miserably in lodgings in Bond Street, and we know how the *Sentimental Journey* ends. Thackeray said the last words poor Yorick penned were bad and wicked, and he for one, I take it, would not have called up the author to finish his story. My little volume is curious, because it contains a continuation of the journey not to be met with in the ordinary editions. His friend Eugenius, who claimed to have access to materials which Sterne had left and knew the sequel, undertook to finish it, but the imitation is poorly done, and Yorick was dead to all intents and purposes when he penned his last recorded lines. Sterne has had many imitators of his style. I imagine Lord Lytton was strongly under the influence of it when he wrote *The Caxtons*, and the recollection of that impression reminds me that Lytton himself left several half-told tales. There is the romance of *Lionel Hastings* (a fragment), a sort of autobiographical sketch of a phase of his own life; and there is also the unfinished novel of *Greville*, with the outlines of the uncompleted chapters, which the author abandoned because he thought it followed too much the line of *Pelham*, but upon these I have not space to dwell. But with this connecting link of Lytton we are brought down to more recent times, and are reminded how the author of *Twice Told Tales*,

The Scarlet Letter, and *The House of Seven Gables*, died, and left two tales half told. We put Nathaniel Hawthorne upon the same shelf and side by side with Washington Irving, and do not quarrel about their respective merits, though some of us may very much prefer Geoffrey Crayon. They have each charms of their own, and Hawthorne is unique in his way. It is difficult to describe the peculiar influence of his genius—the rich fantastic imagination, the tender, delicate susceptibility, the subtle power of dealing with psychological phenomena, and the blending of the natural and the supernatural. In his charming description, his susceptibility to the influence of nature, his power of depicting character, he is distinctly on the earth, but he is also never far away from the border-land of the mysterious. In *Septimius Felton, or the Elixir of Life*, one of the unfinished stories, there is a good deal of weirdness of the Faust kind. It is the old story of a studious recluse, who is trying to discover the secret of prolonging his life indefinitely, and the mysterious properties of herbs are dealt with, and especially of a flower that grows out of the grave of one who has met with a violent death. The story is in a sense roughly complete in its original draft, but there are paragraphs interpolated with suggestions for amplifying it. It is interesting to us because Hawthorne blends the old world life with the new in it, and locally interesting because it has its root in the legend of The Bloody Footstep which is associated with Smithells Hall, near Bolton. He tells us that on the threshold of one of the doors of that hall there is a bloody footstep imprinted on the doorstep, ruddy as if the bloody foot had just trodden there, and it is averred that on a certain night of the year, and at a certain hour of the night, if you go to look at that doorstep, you will see the mark wet with fresh blood. And the legend goes on to tell of a tenant who lived there, and devoted himself to the

study of how he should prolong his life indefinitely, and how he came to believe that he must kill some innocent being for every thirty years he chose to live, and the heart's blood of the victim was to be one of the ingredients of the required elixir. He takes the life of a beautiful kinswoman, and buries her in the wood close by, but his right foot gets bedabbled with the blood of the fair girl, and so wherever he goes afterwards he leaves the track of it. Horror stricken, he flies from the hall, but wherever he went Sir Forrester left in the world a bloody track behind him. "When he went to church you would see the track up the broad aisle, and a little red puddle in the place where he sat and knelt. Once he went to the king's court, and there being a track up to the very throne, the king frowned upon him, so that he never came there any more." There was no remedy for it. He went about the world a horror-stricken man, always looking behind him. The bloody track was left in college rooms, in the street, in the wilderness, yea "in the battle field they say his track looked freshest and reddest of all." At last he came back home, and going to the grave in the wood, found a beautiful crimson flower growing on it, the most gorgeous and lovely that ever grew, and this he found was essential for the perfection of his elixir. He made the drink, and drank it, and became immortal. He vanished eventually, but not by death. "From generation to generation they say that a bloody track is seen around that house, and sometimes it is tracked up into the chambers so freshly that you see he must have passed a short time before."

The Dolliver Romance is the name of the fragment left unfinished, and in it there is the same dealing with the mysterious virtues of herbs, and the flower that grows on graves turns up again. What was written of it you may read in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where it appeared soon after his death. Old Doctor Dolliver is an antique figure, and there is a beau-

tiful little child, Pansie—Queen Pansie, with eyes like the dark petals of a tuft of pansies in the doctor's garden—who is his companion. We read in it how old Doctor Dolliver crammed a great silver watch into his fob, and drew on a patchwork morning gown of an ancient fashion. The original material was said to have been the embroidered front of his own wedding waistcoat and the silken skirt of his wife's bridal attire, which his eldest daughter had taken from the carved chest of drawers after poor Bessie, the beloved of his youth, had been half a century in the grave. Through the course of years, as the garment got ragged, the spinsters of the old man's family "quilted their duty and affection into it in the shape of patches of rose-colour, crimson, blue, violet, and green; and then, as their hopes faded, and their lives kept growing shadier, and their attire took a sombre hue, sober gray, and great fragments of funereal black, until the doctor could revive the memory of most things that had befallen him by looking at his patchwork gown as it hung upon a chair."

There is a beautiful picture of the old man musing in his high-backed chair before the fire in the twilight, with the child Pansie's influence upon his dreams. As he sat there in the flickering firelight there stole over his face "an expression of repose and perfect trust, that made him as beautiful to look at in his high-backed chair as the child Pansie on her pillow. . . . All the night afterwards he would be semi-conscious of an intangible bliss diffused through the fitful lapses of an old man's slumber, and would wake at early dawn with a faint thrilling of the heart-strings, as if there had been music just now wandering over them." Hawthorne broke down with this story utterly, and, writing to his publishers, said: "I hardly know what to say to the public about this abortive romance, though I know what the case will be. I shall never finish it. Yet it is not quite pleasant

for an author to announce himself, or to be announced, as finally broken down as to his literary faculty. I cannot finish it unless a great change comes over me, and if I make too great an effort to do so it will be my death."

I must now pass rapidly to the end, only glancing at the fact that Charlotte Brontë just before her death had commenced a novel called *Emma*, and that Mrs. Gaskell died before she had completed *Wives and Daughters* in *Cornhill.* Appended to the latter are some editorial remarks which tell us that here the story is broken off and cannot now be finished. "What promised to be the crowning work of a life is a memorial of death. A few days longer and it would have been a triumphal column, crowned with a capital of festal leaves and flowers, now it is another sort of column, one of those sad white pillars which stand broken in the churchyard."

How the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* came to be left half told, and to remain a mystery, which ingenious brains are still trying to unravel, is well known, and need not be dealt with in detail here. Did Jasper murder his nephew, and, if so, how was the crime found out, are questions that have exercised the minds of many readers. Most people take it for granted that a murder was committed, and in the forecast of the story, which Dickens gave to Forster, he deals with a murder and a murderer. There was an ingenious working out of the sequel of the story on this hypothesis in the *Cornhill* not long ago; but an equally ingenious and imaginative critic is trying in the pages of *Knowledge* to prove, by what he calls a half scientific investigation of the story, that Edwin Drood is not dead, though Jasper tried to murder him, and thought he had done so; that though the victim was placed in the tomb among the quicklime, he was released by Durdles, who heard his cries, and that he reappears in the story under the guise of Datchery the

detective. If that is so, either Forster is wrong in his outline or Dickens must have changed his mind. How significant are these efforts to complete the airy fabrics, "all carved out of the carver's brain," which the master builders have left unfinished? Sometimes there are outline sketches and scraps of drawings which show the general design and something of the details. But in Dickens's case there was little or nothing of that kind. When the pen dropped from his grasp the magician's wand was broken as far as we are concerned. The airy nothings to which there should have been given local habitations and names have vanished into the dreamland from whence they came. Cloisterham has been an interesting place to pilgrims since Dickens described it; and I am reminded in this connection how two friends, one a member of this club, went on a pilgrimage there to write about it and illustrate it, and how before the work was finished one of them was taken and the other left, and how the artist who was taken left an unfinished sketch for an unfinished story.

In the last place let me say a word about Thackeray and *Denis Duval.* Though I may not linger upon it here, it is a half-told tale upon which, in my reading, I have dwelt more than upon any other. There is a peculiarly mournful interest about it, because the author always dealt with the mysteries of life and death in a manner more solemn than is usual with humorists. I have read that charming story again and again, for the narrator is always most charming when, as in *Esmond,* he tells the story as of himself. It is all very real that bit of unfinished drama which opens out in a corner of the south coast, with its early scenes laid in the old towns of Rye and Winchelsea. There is the colony of French refugees of the Protestant faith, with the pictures of their social life, the smuggling, the plots and conspiracies, and in the heart of the story there is the sweet idyl of the

loves of Denis and the little Agnes—an idyl complete, however much else may be lost. "And who, pray, was Agnes," he says. "To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her; to win such a prize in life's lottery has been given but to very few. What I have done of any worth has been done trying to deserve her. . . . *Monsieur mon fils* (this is to his boy), if ever you marry and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, 'I loved him, when the daisies cover me.'" Once more, of Agnes he writes: "When my ink is run out and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayers shall toll for a certain D.D., you will please, good neighbours, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan when his turn shall arrive."

In his continuation of Chaucer's story, Spenser describes the dreadful house of the three fatal sisters who control the lives of men. There in that dark abode in the deep abyss, "far from the view of gods and heaven's bliss," they sit round the direful distaff and spin the threads which are "the lines of life from living knowledge hid." As the thread is spun, there is one who "with cursed knife" cuts the twist in twain, to mark where the end shall be. So, as the poet says, the days of wretched men depend on threads so vain. As with the lives of men, so with their thoughts and the creations of their brains. The fates unseen spin out the threads and sever them as they will. But in neither case, surely, is that the end. In one of his *Roundabout Papers*, Thackeray writing of the last unfinished sketch from Leslie's pencil, and Charlotte Brontë's last unfinished story, speculates upon the possible continuation of the work of the artist's imagination in some other sphere, and asks—

"Is there record kept anywhere of fancies, conceived beautiful unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light? . . . May there not be some sphere unknown to us where they may have an existence? They say our words once out of our lips go travelling, in *omne ævum*, reverberating for ever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has Been, why not the Might Have Been?"

JOHN FAWCETT: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY JOHN BANNISTER.

WEDNESDAY, the 25th day of June, 1884, was a memorable day, even for musical Manchester On the afternoon of that day, in our magnificent Town Hall, might have been seen a gathering which years ago could scarcely have been got together from the whole of the county. The *élite* of Manchester and neighbourhood filled the hall, the occasion being the distribution of certificates gained by Manchester candidates in the examinations connected with the Royal Academy of Music. The president of the academy — Sir G. A. Macfarren, one of Britain's honoured musicians, and the finest musical critic in the world — was supported by such an array of professors of music and distinguished amateurs that fifty years ago it would have taken half the kingdom to provide the number. Then we had no cheap music, as it was a prize for the few only, now enjoyed by the many ; then the names of Mainzer, Hullah, and Curwen were unknown ; then the people were beginning to think the musician was a decent member of society after all, and not the "ne'er-do-weel" fellow they had been taught to believe him ; then music was cultivated only to minister to our grosser amusements ; but the time was not far distant when all this would be changed ; a few years nearer our own time and the men whose names I before mentioned had commenced the great work of popularizing music as an art only, which has grown in power and

influence that now it is cultivated by prince and peasant—as a showy accomplishment? or for mere amusement? No! as an intellectual pursuit; as a science, to which some of the brightest minds in Christendom have bent their powers to fathom her mysteries, but without avail.

It has been said that the last fifty years have been the age of modern music; be this as it may, many have worked during this period to spread a knowledge of the "divine art," and amongst these, not the least, is the subject of my paper to-night—John Fawcett.

John Fawcett was born on the 8th of December, 1789—ninety-five years ago—at Wennington, a village twelve miles north-east of Lancaster. Here his father followed the occupation of a shoemaker, to which business subsequently young Fawcett was brought up. In 1794 we find him residing with his parents at Kendal, and showing at this early age a predilection for music. As a scholar at the Church Sunday school he had to attend the Church services; but this was no punishment to him, for it is on record that he listened to the music, particularly the voluntaries, with delight. This fed the musical flame to such a degree that at last it found vent through the holes of an old fife, which he had purchased at about the age of nine years. This did not satisfy the cravings of his youthful soul, for at twelve we find him a member of a singing class, copying the music needed for practice, and making greater progress than his elders, soon learning to sing his music at sight; indeed it was about this time his natural abilities began to develop themselves. It is scarcely necessary to mention here that in those days the diffusion of music was by manuscript music, which was copied or pricked; a printed copy of any piece of music being a rarity, and considered to be too precious for ordinary use. To this use of manuscript music may be attributed the variations of many of our old tunes.

The youth makes another effort to become an instrumentalist; the German flute, then in vogue, being the instrument adopted. Though knowing nothing of musical composition, we find him at fifteen writing tunes to the hymns then in use. The first tune he is said to have written is one called "Wexford," L.M. As before stated he knew nothing of musical composition at this time, so the tune must have been harmonized at a later date. At seventeen, with glowing aspirations, he is appointed choir-master of St. George's Chapel, at a salary of £5 per year; and his choir becomes the best in the neighbourhood. On the expected invasion of England by the first Napoleon, we find our "young musician" enrolled as a volunteer; and after the disbandment of the force he joined the local militia as a bandsman, his instrument being the second clarionet. In the meantime he has made some progress in the study of the "theory of music," which enabled him to write (or compose) more confidently, as well as more correctly. This ability brought him promotion; first he was made a sergeant, then bandmaster. While in this capacity he composed a great variety of music for his band, such as quick-steps, marches, troops, and waltzes.

At twenty he commences life on his own account, by marrying, as he has often said, "one of the best of women," by whom he had several children. At twenty-one he published the whole of his hymn tunes, which had a sale sufficient to cover the cost. At twenty-four he studied Corf's *Thorough Bass Simplified*, after which he was able to compose accurately. At this time he issued his second book of *Hymn Tunes and Other Pieces*, which became extensively popular in various parts of the country. This brought him into public notice, and he had several offers to lead choirs in Manchester, which he declined. In 1815, so well had he trained his choir, a portion of them was chosen to

assist in a three days' musical festival given in the parish church of Kendal, which so satisfied the promoter of it that Mr. Fawcett and his party were engaged to sing at Whitehaven, and the following year at Preston, Mr. Fawcett receiving a handsome present at the latter place.

We have now arrived at the turning point of his life; this was the offer of £20 a year, made by Mr. Roger Holland, of Birch House, if he would teach the choir and band at the Farnworth Wesleyan Sunday School. This offer was accepted and a seven years' engagement made; but, scarcely had he commenced duty, he found out, like many others have done since his time, that he had to contend with meddlers who "did not know a crotchet from a quaver." He removed with his family to Farnworth, and, while teaching his choir and his band, followed his occupation of shoemaker, which prospered to such an extent that he built a house and became an employer. The story goes that he always kept pen, ink, and paper on a small desk beside him to jot down an "idea" or "movement," which afterwards he worked out and filled in the harmony. On the termination of his seven years' engagement he sold his property at Farnworth and went to Bolton, where, in 1825, he erected a large shop and house in Higher Bridge Street. Soon after this, his musical engagements became so numerous, he gave up his business of shoemaker and devoted himself solely to music, which no doubt he found more congenial to his taste, as well as more profitable. For thirty years he is found teaching the piano, harmonium, organ, violin, violoncello, double bass, flute, singing, and composition; for a great portion of this time we find him a successful leader of the choirs at Bridge Street and Mawdsley Street Chapels.

Some time before his death his health declined and his circumstances became reduced. He was not without his trials and anxieties, but amidst them all he pursued his

favourite pursuit until he calmly fell asleep at his residence, Howarth Street, at five o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 26th October, 1867, "in the full assurance of resurrection to eternal life." Mr. Fawcett had a kind and affectionate disposition; yet he had also great firmness of character, almost amounting to obstinacy, notwithstanding which he was held in great respect. The following acrostic was written at the time of his death by Mr. C. S. Fryer, of Bolton:—

F ull learned in music's science, grand, divine,
A ngelic themes in sacred song he wrought
W ith talents rare, and earnest soul benign
C ontributing to holy joy and thought.
E steemed shall be his name through future years;
T housands, his gently-flowing strains shall move
T o gain the bliss of raptured choirs above.

He was buried in the Bolton Cemetery on Thursday, 31st October, his funeral being of a semi-public character. When the coffin was brought out of the house, a large and efficient choir sang Mendelssohn's chorale, "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit." After the lesson in the Burial Service, the hymn "While to the grave our friends are borne" was sung to Mr. Fawcett's tune "Retirement," and at the grave the choir rendered, with deep feeling, Mr. Fawcett's anthem or funeral ode, "Spirit, leave thine house of clay," which had been rehearsed under Mr. Fawcett's own direction while living.

Many Manchester gentlemen contributed to a fund organized in Bolton for the purpose of placing a monument over the remains of the deceased. This stands at the head of the grave, which is on the left of the main entrance, a little before reaching the church. It is a neat structure, and consists of a square base of stone, with a rectangular stone shaft above it. The front side of the base is cut in the form of a lyre, upon which is the following inscription:—

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED
BY A NUMBER OF FRIENDS AND
ADMIRERS OF HIS PROLIFIC GENIUS
AS A COMPOSER OF SACRED AND OTHER
MUSIC; AMONGST WHICH ARE THE
ORATORIA *(sic)* "PARADISE"—"THE HARP OF ZION"
AND VERY MANY OTHER BEAUTIFUL COMPOSITIONS.
HE ALSO WROTE VARIOUS WORKS IN MUSIC
WHICH ARE MUCH APPRECIATED,—
HIS LONG LIFE WAS SPENT IN ADVANCING
THE SPIRIT OF PRAISE. AND ALTHOUGH
HE BEING DEAD, HIS WORKS WILL LIVE.

This is surmounted by carved stone representing a lyre, pan pipes, and a flageolet kind of whistle; also some music. On the front side of the shaft is inscribed:—

IN MEMORY OF
THE LATE
JOHN FAWCETT, SENR., COMPOSER
AND TEACHER OF MUSIC, WHO
DIED 26TH OCTOBER 1867
AGED 78 YEARS.

Commencing to write music at an early age, I was prepared to find Mr. Fawcett had been no idler. He wrote upwards of two thousand pieces during his lifetime, but I cannot say what proportion of these are secular, as I have not been able to find much of this class of composition. No doubt, as bandmaster, he would write a great many pieces which have been lost. We have a few, however, in *The Juvenile Pianist Companion*, issued by Mr. Fawcett; a most agreeable companion indeed, and admirably adapted "to teach the young idea how to shoot" on the pianoforte. With this work he issued a large printed representation of the keyboard; and I may also mention that Mr. Fawcett overcame one of the difficulties of dealing with the cleffs, in a manner as simple as it is ingenious, by placing the C cleff in the third space, thus enabling tenor or alto singers to read as easily as in the ordinary G cleff. Mr. Fawcett deserves

credit for this idea, which, if adopted, would do away with the legitimate objections to the use of the G cleff for male voices, particularly by the "tenor."

One of his pieces in the form of a song I have tried to obtain, but I am sorry to say without success. This song, entitled "Church and Queen," shows the fertility of resource of Mr. Fawcett, it having been set to music and sung at a public meeting within the hour, and became a great favourite. It was spoken of as a grand tune, which soon spread to the various places in the neighbourhood.

It is as a composer of sacred music that Mr. Fawcett has been and will be best known. I have already alluded to the publication of his first and second books of hymn tunes; about the same time he wrote an oratorio—*Promised Land*—which is said to have obtained "a wide-spread reputation," but I do not remember to have met with it. While at Farnworth he published his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth books of *Hymn Tunes and Anthems*, which contained most of his popular anniversary pieces. In subsequent years he issued "Melodia Divina," "The Voice of Harmony," "The Cherub Lute," "Exercises on Time," "The Vocalist Manual," "Lancashire Vocalist," "The Temperance Minstrel," and the "Universal Chorister," in two volumes, containing some hundreds of hymn tunes.

As might be expected in such numerous productions, we find them of varying degrees of merit, but in all the spirit of melody prevails; and music without melody—be it past, present, or future, however scientifically the harmonies are built up—will never live. Mr. Fawcett's airs are melodious, and his harmonies are natural; the one finds a response in all, whether cultured or uncultured; the other gives a firmness, solidity, and satisfactory progressiveness, which our modern, restless, chromatic harmonies, however beautiful, never do.

Some of his settings are very sympathetic; one instance of this—"The Daughter's Lament," from "The Temperance Harmonist"—will also serve as an illustration of his compositions in the minor mode. Another illustration, of this quality, was written on his seventieth birthday, 1859. On this day he wrote the words—the only words he is ever known to have written—

God of love, while angels bless Thee,
Fill my soul with songs of praise;
For Thy kind protection o'er me,
While Thou lengthen'st out my days.
Help me still to love and serve Thee,
Give me still a grateful heart;
And at last, thro' Christ, receive me,
Never, never more to part.

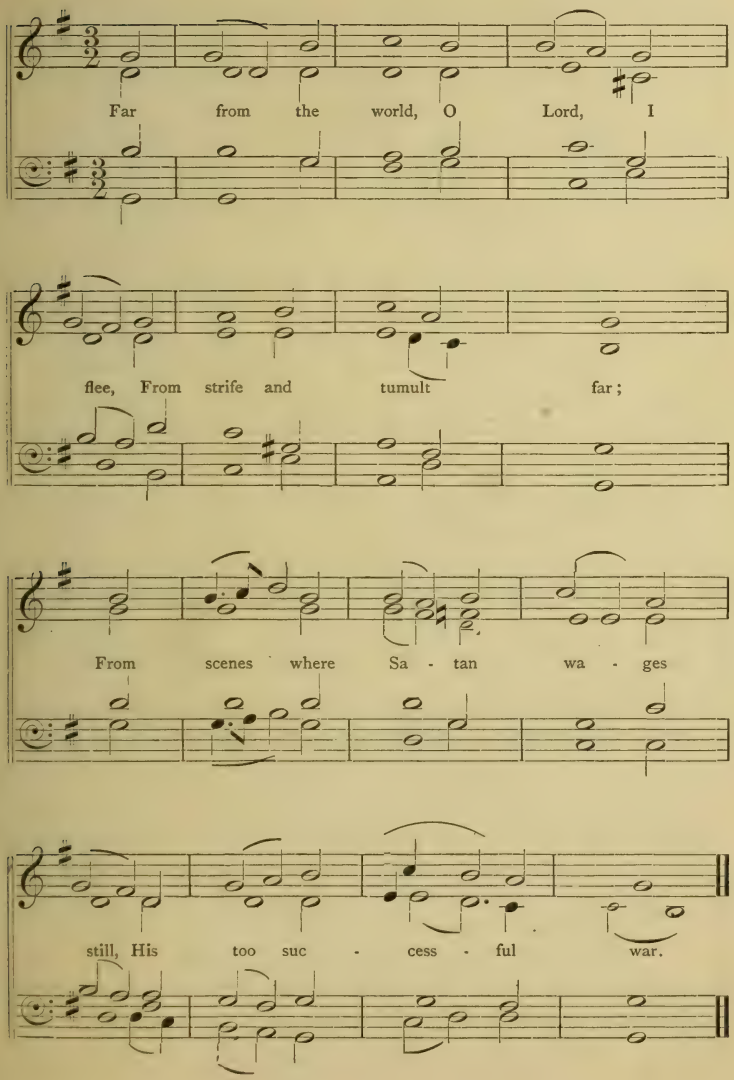
and set them to music which he called "The Birthday Prayer." It is the first two lines of this tune which are carved on his monument in the Bolton Cemetery. These lines and music were presented to Mr. George Nelson, of Bolton, and are very much prized.

My next illustration is one which has never been published, and was composed by Mr. Fawcett on December 18, 1865, in his seventy-seventh year. He wrote this tune, after ruling the music lines, with his own hand on the fly leaf of a manuscript tune book belonging to Mr. Joseph S. Sugden, Market Street, Bolton, one of his old friends, who kindly allowed me to take a copy of it. I consider this a model of a psalm or hymn tune.

Mr. Fawcett's greatest work is the oratorio *Paradise*, published in full score of one hundred and eighty folio pages. Time will not allow an analysis to be given of this work; but the various numbers—and the same may be said of all his tunes—charm with their simplicity and beauty, the conception approaching the grand, and showing what we might have expected had his taste and abilities been early and liberally cultivated.

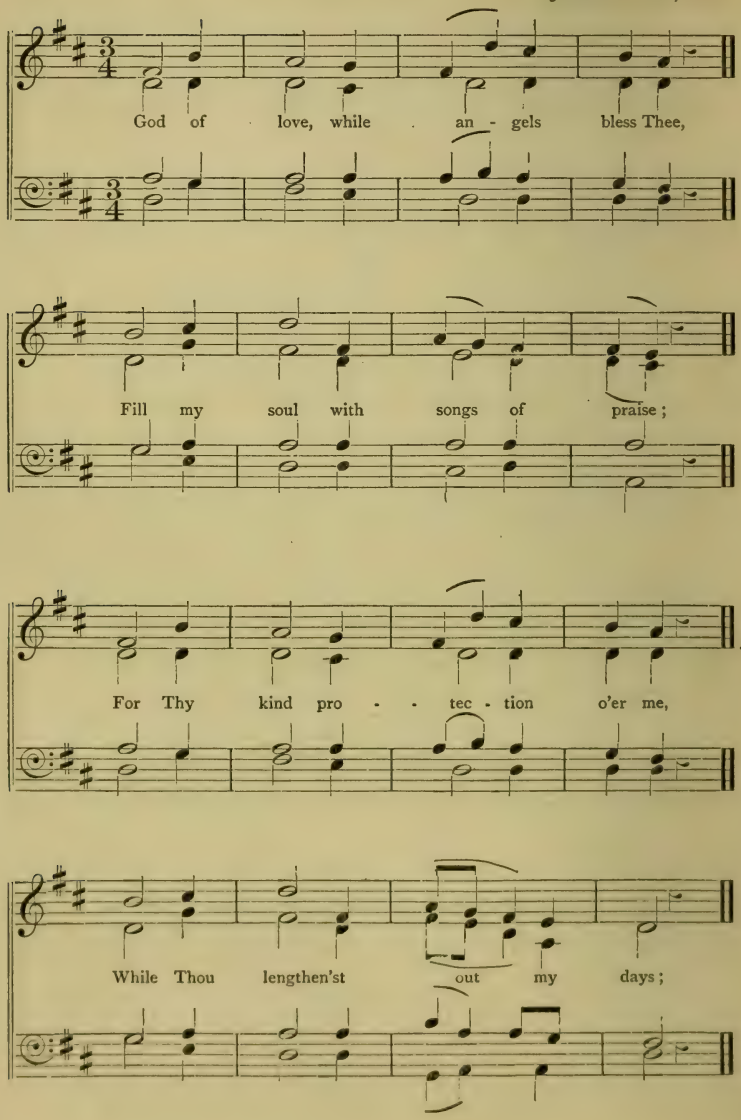
RETIREMENT. 8—6.

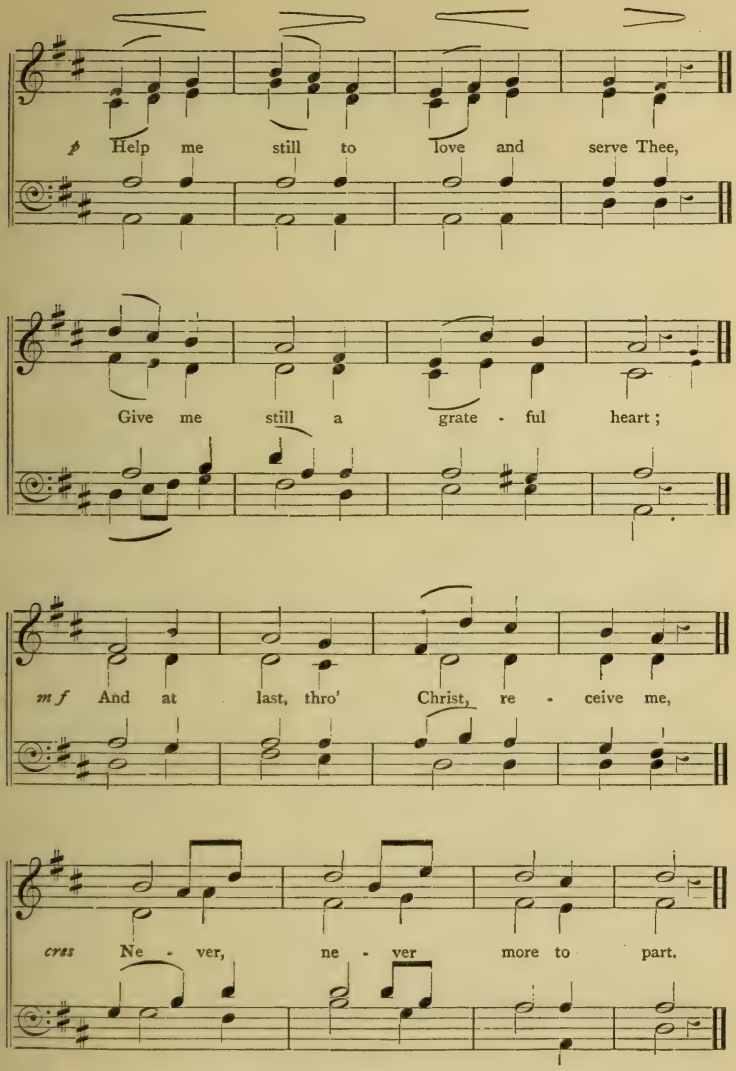
JOHN FAWCETT, SENR.



THE BIRTHDAY PRAYER. 8 lines, 8's and 7's.

JOHN FAWCETT, SENR.




p Help me still to love and serve Thee,
Give me still a grate - ful heart;
mf And at last, thro' Christ, re - ceive me,
cres Ne - ver, ne - ver more to part.

ASSURANCE. C.M.

JOHN FAWCETT, SENR.

My God, my Father, bliss - ful name,

O may I call Thee mine;

May I with sweet as - - surance claim

A por - - tion so di - - vine.

ALLINGHAM'S "DAY AND NIGHT SONGS."*

BY C. E. TYRER, B.A.

THOSE lovers of poetry who have not yet made the acquaintance of William Allingham may be cordially recommended to possess themselves of the new and very pretty edition of the *Day and Night Songs*, which has been published within the present year. Some of one's old favourites, it is true, are absent; and it is perhaps a pity that the present edition does not more nearly reproduce the very charming one of 1860, to which the late D. G. Rossetti, Millais, and others contributed illustrations. We miss, for instance, "The Fairies," "Lovely Mary Donnelly," "The Maids of Elfen Mere," and other delightful pieces. The present book consists, indeed, of a large selection from the volume referred to, and from the *Fifty Modern Poems* of 1865; and though Allingham has written much other verse, including several long poems, these two books comprise probably nearly the whole of his best work, and to them the following remarks will for the most part be confined.

It certainly seems surprising at first sight, when we consider the quantity of inferior work in verse which attains a certain success, that the poetical merits of Allingham have received such small recognition. For instance, E. C. Stedman, in his *Victorian Poets* (while elaborately discussing the

* *Day and Night Songs.* By Wm. Allingham. London: G. Philip & Son. 1884.

claims of men with no truer a poetical gift), devotes just five lines to Allingham, and does not even mention his finest pieces. In T. Hall Caine's *Sonnets of Three Centuries*, which includes specimens of many writers every way his inferior, there is not a single example of Allingham's sonnet-work, exquisite though it sometimes is. It is perhaps all the more singular that Allingham's verse should be so little appreciated, when we remember that he is not altogether an undistinguished man, apart from his poetical gift. He was for some years the editor of *Fraser*, he was honoured with the friendship of Carlyle, and he married a lady (Miss Helen Paterson, who has, I believe, some connection with Manchester) who has gained distinction as an artist. The truth seems to be that the poetry-reading public cares for something else than what he has to give them. It likes something exciting, or something didactic and instructive; it also likes sentiment, not too much above the level of commonplace; just as the audience in the pit of a theatre often applauds the tritest bit of sentiment more lustily than the finest touch of the actor's art. This may partly serve to explain, not only why such poems as Allingham's are neglected, but why a writer like Mr. Lewis Morris should have succeeded in gaining such a vogue, and should rejoice in rapidly-succeeding editions. One of the very latest announcements is, I see, a Lewis Morris *Birthday Book;* so he, at least, cannot complain of wasting his sweetness on the desert air. While rarely, if ever, showing himself in any high sense a poet, he moralizes not too sternly (improving the beautiful Greek myths in the "Epic of Hades") and is full of graceful appropriate sentiment, and this is largely the secret of his success.

Now, it is only those who love poetry for its own sake who will find anything attractive in the verses of Allingham. They are neither didactic nor sentimental; neither exotic

flowers of passion nor psychological riddles. They are merely simple and genuine outbursts of lyrical feeling; what the poet's mind and heart have perceived and felt he has expressed in sweet spontaneous song. He carries us with him on the wings of fancy to his beloved Ireland and the banks of his beautiful Erne, and calls up before us many a fair or solemn scene of mountain and moorland, of lake and river and sea-shore, of lonely rath and ruined chapel by the sea,

> Where day and night and day go by,
> And bring no touch of human sound.

Nor has he less sympathy with the life of the people than with the natural charms of the land. Many of his pieces were suggested by some phase of the peasant life of the warm-hearted Irish race; and the modest *colleen* in particular inspires him ever and anon with a lover's rapture. The fairy superstitions of Donegal have evidently had a great fascination for him, as is shown, for instance, by that charming nursery song, "The Fairies" (which our towns-woman, Miss E. Gertrude Thomson, has recently illustrated with an exquisiteness of fancy worthy of the poem). In fact, Allingham, though not a true Celt, seems by birth and residence in one of the most primitive districts of Ireland, acting on an inborn poetic gift, to have acquired much of the Celt's habit of mind, and his peculiarly deep sense of natural beauty. This is especially seen in that touch of poetic melancholy which seems inherent in that race, and as it were an unconscious prophecy of their extinction before the matter-of-fact Saxon; many of Allingham's lyrics breathe the very spirit of sadness. Perhaps we may describe these poems best, in a general way, by calling them voices of nature, or echoes from "the still sad music of humanity," which the poet's fine ear has caught, and the poet's mind and imagination have interpreted for us in musical language.

The truth of the claim which he makes for them, that "they are a genuine poetic result, however small a one, of my experience thus far," does not conflict with what he elsewhere says in rhyme:

> A word, a line,
> You may say are mine;
> But the best in the songs,
> Whatever it be,
> To you, and to me,
> And to no one belongs.

Such poems are difficult to classify; and I may say, in passing, that the apportionment of them to the various seasons of the year to which their matter or manner is considered appropriate (which is the plan adopted in the new edition), does not produce a very satisfactory result. A division into poems of nature and poems of humanity might suggest itself; but, on account of the way in which the two things are usually blended and intertwined, it could not be thoroughly carried out. Indeed, with Allingham, when man or woman is the subject of his verse, illustrations from external nature are so frequently called in to his aid that we are never allowed to forget the background in the figures; while, on the other hand, the aspects of nature seem to be but symbols or mirrors of the moods of his own mind. If we regard the form, we may say that while usually lyrical in the stricter sense, it sometimes inclines to that of the ballad. There are indeed a few genuine ballads, chiefly of peasant life, of which "Lovely Mary Donnelly" is perhaps the finest. A verse from this will illustrate what has just been said of the poet's use of natural images:

> Her eyes, like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
> How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock;
> Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a show'r,
> Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

Other fine ones are "Kate of Ballyshanny," "Homeward Bound," and "Nanny's Sailor Lad." Quite different in tone,

and with more affinity to the ballad-writings of Rossetti and W. Morris, is "The Maids of Elfen-Mere;" this has a refrain with an exquisitely-musical cadence. There are also several nursery songs, none the less charming for their simplicity; of these "The Fairies," "Wishing," and "Robin Redbreast" are delightful examples. Allingham, indeed, appears to have a deep sympathy with child-life, and, except Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman," no poem, perhaps, of recent years gives us a more exquisite peep than does the first of these into those enchanted regions where imaginative children love to expatiate. With these light and graceful productions we may name such pieces as "The Milkmaid" and "The Lover and Birds," which seem to show traces of the study of our older poetry in their simplicity and pastoral matter and manner. The little piece called "Evey" portrays with much charm the transition from girlhood to womanhood; the following verse seems to me an exquisite one:—

> Shadows, which are not of sadness,
> Touch her eyes, and brow above.
> As a wild rose dreams of redness,
> Dreams her innocent heart of love.

Allingham has occasionally essayed dialogue in blank verse, and in "Old Master Grunsey and Goodman Dodd," which gives the impression Shakspere, returned to settle in Stratford, may be supposed to have made on his unimaginative fellow-townsman, and "News from Pannonia," a discourse of two noble Romans on the life and death of Marcus Aurelius, he certainly shows himself to possess some dramatic power. Also, like most of his contemporaries, he shows a partiality for the sonnet form, and, among others, "On the Sunny Shore" and the "Autumnal Sonnet" are exquisite examples of this form of verse.

But it is in his lyrics, more strictly so called, that Allingham shows the true bent of his genius. His special power con-

sists, we may say, in interpreting the harmonies which exist between the worlds of nature and of man—those moods which are called up by influences from external things, which, like wind through an Æolian harp, sweep over the spirit of man and render it for a time passive. He possesses much of that "natural magic" which (according to Mr. Arnold) is a special note of Celtic poetry, and which is usually accompanied by a deep and tender melancholy, while the music too of some of his strains seems to reproduce the melodies of nature herself. The melancholy which this verse reveals was, we may suppose, partly inspired by the solitude of the poet's romantic environment on the west coast of Ireland, by the weird poetry of Irish song and superstition, by sombre sunsets sinking into the wide Atlantic billows at his feet. It is what one may call the natural melancholy which arises at the thought of the shortness, the sadness, the disappointments, of life; not at all that of the modern pessimist. As an instance of what I have called his "natural magic," take these lines from some verses entitled "Wayconnell Tower" (suggested, however, by Conway Castle, in Wales):

Aloft within the moulder'd tower
  Dark ivy fringed its round of sky,
Where slowly, in the deepening hour,
  The first faint stars unveil'd on high.

The rustling of the foliage dim,
  The murmur of the cool gray tide,
With tears that trembled on the brim,
  An echo sad to these I sigh'd.

O Sea, thy ripple's mournful tune!
  The cloud along the sunset sleeps;
The phantom of the golden moon
  Is kindled in thy quivering deeps.

Oh, mournfully!—and I to fill,
  Fix'd in a ruin-window strange,
Some countless period, watching still
  A moon, a sea, that never change!

The following line from "Angela" gives an exquisite picture of moonrise :—

> Slowly, up eastern night, like a pale smoke, mounted the moon-dawn.

From the piece called "Therania," or "Unknown Belov'd One," I will quote one stanza (and it is noticeable, considering the remarkably musical effect of the poem, that of the seven lines of each stanza there are only two that rhyme) :

> O Unknown Belov'd One ! to the mellow season
> Branches in the lawn make drooping bow'rs ;
> Vase and plot burn scarlet, gold, and azure ;
> Honeysuckles wind the tall gray turret,
> And pale passion-flow'rs.
> Come thou, come thou to my lonely thought,
> O Unknown Belov'd One.

It is however, I think, in the five or six poems, each called "Æolian Harp," that Allingham shows most his peculiar power of interpreting the weird charm of nature and the fascination of its influence over the thoughtful observer. They recall some lines of Keble, in his beautiful poem for the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, who—speaking of the sounds that haunt mountain solitudes, "the fitful sweep of winds across the steep," the torrent's voice, and the wild-birds' cry—calls them

> Sounds that make deep silence in the heart,
> For thought to do her part.

Of these poems of Allingham's, the one beginning "What saith the river to the rushes gray" seems to me not surpassed by any of Tennyson's more pathetic lyrics, not even by that wonderful "Break, break, break," in which we see the germ of *In Memoriam.* Another exquisite piece—"What is it that is gone, we fancied ours"—gives the inmost spirit of sadness called forth by a sombre autumnal evening, when the light of sunset is just dying away. In this poem the rhymes are so curiously intertwined that a careless reader would hardly notice them at all, though he would be con-

scious probably of a certain vague metrical effect unlike that of blank verse. I will conclude with one other poem of the same order, where in the wind which rises after sunset, as in some mournful music or ghostly ballad-burden, the poet hears expressed the whole pathos of human life:

Hear you now a throbbing wind that calls,
Over ridge of cloud and purple flake?
Sad the sunset's ruin'd palace-walls,
Dim the line of mist along the lake,—
Even as the mist of Memory.
O the summer-nights that used to be!

An evening rises from the dead
Of long-ago (ah me, how long!)
Like a story, like a song,
Told, and sung, and pass'd away.
Love was there, that since hath fled,
Hope, whose locks are turn'd to gray,
Friendship, with a tongue of truth,
And a beating heart of youth,
Wingèd Joy, too, just alighted,
Ever-welcome, uninvited;
Love and Friendship, Hope and Joy,
With arms about each-other twined,
Merrily watching a crescent moon,
Slung to its gold nail of a star,
Over the fading crimson bar,
Like a hunter's horn: the happy wind
Breathed to itself some twilight tune,
And bliss had no alloy.

Against the colours of the west
Trees were standing tall and black,
The voices of the day at rest,
Night rose around, a solemn flood,
With fleets of worlds: and our delightful mood
Rippled in music to the rock and wood;
Music with echoes, never to come back.
The touch upon my hand is this alone—
A heavy tear-drop of my own.

Listen to the breeze: "O loitering Time!—
Unresting Time!—O viewless rush of Time!"
Thus it calls and swells and falls,
From Sunset's wasted palace-walls,
And ghostly mists that climb.

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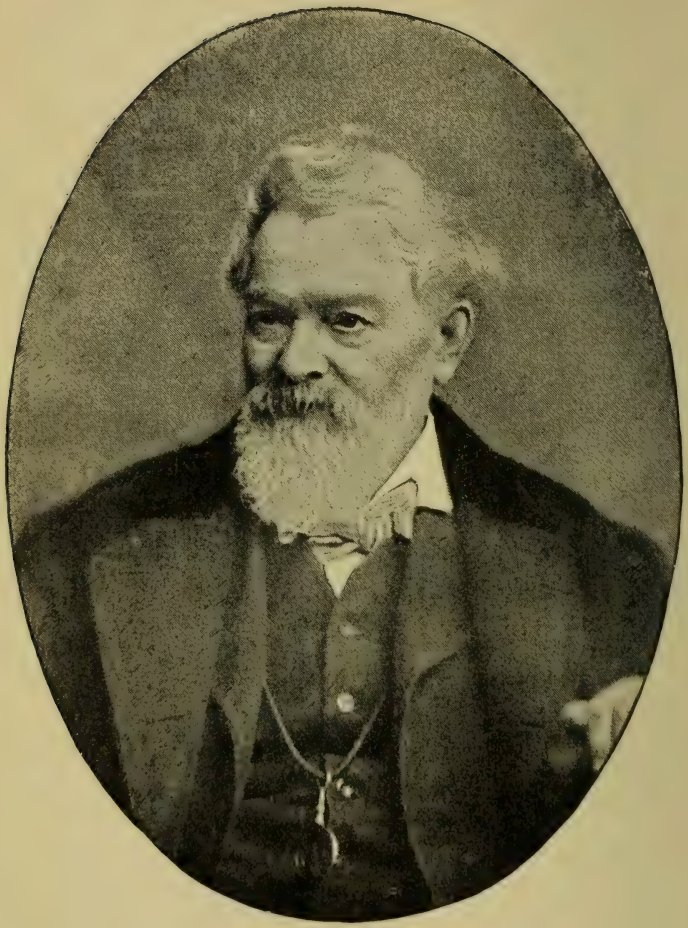

EDWIN WAUGH.

From a Photograph by Warwick Brookes.

COME TO YOUR PORRITCH.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Air: "One Bumper at Parting."

COME lads, an' sit down to yor porritch;
I hope it'll help yo to thrive;
For nob'dy can live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive:
We're snug; with a daicent thatch o'er us,
While round us the winter winds blow;
Be thankful for what there's afore us;
There's some that han nothing at o'.

Chorus.—Then, come, an' sit down to yor porritch;
I hope it'll help yo to thrive;
For nob'dy can live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

Sometimes I've a pain i' my stomach
That's common to folk that are poor;
But I've mostly a mouthful o' some'at
That suits mi complaint to a yure:
Come beef, suet-dumplin', or lobscouse,
Come ale, or cowd wayter, I'll sing;
An' a lump o' good cheese an' a jannock,[1]
It makes me as proud as a king.

Chorus.—Then, come, an' sit down to yor porritch;
I hope it'll help yo to thrive;
For nob'dy can live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

---

[1] *Jannock;* a thick unleavened oaten cake, formerly common in rustic Lancashire.

There's mony poor craiters are dainty,
  An' wanten their proven made fine;
But if it be good, an' there's plenty,
  I'm never so tickle wi' mine:
It's aitin' that keeps a man waggin',
  An' hunger that butters his bread;
An' when a lad snighs[1] at his baggin',
  It's time for to send him to bed.

Chorus.—Then, come, an' sit down to yor porritch;
I hope it'll help yo to thrive;
For nob'dy can live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

Some folk are both greedy an' lither;[2]
  They'n guttle,[3]—but wortch noan at o';
An' their life's just a comfortless swither,[4]
  Bepowlert an' pown[5] to an' fro;
Then, wortch away, lads, till yo're weary;
  It helps to keep everything reet;
Yo'n find the day run very cheery,
  An' sleep like a peg-top at neet.

Chorus.—Then, come, an' sit down to yor porritch;
I hope it'll help yo to thrive;
For nob'dy can live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

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[1] *Snigh;* to slight, to despise. [2] *Lither;* lazy.
[3] *Guttle;* to gourmandize.
[4] *Swither;* a disturbance, a state of tremulous uncertainty.
[5] *Bepowlert an' pown;* jolted about, and beaten.

W. S. GILBERT, PLAYWRIGHT AND HUMORIST.

BY E. B. HINDLE.

SOME few biographical details to begin with. Gilbert was born in London on the 18th November, 1836, like Artemus Ward and various distinguished people "of parents," who shortly afterwards took him with them on a tour of some years' duration in Germany and Italy, and then sent him, when seven years old, to a school in France. From nine to sixteen he was at Great Ealing School, where he took prizes for English, Greek, and Latin verse, became poet laureate of the school, diligently studied and practised drawing, wrote plays, acted in them, and managed and superintended their production, thus clearly enough foreshadowing his future. From this school he proceeded to King's College, intending afterwards to go to Oxford; but in 1855 the Crimean War being in progress and commissions obtainable by competitive examination, having previously taken his B.A. degree at London University, he commenced reading for a commission in the artillery. Before he was able to qualify, however, the war fortunately came to an end, otherwise we might have gained a soldier and have lost one of the most original and delightful writers of the present century. After this, in 1857, he gained an assistant clerkship in the Education Department

of the Privy Council Office, which he describes as ill organized and ill governed ; and he declares it was the happiest day of his life when he emancipated himself from the detestable thraldom of that baleful office by sending in his resignation after four uncomfortable years of service. During this clerkship he had entered the Temple, and in November, 1864, he was called to the bar. For a year or two he exercised his profession, but, strange to say, he was unable to talk on his legs, and was by no means a success as a barrister. It seems, too, he still loved the military, for in 1868 he became, though he did not long continue, captain of the Aberdeenshire Highlanders — a militia regiment. Why he was so anxious to be a soldier I don't know, except that as a youngster he was noted for his pugnacious disposition, and possibly he has expressed some of his own sentiments in the song "When I first put this uniform on." From the above brief sketch it will be seen that Gilbert must have acquired a considerable knowledge of men and things in a comparatively short time—an experience it is evident he has fully utilized in his literary work.

It is worth mentioning that Gilbert's father, the author of *Inquisitors* and many noteworthy books, did not begin to write till he was sixty and his son had become famous—an instance of literary evolution in the reverse direction that seems peculiarly appropriate; and we might almost imagine Gilbert asking what was the use of his having a father if he couldn't get him to follow his example. As one would expect, the father's works evidence a peculiar idiosyncrasy, and a writer in *The Contemporary* commenting upon *Sir Thomas Branston*, one of his novels, says it is not easy to catch his characteristics, and that he is a story teller *sui generis*, with a very peculiar tendency towards minute analysis of morbid and exceptional mental processes, a professed moralist with a leaning towards hard psychological pheno-

mena, manifesting an almost superhuman knowledge of what is strange and abnormal, his lines of character being traversed constantly by most erratic and unexpected *motifs*, the probability of madness in some form or other lying latent in each one of us being the basis of his studies, which may be described as studies of abnormal phases of the moral life seen under inverted conditions, at the same time exhibiting a vein of poetry, a peculiar insight into human nature, and a curious kind of dry humour. My purpose in making this short reference to Gilbert's father is to show that Gilbert's originality, humour, and unlikeness to anybody else are probably inherited peculiarities, though it is clear that the father is a decidedly more sombre and serious personage than the son, who, to repeat the remark of a writer in *Scribner*, is probably his father's best work.

When my systematic study of Gilbert began, my idea that I knew something of his work had for foundation that I had seen at the Haymarket the original representations of *The Palace of Truth* and *Pygmalion and Galatea;* then *Sweethearts*, so charmingly acted by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, at the Prince of Wales's; after that Kate Santley in *Princess Toto*, at the Strand; then *The Sorcerer*, and every subsequent opera; and I had read the two volumes of collected plays, and had laughed and cried with laughter over the inimitable *Bab Ballads*. But what I have mentioned, though it includes most of his best work, is a long way from being all. I find that he has had about fifty plays actually put upon the stage, and for some ten years was constantly writing and sketching for *Fun;* besides which he has been a frequent contributor to *Cornhill*, *London Society*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *Punch*, and other publications. He has also acted as London correspondent for the *Invalide Russe*, and for two years was dramatic critic for the *Illustrated Times* and the *Observer*. And before he was

twenty-four years of age he had written fifteen plays, all of which were rejected by the theatrical managers to whom they were offered ; the fertility of his imagination doubtless being too much for their limited powers, if we may judge from the fact that one of these rejected pieces contained eighteen scenes, three cataracts, and a house on fire. Altogether it is clear that his bright and busy brain has always been actively employed, and that in addition to genius he possesses that without which genius is not of much use, namely, capacity for persistent hard work.

Gilbert's literary history begins about the year 1861, when *Fun* was started under the editorship of H. J. Byron. His description of the origin of his connection with that journal is worth quoting. He says :

> With much labour I turned out an article three-quarters of a column long and sent it to the editor, together with a half-page drawing on wood. A day or two later the printer of the paper called upon me, with Mr. Byron's compliments, and staggered me with a request to contribute a column of "copy" and a half-page drawing every week for the term of my natural life. I hardly knew how to meet the offer, for it seemed to me that into that short article I had poured all I knew. I was empty. I had exhausted myself. I didn't know any more. However, the printer encouraged me (with Mr. Byron's compliments), and I said I would try. I did try, and I found to my surprise that there *was* a little left, and enough indeed to enable me to contribute some hundreds of columns to the periodical throughout his editorship and that of his successor, poor Tom Hood.—*Theatre*, April 3, 1883.

I have looked through the volumes of *Fun* during the time Gilbert contributed to its pages for the purpose of tracing his work—an agreeable and amusing quest, but one likely to take up your time in spite of yourself, the early volumes being really fascinating, and, to my thinking, superior to anything of the kind we have now. It must be said that Gilbert's early writing was not more than ordinarily funny, but it was certainly up to the average of comic contributions. Nor were his early sketches anything like so clever as his unique *Bab Ballad* illustrations, though they were more

ambitious, size being considered, with regard to which it may be noted that for some weeks towards the end of 1861 he drew the principal full-page cartoons, the first of which bears the signature "Bab," then used in *Fun* for the first time and dropped again for some years. In November, 1863, he began the Comic Physiognomist Series, afterwards continued under the heading "Men we Meet." These are racily written and the small sketches excellently done. In January, 1864, commenced a savage attack on Louis Napoleon, entitled "The Lie of a Lifetime; or, Random Readings of Traitorous Traits, Past Passages, and Present Prospects of the Modern Augustus: A Serious Serial in Several Sections." The style is turgid, uneasy, pretentious; the lines often limp sadly; and altogether the performance, though intended for poetry, could scarcely be so called, and did not contain much of promise. In the same year appeared a ballad in five parts, "The Baron Klopfzetterheim; or, the Beautiful Bertha and the Big Bad Brothers of Bonn." This in general style and with the illustrations did give indication of what was to follow. Next we have an article from "Our Critic among the Pictures," along with caricatures of the Academy pictures, 1864, in the style to which our comic papers have since accustomed us, the idea of which seems to have originated with Gilbert. There are some amusing holiday sketches from Boulogne and Switzerland, and throughout the volumes innumerable skits on the law and the lawyers, theatrical comments, clever burlesque outlines of popular plays, and any amount of genuine fun. On the 11th April, 1868, appeared the original "Trial by Jury," the whole, including the sketches, only occupying one page. Of course this was subsequently elaborated very considerably. Now I come to the *Bab Ballads*, which commenced in 1865, but were not printed under this heading till 1869, though the sketches were so signed. I am sure that no one with a real

sense of humour can take up these ballads, however familiar he may be with them, without discovering fresh cause for being amused and for laughter; and if Gilbert had to rest his fame on this performance alone, it would, I think, be well founded; for in a world where there is so little real fun, he is indeed a benefactor to his species who creates so much as Gilbert has done by these exquisitely absurd and amusing ballads of his. His versatility in verse and ingenuity in rhyme, his novel and unexpected turns and originality of idea, his sly satire and irresistible humour, and his wonderfully appropriate illustrations, render them unique in their way. The verses and sketches often remind one of Hood, sometimes of Ingoldsby or the Bon Gaultier Ballads; but Gilbert is no imitator, and cannot be imitated, and for real, genuine, mirth-producing verse give me Gilbert. It is true they may be generally described as nonsense verses, but "oh, what precious nonsense!" They do, however, contain some of the cleverest satire, though it is oftener incidental rather than the sole purpose. It is also true that they are very unequal, but even the worst is in some way comical. Many of them have not been separately published, and even of those separately published Gilbert has since struck out a number as not being worthy of the rest; but having recently gone through the whole of them, my view is that there is scarcely one without some redeeming feature of quaint and original humour, and it seems to me that the sketches alone ought to justify their continued existence. Of course I cannot go into them all in detail, or make long quotations, but I will endeavour to indicate what I consider to be some of the most characteristic and amusing things in them, and in doing so I shall refer to them in the order of their appearance in print. Among the first is the address to the terrestrial globe, by a miserable wretch who tells the globe never to mind his misery but to roll on, and it rolls on—a humorous

reflection on the indifference of the spheres to those who are unable to help themselves. Next, the amusing love quest of Ferdinando after the author of the cracker mottoes, in which, by means of Ferdinando's inquiry—

> "Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close, or Mister Tupper,
> Do you write the bon-bon mottoes my Elvira pulls at supper?"
> But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not had that honour;
> And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told so much upon her.
> "Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of you inform us;"
> But my question seemed to throw them both into a rage enormous.
> Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only get anigh to me;
> And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following reply to me:
> "A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit,"—
> Which I know was very clever; but I didn't understand it.

Gilbert pokes fun in a sly way at certain writers. Then we have the well-known "Yarn of the Nancy Bell," which, though decidedly clever, I do not consider worthy of the place many people have given it. I am inclined to agree with the editor of *Punch*, to whom it was first offered, and by whom it was declined, that it is "too cannibalistic;" and if that ancient mariner who spun the yarn be still at large, I would, in the light of recent events, advise him to keep his mouth shut, lest he should get into trouble. "Haunted" and "Only a Dancing Girl"—ballads more serious than most—are keen satires on "society." "King Borria Bungalee Boo" is another cannibalistic lay, redeemed, however, by more humour than "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." "Sir Macklin" is an amusing skit upon sermons under many heads. In "The Rival Curates" we have one of the funniest of the ballads, conveying the moral that people who are extremely mild and good would prefer to be otherwise if they were only made. The first part describes Mr. Clayton Hooper, of Spiffton-extra-Sooper, who didn't think you'd find a milder curate going, till a kind friend arrived and spoke to him as follows:—

"You think your famous name
  For mildness can't be shaken,
That none can blot your fame—
  But, Hooper, you're mistaken!

"Your mind is not as blank
  As that of Hopley Porter,
Who holds a curate's rank
  At Assesmilk-cum-Worter."

The information being enforced by circumstantial detail, this extra mild reverend gentleman summoned his sexton and his beadle and thus instructed them:—

"To Hopley Porter go,
  Your fare I will afford you—
Deal him a deadly blow,
  And blessings shall reward you.

"But stay—I do not like
  Undue assassination,
And so, before you strike,
  Make this communication:

"I'll give him this one chance—
  If he'll more gaily bear him,
Play croquêt, smoke, and dance,
  I willingly will spare him."

They went, those minions true,
  To Assesmilk-cum-Worter,
And told their errand to
  The Reverend Hopley Porter.

"What?" said that reverend gent,
  "Dance through my hours of leisure?
Smoke?—bathe myself with scent?—
  Play croquêt? Oh, with pleasure!

"Wear all my hair in curl?
  Stand at my door and wink—so—
At every passing girl?
  My brothers, I should think so.

"For years I've longed for some
  Excuse for this revulsion:
Now that excuse has come—
  I do it on compulsion!"

And in the result of course—

The deuce there was to pay
  At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

But with the pleasing consequence that the other man fully maintained his reputation. All which is surely most excellent fooling. "The Precocious Baby" is very droll, the moral being a warning to elderly men of the bachelor crew not to marry at all or the step they will rue, for their babes will be elderly-elderly too. Further on we are introduced to "Baines Carew, Gentleman," with regard to whom we are told that—

> Of all the good attorneys who
> Have placed their names upon the roll,
> But few could equal Baines Carew
> For tender-heartedness and soul.
>
> Whene'er he heard a tale of woe
> From client A. or client B.,
> His grief would overcome him so
> He'd scarce have strength to take his fee.
>
> It laid him up for many days
> When duty led him to distrain,
> And serving writs, although it pays,
> Gave him excruciating pain.
>
> He made out costs, distrained for rent,
> Foreclosed and sued with moistened eye;
> No bill of costs could represent
> The value of such sympathy.

Very likely. "The Three Kings of Chickeraboo" is a satire on the fuss we sometimes make of very insignificant potentates. Next comes our old friend "Captain Reece" commanding of The Mantelpiece, who

> . . was adored by all his men,
> For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
> Did all that lay within him to
> Promote the comfort of his crew.

Altogether an intensely humorous satire upon such as are inclined to carry consideration for inferiors to undue limits. "Bob Polter" is directed against intemperate teetotalers. In "Ellen McJones Aberdeen" we have a lamentable but, I fear, an o'er-true tale of the demoralizing influence of bagpipes. "Gentle Alice Brown" is a piece of grotesque absurdity about a robber's daughter, whose father was the

terror of a small Italian town. She fell in love with a custom-house official, and, not feeling easy in her mind, went to her confessor:

> "Oh holy father," Alice said, "'t would grieve you, would it not,
> To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
> Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
> The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"
>
> "I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
> I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
> I've planned a little burglary, and forged a little cheque,
> And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"
>
> The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,
> And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear:
> It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
> But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece."

Then she tells him there is another crime she hasn't mentioned—namely, having fallen in love as aforesaid:

> "For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! on my word
> This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
> They are the most remunerative customers I know;
> For many many years they've kept starvation from my doors:
> I never knew so criminal a family as yours!
>
> "The common country folk in this insipid neighbourhood
> Have nothing to confess they're so ridiculously good;
> And if you marry any one respectable at all,
> Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

To prevent which catastrophe he goes and tells her father, who gets the custom-house official chopped particularly small, whereupon—

> . . pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
> She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
> Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
> On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.

The tale of "Mister William" is a capital piece of irony bearing upon exceptional treatment of gentlemen who go wrong. I should like to quote from it, but there is so much to follow that I must refrain. "Emily, John, James, and I"

is an excellent bit of nonsense, the interjectional comment at the end of each verse being supremely comical. The sale of advowsons is the subject of keenest satire in "The Rev. Simon Magus." "Phrenology" is a fine piece of ridicule. Sir Herbert White requests Policeman 32 to arrest a man who has been attempting to garrotte him. The policeman, who once assisted a phrenologist, replies that it is

"Impossible to take him up
This man is honest quite—
Wherever did you rake him up?

. . . . . .

"Observe his various bumps,
His head as I uncover it;
His morals lie in lumps
All round about and over it."

"Now take him," said Sir White,
"Or you will soon be rueing it;
Bless me! I must be right,—
I caught the fellow doing it."

Policeman smiles, assures him he's mistaken, and requests him to sit down while he explains. The baronet does so, and the phrenologist, examining the garotter's bumps, observes that

" . . surely, here are signs
Should soften your rigidity.
This gentleman combines
Politeness with Timidity.

"Of Shyness here 's a lump—
A hole for Animosity—
And like my fist his bump
Of Impecuniosity."

And, having proved him quite an angel, he continues—

"There, let him go his ways,
He needs no stern admonishing."
The Bart., in blank amaze,
Exclaimed, "This is astonishing!"

"I *must* have made a mull,
This matter I've been blind in it:
Examine please *my* skull
And tell me what you find in it."

That crusher looked, and said
  With unimpaired urbanity,
"Sir Herbert, you've a head
  That teems with inhumanity.

"Here's Murder, Envy, Strife
  (Propensity to kill any),
And Lies as large as life
  And heaps of Social Villany.

. . . . . .

"Here's Love of Groundless Charge—
  Here's Malice, too, and Trickery,
Unusually large
  Your bump of Pocket-Pickery"—

"Stop!" said the Bart., "my cup
  Is full—I'm worse than him in all;
Policeman, take me up—
  No doubt I am some criminal!"

A beautiful reduction to absurdity of the so-called science of phrenology. "Etiquette," the last of the ballads I shall now refer to, appeared originally in *The Graphic.* It is a delightful bit of satirical writing, and if not the best of the ballads, is certainly one of the best. The piece is familiar to most of us here by Mr. Dawson's admirable rendering of it, so I don't need to give any extracts, even if I had time. And, further, I feel that the extracts I have made don't adequately represent the ballads from which they have been taken, especially as I cannot at the same time give you the wonderful drawings pointing every moral and adorning every tale; indeed, I am conscious that altogether I have put before you but an imperfect sketch of them, for it is a difficult task to give the pith of what is so pithy—to grasp and transfer the peculiar spirit and flavour, part and parcel of them all.

We have now to deal with Gilbert's plays, and as I have nowhere seen a complete list of them, I will here give one which includes the name of each play, the date of its production, and the theatre at which it was originally produced. It runs as follows:—

1.	Dulcamara; or, the Little Duck and the Great Quack	Dec. 29, 1866.	St. James's.
2.	Allow me to Explain	Nov. 4, 1867.	Prince of Wales's.
3.	Highly Improbable	Dec. 5, 1867.	Royalty.
4.	Harlequin Cock Robin and Jenny Wren...	Dec. 26, 1867.	Lyceum.
5.	La Vivandière; or, True to the Corps	Jan. 22, 1868.	Queen's.
6.	The Merry Zingara; or, the Tipsy Gipsy and the Pipsy Wipsy ...	Mar. 21, 1868.	Royalty.
7.	Robert the Devil...	Dec. 21, 1868.	Gaiety.
8.	No Cards	Mar. 29, 1869.	German Reed's Gallery.
9.	The Pretty Druidess; or, the Mother, the Maid, and the Mistletoe Bough	June 19, 1869.	Charing Cross.
10.	An Old Score	July 19, 1869.	Gaiety.
11.	Ages Ago	Nov. 22, 1869.	German Reed's Gallery.
12.	The Princess	Jan. 10, 1870.	Olympic.
13.	Our Island Home	June 28, 1870.	German Reed's Gallery.
14.	The Gentleman in Black	May 26, 1870.	Charing Cross.
15.	The Palace of Truth	Nov. 25, 1870.	Haymarket.
16.	Randall's Thumb...	Jan. 25, 1871.	Court.
17.	A Sensation Novel	Feb. 8, 1871.	German Reed's Gallery.
18.	Creatures of Impulse	April 2, 1871.	Court.
19.	Great Expectations	May 29, 1871.	Court.
20.	On Guard	Nov. 6, 1871.	Court.
21.	Pygmalion and Galatea ...	Dec. 4, 1871.	Haymarket.
22.	Thespis among the Olympians ...	Dec. 26, 1871.	Gaiety.
23.	The Wicked World	Jan. 5, 1873.	Haymarket.
24.	The Happy Land	March 3, 1873.	Court.
25.	The Wedding March	Nov. 19, 1873.	Court.
26.	Happy Arcadia	— 1873.	German Reed's Gallery.
27.	Eyes and No Eyes	— 1874.	German Reed's Gallery.
28.	Charity...	Jan. 5, 1874.	Haymarket.
29.	Ought We to Visit Her	Jan. 17, 1874.	Royalty.
30.	Topsyturvydom	Mar. 23, 1874.	Criterion.
31.	Sweethearts...	Nov. 7, 1874.	Prince of Wales's.
32.	Trial by Jury	Mar. 29, 1875.	Royalty.
33.	Tom Cobb	April 24, 1875.	St. James's.
34.	Broken Hearts	Dec. 8, 1875.	Court.
35.	Dan'l Druce...	Sep. 11, 1876.	Haymarket.
36.	Princess Toto	Oct. 2, 1876.	Strand.
37.	Engaged	Oct. 3, 1877.	Haymarket.
38.	The Sorcerer	Nov. 27, 1877.	Opéra Comique.
39.	Ne'er do Weel	Feb. 25, 1878.	Olympic.
40.	The Vagabond	Mar. 25, 1878.	Olympic.

41.	Pinafore	May 25, 1878.	Opéra Comique.
42.	Foggerty's Fairy	— 1878.	Criterion.
43.	Gretchen	Mar. 24, 1879.	Olympic.
44.	Pirates of Penzance	April 3, 1880.	Opéra Comique.
45.	Patience	April 23, 1881.	Opéra Comique.
46.	Iolanthe	Nov. 25, 1882.	Savoy.
47.	Princess Ida	Jan. 25, 1884.	Savoy.
48.	Clarice	Jan. 26, 1884.	Lyceum.

A formidable list, truly, representing a great mass of work of very different kinds and quality, and it must be evident that I can touch upon the different pieces, especially the earlier ones, but slightly. The first piece, *Dulcamara*, a burlesque of Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was undertaken through the recommendation of Tom Robertson. It was written and produced in a fortnight, and was completely successful. Contemporary criticism said of it that never was a display of native and unrestrained drollery made to better purpose. Not satisfied with cramming into his dialogue a mass of puns—some unequivocally good, some admirably bad—the writer took the most outrageous and amusing liberties with the plot. The following is a fair specimen of the puns. Gianetta retorts on Tomaso, who says she is the apple of his eye—

> Of one of them—that's very likely, since
> His apples are not pears.
> TOMASO. How so?
> GIANETTA. He's quince.

Several other productions of the same class followed in quick succession, all as successful as the first, containing outrageous puns, smooth and sparkling verse, but evidencing a deficiency in constructive skill which he has never been able to overcome. I confess I don't like these burlesques that seem to have no other purpose than to render ridiculous what is noble, heroic, beautiful, and are generally made up of halting, limping lines, bad rhymes, worse puns, nonsensical topical songs and allusions, break-downs, and general indecency; and although it was at the time noticed

that a finer spirit pervaded the work of Gilbert, yet it was impossible for him when engaged on work of this kind to do other than write down towards this bad level, and I am glad he didn't do so much of it. With regard to *Dulcamara* I may mention that the thing was produced in such a hurry that no bargain was made as to remuneration. When it had been produced, and was evidently a success, the manager asked Gilbert what he wanted. He thought he would ask enough, and suggested £30 for the London right. He imagined he noticed a shade of disappointment on the manager's face, who, however, paid the money and, having obtained the receipt, told him never again to take so little for so good a piece.

Once, and once only, Gilbert attempted a pantomime. It was produced at the Lyceum at the end of 1867, and tersely entitled *A gorgeous, gigantic, peculiarly original E. T. Smithical Pantomime, founded on a number of nursery rhymes not without reason, simply christened Harlequin Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, or Fortunatus, the Water of Life, the Three Bears, the Three Gifts, the Three Wishes, and the Little Man who woo'd the Little Maid.* E. T. Smith was lessee and manager, and the music was by W. H. Montgomery. In the *Era* almanack for 1884 Gilbert refers to the fact that he once wrote a pantomime, and continues: "It didn't succeed. It was not my fault. This is the history of a good many plays, written by a good many authors. It is seldom the author's fault when a play don't succeed. I know this to be a fact, because I have heard them say so." Further on he says that he wrote it in four days and got £60 for it—eventually; and he gives a droll account of the alarming alterations made in it by the stage manager, chiefly for the purpose of making scenes to fit a vast crystal fountain, bought to be the principal scenic effect; and he also comically describes the glorious general muddle on the night of production.

For German Reed, Gilbert has from time to time produced a number of sparkling little pieces, the names of which appear in the list I have given above, pieces which, as Gilbert remarks, have at least this claim upon the gratitude of playgoers—namely, that they served to introduce to the stage Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Corney Grain, Miss Leonora Braham, and Miss Fanny Holland, all of whom made their *début* in one or other of them.

The farce, *Allow Me to Explain*, and an "original impossibility," entitled *Highly Improbable*, which were not particularly remarkable, preceded the comedy drama, *An Old Score*, in which a hard-headed, plain, prosaic character, something like John Mildmay in *Still Waters Run Deep*, is placed in opposition to a sentimental gentlemanly scoundrel, who, however, is rewarded with a peerage instead of coming to grief as he ought to have done. There are some good points here and there, but Gilbert has not yet written a drama in the true sense of the word, and has not shown that he is likely to do so. The development of plot and character, and the management of incident necessary, seem beyond his powers, and it appears to me that his true line is what may be described as ironical comedy, and when we have done with the extravaganzas he is now engaged upon, of which, charming as they are, we have nearly had enough, I look to his doing some remarkable work in that direction. *Randall's Thumb* is another work of the same class, described in the burlesque sketch of the play which appeared in *Fun*, probably written by Gilbert himself, as a very loosely constructed and improbable play, the end of the last act being almost farcical. And in the same category may be placed *On Guard* and one or two other productions. A circumstance connected with the production of *An Old Score* is mentioned by Gilbert that it may serve as a hint to unacted authors. He says that as soon as he had written the piece

he had it set up in type—a proceeding that cost him exactly five guineas. He then sent a copy of it to Mr. Hollingshead, and within an hour it was read and accepted, and Mr. Hollingshead subsequently informed him that he read it at once *because it was printed (verb. sap.).*

The Gentleman in Black, *Creatures of Impulse*, and *Princess Toto* were clever, fantastic, musical, and fairly successful pieces. Those who had the pleasure of seeing Kate Santley as Princess Toto, when the piece was first brought out at the Strand, will have the remembrance of a delightful performance. The part of this charmingly capricious, romantic, impulsive, and provokingly forgetful princess suited Miss Santley to a nicety, and she most completely entered into the spirit of the thing. The music by Frederic Clay was scholarly and original, some of the numbers were comically appropriate, but generally it was rather too serious and sentimental.

Great Expectations and *Ought We to Visit Her* were skilful adaptations from the novels by Dickens and Mrs. Edwardes, the permission of the authors, be it observed, being first obtained in each case. But, however skilfully the work may be done, adaptations of successful novels are rarely successful plays, and these were not more successful than the general run of such productions.

The Wedding March: An Eccentricity was an adaptation of the Palais Royal farce *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, F. Latour Tomline being announced as the author, the reason for the assumption of which *nom de plume* I don't know. In trying to adapt these farces English dramatists have often failed, and perhaps that may have been the cause. An adaptation of this very piece had been previously produced, under the title of *The Leghorn Bonnet*, at the Adelphi, where it was a failure. Gilbert's adaptation was a success, remarkable for its incessant movement and wild absurdities. In a note

of directions in the printed copy of the play, Gilbert says that the success of the piece depends principally upon the absence of exaggeration in dress and make up, and that the actors should rely for the fun of their parts on the most improbable things being done in the most earnest manner by persons of every-day life. Here, in Gilbert's own words, we have his chief discovery—the discovery that has brought him fame, and something he never loses sight of, namely, the unexpected utterance of absurdities by serious characters.

In *Topsyturvydom* Gilbert, as a matter of course, was thoroughly at home and amusing. The Bab Ballad "My Dream" seems to have been the foundation of the piece in the scene for which the chairs and tables were upside down at the top of the stage, and the chandelier rose from the boards.

The Palace of Truth was a new departure, but of a kind that might have been anticipated—a combination of poetry with the supernatural, which by most people had been deemed impossible for the stage. It is founded on *Le Palais de la Vérité*, a subject suggested to the author by Mr. Palgrave Simpson. In the Palace of Truth, everyone not possessed of a certain talisman must speak their inmost thought without knowing that they are uttering anything but what they would have uttered under ordinary conditions. There are inconsistencies here and there, but altogether it is really wonderful how cleverly the thing is worked out. As may be imagined there are endless opportunities for satire, which, it is needless to say, have been taken full advantage of. The way courtiers and would-be lovers are by themselves exposed is very rich; one scene in particular between Philamir and Azéma being something irresistible. This play is the key to much of Gilbert's most successful work. Very many of his characters live, move, and have their being in this imaginary palace, disclosing

their inmost souls, laying bare the baseness, meanness, selfishness, and hypocrisy of human nature, without being conscious thereof, and with apparent earnestness and sincerity; the quaint and original turn of Gilbert's peculiar paradoxical humour ensuring the success of an idea which perhaps no other writer of the day could do anything with.

Pygmalion and Galatea was the next play of a similar character, in which, however, it is to be regretted that Gilbert has thought fit to introduce the common-place element of jealousy on the part of the wife he gives to Pygmalion: and in one or two places, too, he scarcely escapes vulgarity—a sort of thing he is remarkably free from as a rule. Also, in the character of Galatea there are numerous inconsistencies; at one moment she is a woman of the world, at another a complete child, and sometimes neither the one nor the other. But the play in its entirety is a most enjoyable one, and there are many fine things in it; the speech, for instance, in which Galatea describes her awakening to life and love. The satire on weaknesses of womankind is in Gilbert's happiest vein, and very rich, too, in its way, is the fun poked at art patrons and critics. The originality of the play, the droll unctuosity of Buckstone as Chrysos, and the perfect rendering of Galatea by Madge Robertson, drew the town. Who that saw can forget the intellectuality of the conception, the fine elocution, the classic grace in motion and in pose of Madge Robertson. She was Galatea, a poem living and moving before our delighted eyes. How infinitely superior she was to two later representatives of the character, much photographed, sensationally advertised, and greatly overpraised — Mrs. Langtry and Miss Mary Anderson, between whom there is little to choose, relying, as both of them do, upon personal charms.

The Wicked World and *Broken Hearts* were two more poetical supernatural pieces. In the former Fairy-land is

turned topsy-turvy by the introduction of mortal love, which was previously unknown to the fairies, and afterwards, when mortal love is offered to them as a precious gift, they know better and won't have any. In the latter piece there is much less of the supernatural. Again mortal love causes much trouble, and the play, as a whole, is rather a melancholy one, somewhat slight in construction. The last four plays are in blank verse. Gilbert likes blank verse; I don't, that is to say Gilbert's. It becomes aggravating, irritating, when you read upwards of ten thousand lines of it as I have done. It is monotonously smooth, neither very good nor very bad, but sadly wanting in music. However there is something to be thankful for in that we have in Gilbert an author who does try to write something worthy of being read as well as played, which is more than we can say for the great majority of play writers.

It is not often we find an author burlesquing himself, but Gilbert, under the name of Tomline, in conjunction with Gilbert à Beckett burlesqued *The Wicked World* in *The Happy Land*, which is one of the severest satires imaginable upon the Government of that day. Three principal actors made themselves up to represent Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton, and the result was that after two or three performances the Lord Chamberlain interfered, compelled alterations to be made, and insisted that the actors should not make up their faces so as to resemble the statesmen in question. Of course all this made the thing a great success, the public ran after it, and after what had transpired were not likely to make any mistake as to what or who was meant notwithstanding the alterations. For his share in the libretto of this burlesque Gilbert received no less than £700.

Charity is a play in which Gilbert combats society's decree that a woman who has once made a slip shall never be

forgiven. The woman is finely drawn, but the remaining characters are simply absurd, and the plot is made up of utter improbabilities; so that, taking also into consideration the heterodox idea underlying the whole thing, no wonder it was a comparative failure.

With regard to *Sweethearts* I think I cannot do better than give a summary of what was said of it by the dramatic critic of *The Times*, who described it as "a thorough idyl, worthy of the Théâtre Français; a unique work, without plot or a typical character; not even containing two characters, but two phases in two lives, with an interval of thirty years between the traditional disagreement and the traditional reconciliation; a dramatic statement of complicated sentiments, and the subtlest of mental conflicts, and the most delicate *nuances* of emotion in graceful dialogue." Always shall I remember first seeing this charming piece given by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's, the play and the acting being about the most perfect dramatic treat I ever enjoyed.

In *Dan'l Druce* Gilbert came as near to writing a drama as ever he will do, I think. The betrayed husband, who withdraws himself from the world for his wife's sake, is a fine character, and the first act, which is founded on an incident in *Silas Marner*, is a capital piece of work. But the play is spoiled by the two acts succeeding, and especially by the stupidity of the climax at the conclusion. The finest bits in it are a speech by Dan'l Druce, where he dwells on his wrongs, and a charming love scene between Dorothy and Geoffrey Wynyard. An amusing character, too, is one Reuben Haines, a swaggering soldier, a sort of Ancient Pistol, who says of himself, on one occasion, that when he quarrels "sextons lay in tolling grease and grave diggers strip to their work," and whose conversation generally is of the quaintest description.

Engaged is an entertaining absurdity in which the characters seem all to be under the influence of the Palace of Truth, and avow greed, selfishness, and other base motives in the most unblushing, matter-of-fact manner. The dialogue is clever throughout, and abounds with characteristic touches; but the piece is too satirically cynical, too repulsively comical, there is no relief. Gilbert may have worshipped Dickens and Thackeray, but certainly he has not become like unto them in "tender-heartedness and soul."

Tom Cobb is a farcical comedy in which a man, having allowed himself to be announced as dead, finds great difficulty in coming to life again; and I consider it about the smartest and most consistently worked-out farce Gilbert has written. Generally it is difficult to make a selection from Gilbert's works that shall do them justice, and *Tom Cobb* is no exception to the rule. However, the beginning of the third act will give some idea of the whole, and I therefore venture to make the following extract:—

SCENE: *A drawing-room, shabbily furnished, in* Mr. EFFINGHAM'S *house.* COBB *is discovered smoking a pipe on balcony with* CAROLINE. *The Effingham family is discovered grouped:* Mrs. EFFINGHAM *seated;* Old EFFINGHAM *leaning on her chair, with his arm round her neck; and* BULSTRODE *standing moodily behind. As curtain rises* CAROLINE *enters from balcony and throws herself at her mother's feet.*

Mrs. EFF. Where is your poet lover, Caroline?

CAR. I left him basking on the balcony in deep communion with his inner self.

Mrs. EFF. Ah, what a priceless destiny is yours, my babe—to live a lifetime in the eternal sunlight of his poet brain!

CAR. It is; but you shall share it—father—mother—brother—all! We will all share it alway! I would not rob you of one ray that emanates from that divine face, for all the wealth of earth!

Mrs. EFF. My unselfish girl!

BUL. How nobly he looks when, sickened with the world, he turns his eyes inward to gaze upon his hidden self!

Mr. EFF. None but Apollo ever looked as he looks then.

CAR. Truly. Yet—shall I confess that when I saw him first my idiot heart sank deep within me, because, in the expression of his thoughts, I did *not* recognize Apollo's stamp?

BUL. Fie, Caroline! Would you have a poet carry his muse pick-a-back, for daws to pick at? Fie, Caroline—oh, fie!

Mrs. EFF. Some thoughts are too deep for utterance.

CAR. And some too precious. Why should he scatter such gems broadcast? My poet-warrior thinks them to himself.

BUL. He does. It is his weird and warlike way.

CAR. He comes. *(Rises.)* His fancy-flight has ended for the nonce. My soldier minstrel has returned to earth!

[TOM *enters from balcony.* CAROLINE *goes to meet him, and brings him forward lovingly. His appearance is somewhat altered—he parts his hair in the centre and allows it to grow long; he wears a very low lie-down collar in order to look Byronic.* CAROLINE *throws herself at his feet, and* Mr. *and* Mrs. EFFINGHAM *cross and group themselves about him.* Mrs. EFFINGHAM *kneels,* BULSTRODE *standing moodily behind his mother.*]

Mrs. EFF. Arthur, ennoble us. Raise us one step towards the Empyrean. Give us a Great Thought!

BUL. From the vast treasures of your poet brain we beg some spare small change.

TOM. Well, I really don't know; I haven't anything just now.

CAR. We are the bees and you the flower. We beg some honey for our little hives.

TOM *(with a desperate effort to be brilliant).* Talking of bees—*(all take out note-books and write down what follows)*—talking of bees, have you ever remarked how the busy little insect avails herself of the sunshine to gather her sweet harvest from—every opening flower?

Mr. EFF. *(writing).* We have, we have. How true to fact!

BUL. *(writing).* You said "her sweet harvest," I think?

TOM. Her sweet harvest.

BUL. *(writing).* Her sweet harvest. *(All shake their heads and sigh.)*

TOM. Her honey, you know.

BUL. Thank you. *(Sighs. All finish writing and put up their note-books.)*

Mrs. EFF. You are a close student of nature, sir.

TOM. Yes, I do a good deal in that way.

Mrs. EFF. How simple are his words, and yet what priceless pearls of thought lie encased beneath their outer crust!

TOM. Yes, I always wrap them in an outer crust to keep them from the cold. *(All take out note-books and write this down.)*

CAR. *(writing).* "He wraps them in an outer crust
To keep them from the cold!"

And once I sneered at these grand utterances just as we continually sneer at shapeless clods upon the road, which on inspection turn out to be jewelled bracelets of exceeding price!

TOM. Nothing more common. It's the old story. The superficial mind—*(all take out note-books and write)*—the superficial mind looks for cream upon the surface of the milk; but the profound philosopher dives down deep below. *(Aside.)* Much more of this and my mind will give way!

Mrs. Eff. You are a deep thinker, sir. I can fancy Shakspere to have been such another.

Car. Shakspere! Shakspere never said anything like that. How—how do you do it?

Tom. I don't know; it comes. I shut my eyes and it comes. *(All shut their eyes and try.)*

Car. I cannot do it. Ah, me! I shall never learn to talk like that.

Mrs. Eff. Bulstrode, had you had communion with the major-general in earlier life he might have helped to shape your destiny to some nobler end.

Bul. No, it might not be. I am fated. Destiny has declared against me. Fettered to the desk of an obscure attorney, forced to imprison my soaring soul within the left-off garments of a father whose figure has but little in common with my own, who can wonder that my life is one protracted misfit?

Mr. Eff. *(arising).* My boy, sneer not at those clothes. They have been worn for many, many years by a very old, but very upright man. Be proud of them. No sordid thought has ever lurked behind that waistcoat. That hat has never yet been doffed to vicious wealth. Those shoes have never yet walked into the parlours of the sinful.

Mrs. Eff. *(embracing him).* I am sure of that, Adolphus; I am very, very sure of that.

Bul. It may be as you say. I *do* respect these clothes, but not even a father's eloquence can glaze over the damning fact that they are second hand! *(Turns up and exit on to balcony as* Mr. *and* Mrs. Effingham *exeunt lovingly).*

Car. A blessing on him! Is he not benevolent?

Tom. Yes, he looks so. Why do benevolent people have such long hair? Do they say to themselves, "I am a benevolent person, so I will let my hair grow," or do they let it grow because they are too benevolent to cut it off?

Car. There are thousands of such questions that appear at every turn to make us marvel at Nature's strange decrees. Let us not pry into these secrets. Let us rather inquire whether you have any chance of getting anything to do.

Foggerty's Fairy was another of Gilbert's quaint conceits, namely, the obliteration of a man's past and the substitution therefor of another set of events, the fun being in the confusion consequently ensuing. Originally written for Sothern, who died before it could be brought out, Gilbert repurchased it from Sothern's executors, intending that Toole should have it. However, ultimately Charles Wyndham produced the piece, but with all his go he could not make it go. Whether it was because there was no logical necessity for the substitution of events I have referred to, or because Gilbert too evidently repeated himself, or whether it was

too utterly improbable, I am unable to say, but certainly it was not a success. *Ne'er Do Weel*, brought out at the Olympic, in February, 1878, was another failure, its grotesque absurdities being too much for the public, so it was withdrawn and appeared a month later under the title of *The Vagabond*, the first and second acts having been altered and the third entirely rewritten, when it was more favourably received. With regard to the piece last mentioned, and others that have not been successful, it is curious to note how often the first act has been excellent, the second poor, and the third a failure, this illustrating what I have before remarked as to Gilbert's lack of constructive ability and sustained dramatic power. I have an impression somehow that he would do better to begin at the other end and work backwards, a method of writing it seems to me that he ought to be peculiarly qualified for.

Although *Gretchen* was one of Gilbert's most ambitious attempts, yet it was about his greatest failure, and deservedly so. His opinion was that Goethe's *Faust* was a philosophical treatise in dramatic form not intended for the stage, and consequently that it should not be altered for that purpose. That may or may not be a correct view—very likely it isn't—but at the same time Gilbert was not under any necessity to make the attempt to present the legend in an entirely new shape. The whole thing is a burlesque, and all the more a burlesque because of its evident seriousness. Faust, instead of being a man acquainted with all the world's wisdom and knowing there's nothing in it, is a wild young blade, who, having been disappointed in a very common love affair, goes into a monastery, and of course speedily wishes himself out of it; then calls on heaven, earth, or hell—it doesn't matter which—to help him out. Whereupon appears Mephisto, about the mildest, most good-natured, insignificant devil imaginable,

who tells him of Gretchen and acts as a marvellous hair restorer, but does not in consideration of his services exact anything whatever from Faust. Gretchen is a self-conscious, goody-goody sort of creature, who falls a victim to Faust's fine head of hair, and when she discovers that it isn't properly his own prefers to die. Of course the play failed. Here are a couple of verses relating to it, taken from a rather ill-natured skit upon Gilbert which appeared in *The Theatre*, July 1st, 1879:—

> We'll take old Faust and Marguerite, add new words to the same,
> And raise the Devil in five acts! We'll call it if you please
> The Catastrophic Gretchen or Lopped Mephistopheles.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The piece was written and produced with topsyturvies crammed,
> But it had no novel ending: all concerned were duly damned
> In the good old-fashioned first night customary British way—
> And Jester Gilbert went unto the Devil with his play!

True enough, but spiteful. The writer of the verses, by the way, signs himself "Seraph," a name that strikes one as being slightly inappropriate if adopted as descriptive.

Clarice is a play written for Mary Anderson, representing an incident in the life of an actress of the *Comédie Française* during the Regency, and, but for a violation of historical fact, is well conceived, affording scope for display of dramatic power, to which, however, Mary Anderson is scarcely equal. The historical inaccuracy consists in making the Regent meet his death in a duel—about as stupid a blunder, for instance, as it would be for a French dramatic author to make Charles the First kill Cromwell. The play is founded upon a sketch, by Gilbert, entitled "Comedy and Tragedy," which appeared in Routledge's *Christmas Annual for 1880*. Here, however, it is the Duc de Richelieu and not the Regent who is killed. Why the change was made I cannot conceive, as it makes the thing all the more glaring. As a matter of fact, neither the Duc de Richelieu nor the Regent died in this way, and

there seems absolutely no reason for creating such a difficulty where any lord of high degree would have done. As an instance of Gilbert's business-like habits, I may mention that he puts a note to the sketch to the effect that the author has taken steps to reserve to himself the right of dramatizing the story. Mary Anderson at that time had not appeared in England, but doubtless he had conceived the idea of writing such a play for some distinguished actress; and though he has not been fortunate in the actress selected, the idea was a good one. Only the Bernhardt could play the part as it should be played.

The collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan is the most completely successful theatrical partnership of modern times. Alfred Cellier, Frederic Clay, and others had previously written music for Gilbert, but no one before Sullivan was found capable of composing music really fitting Gilbert's humour; and there can be no question that Sullivan's music does so to a marvel. It must not be forgotten though that prior to his connection with Gilbert, Sullivan had written some extremely taking music for F. C. Burnand, in *Cox and Box* and *The Contrabandista.* The first joint piece of Gilbert and Sullivan was called *Thespis among the Olympians*—a droll conceit of Gilbert's, in which Thespis and his troupe, lighting on Olympus, are entrusted with the management of affairs, and of course everything goes wrong. Jupiter neglects to turn off the rain; Apollo and Diana fall in love and will go out together; Bacchus is a teetotaler and won't tolerate anything stronger than ginger beer; so that altogether they make a nice mess of it. Toole took the leading character, and as he has only two notes in his voice, Sullivan had some difficulty in adapting the music to his limited capabilities, but successfully overcame it. The piece ran eighty nights. Next came *Trial by Jury* and *The Sorcerer*—pieces of delightful humour, with charmingly

appropriate music, which first brought to the front Rutland Barrington and George Grossmith, the latter being now, to repeat a joke in *Punch*, the G. G. who always draws. And here I may make the observation that from the first Gilbert has been remarkably fortunate in the cast of his pieces, by which circumstance I need scarcely say he has been helped considerably. By this I am reminded of a bit in *An Old Score*, where Mary is referring to Harold's unfavourable criticism on Mr. Cribb's comedy, which ran as follows :—

It is not to the point that the piece was badly played. The talent of an accomplished dramatist is shown in his power of rising superior to the insignificant accident of an incompetent company.

And Harold replies :

Yes. You see that's Cribb's piece. You don't understand these things. I am the editor of a satirical journal, and its power of satire must be allowed full play. If the company is good I abuse the piece ; if the piece is good I abuse the company.

MARY. But if both are good ?

HAR. The supposition's absurd—but if both are good I pitch into the degenerate audience. There I am safe. From the satirist's point of view the audience is always degenerate.

Here no doubt Gilbert speaks feelingly. He had previously said something of the same kind in *Fun*, at the beginning of 1864, namely, that

The British public only judge for themselves (1) on the first night of a new English opera, when everybody is encored in everything, and all the artists are called before the curtain at the end of each act, and Mr. Alfred Mellon has a conservatory full of bouquets shied at his respectable head ; nevertheless the opera is generally withdrawn in about a fortnight ; (2) on the first night of a new play, when they applaud everything, including jokes which the author himself never contemplated, and then afterwards—having been told by the critics that it is bad—hiss it off the stage and won't have it at any price.

Next were given us what are best described as the Bab Ballad Operas—*Pinafore*, *Pirates*, *Patience*, and *Iolanthe*—with which every one is familiar. In these productions Gilbert has economized his material, for every one of them is founded more or less upon the Bab Ballads. In *Pinafore* we have "Captain Reece," "The Martinet," "Joe Golightly,"

"The Bum-Boat Woman's Story," and "General John;" in *Pirates* the idea of duty expressed by "Captain Reece;" in *Patience* "The Rival Curates;" and in *Iolanthe* "The Fairy Curate;" and it is really interesting to trace the working out of the old ideas in fresh forms. Indeed, he does so much of this sort of thing that one cannot but come to the conclusion that, after all, his good ideas are limited. Again and again one comes upon the same thought, and almost the same expression. However, he has a right to make the best of his capital, and what there is of it is undoubtedly capital. The Palace of Truth influence is also evident throughout, and Gilbert has most consistently and persistently worked his original discovery, which consists in making serious people say absurd things. Moral axioms are carried to extremest limits, with most ludicrous results, and the operas abound with oddest, quaintest, brightest fun, while through them all runs the golden thread of clever but good-humoured satire. In *Pinafore* is shown the absurdity of carrying consideration for inferiors too far; in *Pirates* it is made abundantly clear that people may have too high a sense of duty; *Patience* ridicules most effectively the æsthetic craze, while *Iolanthe* is an elaborate satire on the House of Lords. Gilbert's powers of versification and of rhyme are seen to the best advantage, his ingenuity in rhyme being particularly remarkable; take, for instance, the modern Major-General's song in *Pirates*. If Byron's rhyme to intellectual brought him fame, Gilbert is entitled to even greater fame, for he has done any quantity of rhyme fully equal to that. Added to all this is Sullivan's music, and it is difficult to say exactly what credit is due to each, but in my view Gilbert is the moving spirit of it all.

Princess Ida follows on the same lines, though it is not founded upon the *Bab Ballads*. First brought out as *The Princess*, it has been remodelled and set to music by

Sullivan, and I consider it the finest of the series. As every one knows, it is a travesty of Tennyson's curious medley, a work which is neither here nor there, neither a a serious poem nor a burlesque. In Gilbert's hands the theme becomes exquisitely humorous; the assertion of the rights of woman and her overthrow are worked out with delightful ingenuity. The travesty of Tennyson is really perfect, neither too much nor too little, but just enough. And again I must express my admiration for Sullivan's music, which is all in such harmony that the whole might be the offspring of one hand and brain.

These pieces are marvels of picturesque stage management, the credit of which is also mainly due to Gilbert, for he sketches scenes, models properties, designs dresses, instructs and diligently drills the performers, and, if it comes to dancing, can teach the ballet. When *Princess Ida* was first produced at "The Savoy," he had the theatre closed three days, and was rehearsing the opera all the time, the last rehearsal only ending in the early morning. Of stage managers he is the most imperious and exacting; he insists upon having his own way absolutely and entirely, and possibly for that reason is not popular in the theatrical world. But there can be no doubt that his management produces the happiest results, and so long as that is the case he can afford to be, and probably is, indifferent to other considerations.

A word or two as to Gilbert's manner of writing and working. First he thinks over and moulds his story; then he sets it down in the shape of an anecdote; next he expands it to the length of an ordinary magazine article; the next steps are to divide it into skeleton acts and arrange the scenes, exits, and entrances; and finally the dialogue is written, that of the important scenes first. He likes to write on into the small hours of the morning, insists upon always

having perfect quiet, and smokes a dozen and a half cigars per day. He has double windows at "The Boltons" for the purpose of excluding every sound, but prefers to write on board his fine sea-going yacht, "The Pleione," being there perfectly safe from interruption. This altogether seems a sensible way of managing matters, and I would recommend authors generally to go and do likewise.

Gilbert is another proof of the saying that nothing succeeds like success. As evidence of this witness the recent successful revival of pieces which originally were not received with so much favour. But he has richly deserved his success, which cannot be said of all successful people. He has created a new English opera, delightfully fresh and pure and attractive, which has done much to displace the inanities and indecencies of late years presented to us as comic opera. He has written plays of a humour peculiarly his own, which he has educated the public to appreciate and enjoy; plays of real literary merit, readable as well as actable, and altogether I consider him the most strikingly original playwright of the day, not, be it understood, as a writer of dramas, but as the author of ironical comedy. He is but eight and forty years of age; he has, as I have shown, already accomplished a vast quantity of good work, and I confidently look forward to future performance which shall even exceed his past promise.

A CHRISTMAS SYMPOSIUM, 1884.

THE Christmas meeting of the Manchester Literary Club was held on Monday evening, December 15, 1884, at the Grand Hotel. There was a very large gathering of members and visitors. Mr. George Milner, the president of the Club, was in the chair, and the chief guest of the evening was Mr. Alexander Ireland. Other guests were Mr. H. J. Fairchild, Mr. Joseph Broome, Mr. A. K. Dyson, and Mr. C. Smith.

The Club Room, in which supper was served, was suitably decorated with laurel, holly, and mistletoe. Mr. J. C. Lockhart, apparelled as an ancient cook, brought the boar's head into the room whilst the old carol was sung. Mr. Charles Hardwick, according to custom, recited Eliza Cook's "Ode to Christmas," at the end of which Mr. John Page, noted as Father Christmas, made his appearance and was greeted with loud applause. The Wassail Bowl was at the same time borne into the room. During the evening Mr. Thomas Derby sang "The Mistletoe Bough," Mr. Frank Hollins "The Arethusa," and several musical pieces were given by

a party of singers under the leadership of Mr. Bannister. Mr. Edwin Waugh also gave the company a great treat by singing with much feeling his own beautiful song, "My Mary."

The PRESIDENT read the following letter dated December 14, which he had received from Mr. Thomas Read Wilkinson, who was unable through illness to attend the meeting :—

"I regret exceedingly that it is quite impossible for me to be with you on Monday evening as I am for the present confined to my bed, where I have been for the last ten days. I am glad, however, to say that I am improving steadily, and am sufficiently cheerful to be with you in spirit. The remembrance of past meetings is very pleasant, and I cannot refrain from telling you how much happiness in past years the Christmas festivities of the Club have given me. I am glad to see by the newspaper that our old friend, Mr. Ireland, is to be the guest of the evening. Greet the old boy very warmly from me. I am sure he will regret my absence. Dearest Edwin, too, I understand is to be with you. Bless his dear old heart. I see him before me, that sturdy, square-set frame, encased in garments vast and solid—which no doubt stand upright of themselves at night when he has extricated himself from them. The dear old boy generally carries a section of pine forest as a walking stick. I can hear him crooning those delightful songs with which some of us are so familiar. I suppose old Charles will be with you as usual on his favourite battlefield; and Page as rubicund as ever. Apart from the real work of the Club, which has been considerable, the past few years have brought to many of us who have met together much happiness both by sea and land, the memory of which we would not willingly let die; and I hope the future has many more such experiences in store for all of us."

Mr. GEORGE MILNER said: I have now to ask you to drink to that toast which is the toast of the evening—the health of Mr. Alexander Ireland. Good wine needs no bush, and I know that even without any words of commendation from me this toast is one which you will delight to honour. These Christmas Suppers of the Manchester Literary Club have now become historical. There was a time when the members gathered round a smaller board than this, and when the viands were of a character more distinctly Bohemian than those which we have seen before us to-night—when the one dish had a name from which the polite ear shrinks, and an odour which the modern exquisite affects to dread; but the spirit which prevailed was that which prevails to-day. We met then, as now, to perpetuate certain ancient customs—certain tributes to "Use and Wont" which help to keep the heart young—and to promote that good fellowship which is cemented and, in a sense, consecrated by the love of letters. For some years past our chief guest has been one or other of those pious founders of the Club who are yet extant and remaining among us. That brief list is now exhausted, and to-night we have in the post of honour one whom I am sure you will all regard as adequately and properly representative of that literary spirit which in no ordinary degree prevails in Manchester. I am not thinking now of the professional man of letters. We cannot expect to have these among us in great numbers—they gravitate towards London, it is their nature so to do, and we offer all reverence to those who loyally remain in our midst. I was referring rather to the kind of man of which the late Samuel Robinson—who passed away only a few days ago—was a salient example. What is the record which at ninety-one years of age he left behind him? It is that of one who was at once a practical manufacturer and an accomplished classic, whose opinions

on the Greek and Latin Languages were worth listening to; a translator of the German lyric poets; the author of a volume of *Arabian Poetry for English Readers;* a teacher of working men in the Sunday School and in the Evening Class; and, besides all this, a practical philanthropist and man of affairs in matters educational, sanitary, and political. Such men are the salt of what is called provincial society, and not unfrequently they make the life of the Provinces more vivid and more operative for good than even that of the Metropolis. It is in this connection and capacity that I ask you to honour our friend Mr. Alexander Ireland to-night.

Mr. Ireland, coming from Edinburgh—whence many good things have come—cast in his lot among us so long ago as the year 1843. In 1846 the *Manchester Examiner* was started, I think by John Bright, Dr. McKerrow, and Mr. Edward Watkin (now Sir Edward Watkin); and Mr. Ireland's known ability and business training led to his appointment as manager not many months after the paper was started. For five and thirty years he held that position. Editors came and went, but the manager remained; and when the history of Manchester and of Manchester opinion during times of critical movements comes to be written, the name of Alexander Ireland will occupy no inconspicuous place.

If from public life we turn to things purely literary, we find our friend occupying a place not only special, but unique. It has been Mr. Ireland's singular good fortune to meet, and, more or less, to become intimate with, many of our finest modern writers. Through him we younger men seem to touch those great spirits who are already of the past. It is indeed something to have still with us one who was the trusted and confidential friend of two such men as Emerson and Carlyle—men diverse, and as far asunder as the poles, though so often spoken of as congenital. It was

in 1833 that Mr. Ireland became, as it were unawares, an entertainer of the New England prophet. To him more than to anybody else we owe Emerson's second visit to Europe in 1847, and those phenomenal lectures which meant so much to the younger men of the time in Manchester—myself among the number. In this connection I should like to quote Carlyle's description of our friend. True Thomas seems to have taken an especial pleasure—a wicked pleasure—in hitting off the portraits of his acquaintances with a pencil much more caustic than flattering. Of all those who crossed his path from youth to old age, one might almost count upon the fingers of one hand the names of those who escaped his scathing and scornful condemnation. Mr. Ireland may therefore consider himself fortunate in finding his miniature painted by Carlyle in 1847 in no darker tints than these—"A solid, dark, broad, rather heavy man; full of energy and broad sagacity and practicability—infinitely well affected to the man Emerson, too." To this concise description I must add the picture, not less truthful though painted in warmer colours, which Emerson has left us in his book on England—

> At the landing in Liverpool, I found my Manchester correspondent [Mr. Alexander Ireland] awaiting me, a gentleman whose kind reception was followed by a train of friendly and effective attentions which never rested while I remained in the country. A man of sense and of letters, the editor of a powerful local journal, he added to solid virtues an infinite sweetness and *bonhommie*. There seemed a pool of honey about his heart which lubricated all his speech and action with fine jets of mead.

Two other matters of literary interest I must just mention. It was Mr. Ireland who took Emerson to see Leigh Hunt, whom the former thought to be, along with De Quincey, the finest-mannered literary man he had met in England; and, recently, we have learned that our friend was one of four persons to whom the authorship of that famous book, the *Vestiges of Creation*, was confided; and

from his pen during the present year we have had, for the first time, the authentic story of its mysterious publication in 1844.

And not only has Mr. Ireland been an ever generous and helpful friend of authors, and the means of bringing to light important contributions to English literature, he has also been pre-eminently a lover of books, and has, besides, given us himself a few volumes which every book-lover will always cherish—the *Bibliography of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and Charles Lamb*, the *Memoir and Recollections of Emerson*, and the dainty *Book-Lover's Enchiridion.*

Much more remains to be said and calls for saying, but time forbids. It is characteristic of the man and of his healthy tastes that in early life, as I have heard him tell, he transcribed from a borrowed copy the whole of that delightful English classic, White's *Natural History of Selborne*, that he might have the work in his own possession. William Chambers, another of Mr. Ireland's friends, tells us, in the *Story of his Life*, that "Ireland was an exquisite player on the German flute, and that his playing of some of the Scottish airs was particularly excellent." A man who loves the *History of Selborne* and plays upon the flute is pretty sure of a long life. I wish he had brought his flute with him to-night. I know he has no love for public speaking, and we might then have taken a tune instead of a speech. Mr. Waugh here would say—

> A man who plays the flute right weel
> Should never awse to dee.

May it be long before our friend *awses* to do anything so inconsiderate; and, in the meantime, we will apply to him those lines of the old poet, Samuel Daniel, which Mr. Ireland has applied to Emerson—may he

> Look down
> Upon these lower regions of turmoil
> Where all these storms of passion vainly beat

On flesh and blood; where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

The toast was received with much cordiality.

Mr. ALEXANDER IRELAND in reply said: Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—For the honour you have done me in so cordially drinking my health, I am very grateful. To be thus received by the members of the Manchester Literary Club is a distinction very gratifying to me, and which I will always remember with pleasure.

My contributions to literature, to which your chairman and my good friend has done me the honour to refer, have been of a very humble kind. They might perhaps have been more important had my life-course taken a different direction; but from my boyhood up to within a comparatively recent period I have been incessantly occupied in active business, with only brief snatches of time for literary pursuits. After a five years' curriculum of classical instruction at the old High School of Edinburgh, it was my lot, at the age of fifteen, to enter upon a very humble business career, and I was thus denied the advantage of academic training to which I had at one time looked forward. From that time onward there were few days in the year I could call my own, except Sundays, and these were hoarded with a miser's care. But the less leisure I had, the more I treasured what little came to me, the more concentrated was my enjoyment of it, and the more I tried to extract from it. On looking back over the last fifty-five years, and reviewing the results, it is my belief that I made a better use of these short intervals of leisure than if they had been longer. What you think you can do at any time,

while you are the possessor of an abundant stock of leisure, is often neglected or indefinitely postponed; but in the midst of daily duties which cannot be put aside, which must be performed, whatever be the weather of your soul, you have a compensation in the secret delight of looking forward with assured certainty to the hours of uninterrupted leisure which are awaiting you when the week's work is over. Such hours often become the most rich and fruitful in our lives. And so it was in my case.

Let me here remark that, fortunately for me, in my earlier years, I enjoyed the privilege of intimate intercourse with one or two men, a few years ahead of me in age, possessing remarkable gifts, intellectual and moral—men of cultivated and refined tastes, and wide sympathies, from whose company I never retired without feeling that the better part of my own nature was stimulated, my views on all subjects widened and enlarged, and my inner and outer world made brighter by the contact. These friendships exercised an abiding influence upon me, caused me more patiently to endure what was hard and uncongenial in my lot, and helped "to cast a sunshine in the shady place." The recollection of these friendships has been and will always be an ever-present blessing which I would not barter for anything the world has to give. And now, having disposed of the strictly personal element, let me turn to something more important.

I should like to say a few words connected with literature, but the subject is one so wide and far-reaching and capable of so much illustration, that it is better to take some special aspect of it, and say a few words upon that, than to give utterance to vague generalities which you might perhaps justly characterize as truisms or platitudes. What I wish to direct your special attention to is the cheapness and attainableness of good literature in these days, as compared with the time when I and some of those around me

were young men. This may appear very obvious, and scarcely necessary to remind you of, but nevertheless it is a great fact to be thought of frequently and dwelt upon, and its importance realized and brought home to us. Only regard it closely. Forty years ago the facilities for reading books were small compared with what they now are. There were then no Free Reference Libraries open to all, no Free Lending Libraries; and the circulating libraries which then existed were principally used by a few persons of the upper and middle classes. In the large towns there were libraries connected with Mechanics' Institutions and establishments of a like kind, but only members of these institutions had access to them. Books, as a rule, were dear, and unattainable by persons of limited means. All this is now changed. The records of the Free Libraries show the extent to which they are taken advantage of, and the publishers' lists indicate the enormous increase of new publications as well as of cheap reprints of standard literature. The taste for and habit of reading is vastly multiplied, and, thanks to the establishment of School Boards, is certain to go on steadily increasing, attended by the most beneficent consequences,—improved manners, more refined tastes, more self-respect, and a readier self-help. Then there has come into operation within the last thirty years another power of incalculable importance as a civilizing agent, I mean the cheap daily press, which was only made possible by the abolition of the compulsory stamp and the paper duty—two reforms which the country owes mainly to the enlightened efforts of four men, three of whom were connected with this district—I mean Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, and Milner Gibson, upon whose heads be all blessings and honour for this special service to their countrymen. There was another earnest friend of progress whose long-continued and indefatigable labour in connection with the movement for the emancipation of the press

from its fiscal fetters ought not to be forgotten—I mean Dr. John Watts, our esteemed townsman.

The effects produced by this agent of civilization and culture are of deep significance and far-reaching in their consequences—almost beyond our computation. By virtue of the swiftly-moving steam-press capable of throwing off, by the aid of stereotyping, twenty, thirty, or fifty thousand copies an hour of an eight-page newspaper, and by the almost magical action of the electric telegraph, we are kept informed, from hour to hour, of every important event that happens in any part of the civilized world; while the comments on all that happens in the domains of politics, social life, literature, art, and science cause us to take an interest in what is going on in the world, and exercise upon us a constant educational discipline. This theme alone would afford me scope for much comment, but I must be content merely to allude to it and pass on.

Now, think what the cheapness of good literature brings within the reach of the humblest class! A youth with a very moderate salary—say a warehouse-clerk or shop-assistant—or an artizan with fair wages, if he is of frugal and sober habits and has a taste for reading, need not be without a small collection of books which he can call his own—books of standard merit—nay, of imperishable renown. He may have on his little shelf his *Robinson Crusoe*, his *Pilgrim's Progress*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, his *Arabian Nights*, his *Shakspere*, *Milton*, *Cowper*, *Burns*, *Wordsworth*, *Longfellow*, and *Tennyson;* and if he is of a scientific turn, he can have a number of excellent text-books. And he can be the possessor of all this for a sum not exceeding that which his fellow-clerk or fellow-workman, with tastes of an opposite kind, will spend upon beer and tobacco in twelve months. And if my imaginary clerk or artizan continues to practise self-denial, and perseveres in his course of self-

respecting economy, he may in another year, in addition to the works I have named, become the possessor of the entire novels of Scott and Dickens and the complete works of Thomas Carlyle. I have worked out the figures, and can show that by a saving of little over two shillings a week for a single year this can be done. To one who has been all the day engaged in monotonous work there is nothing so refreshing as to read an entertaining or instructive book, always supposing that a taste for reading exists. It calls for no bodily exertion; it relieves the humble lodging or home from dulness and loneliness, and furnishes its occupant with another world to live in for a few hours, transporting him for the time to livelier scenes; in this way insensibly, but surely, ministering to the elevation of his mind and to the refinement of his whole nature. Thus noble and worthy emotions are awakened, earnest aspiration is kindled, and the inner and finer feelings are touched. The best of company, in fact, is for the time his. Whenever he likes, he may have for his intimates the best men and women the earth ever produced. The choicest spirits of the race are ready to entertain and instruct him.

When Thomas Carlyle was a hard-working teacher in the town of Kirkcaldy in his youthful days, drudging for seven and eight hours a day in an occupation which was utterly uncongenial to him, and looking anxiously into the blank future with hopeless sadness, not knowing in the least in what direction he should turn to make his living, we find him giving utterance to the following beautiful tribute to the solace he found in books. This tribute occurs in a letter to a struggling fellow-student, but you will not find it in Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle*:—

Excepting one or two individuals I have little or no society, but books are my ready and effectual resource. May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phœnician, or whoever it was that invented books! I may not detain you with the praises of an art that carries the voice of man to the extremity of the

earth and to the latest generations; but it is lawful for the solitary wight to express the love he feels for those companions, so stedfast and unpresuming, that go or come without reluctance, and that, when his fellow-mortals are proud, or stupid, or peevish, are ever ready to cheer the languor of his soul and gild the barrenness of life with the treasures of bygone ages.

Has not this the ring of the true metal? I could detain you the whole evening with tributes of a similar kind to the beneficent influence of literature, and to the solace and comfort which books afford in every variety of circumstance or fortune. There is one so touching in its tone, so modest, and so delicately expressed that I cannot refrain from reading it to you. It is from the pen of Leigh Hunt, one of the most genial of our essayists and critics, too little known by the present generation of readers. Hunt was a genuine man of letters and a keen relisher of books. He had the most catholic tastes in literature, and was in sympathy with every variety of literary excellence. His refined critical power, wide culture, and subtle perception of beauty, made him one of the best interpreters of our great poets and dramatists. Throughout a long and anxious life, with straitened means and many cares, he maintained his cheerfulness and belief in good, and found a perennial solace in books and literature, and cherished to the last enlightened hopes for the future of humanity. Here is the tribute I refer to:—

How pleasant it is to reflect that the greatest lovers of books have themselves become books! May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and, perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some great day, to lay my over-beating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

It was with unexpected pleasure that I lately became acquainted with a fine tribute to Leigh Hunt from a

welcome quarter. The Hon. James Russell Lowell, the present distinguished United States ambassador to England, was lately unveiling a memorial bust to the memory of our great novelist, Henry Fielding. In the course of his address he said—

> I possess a copy of *Tom Jones*, the margins of which are crowded with the admiring comments of Leigh Hunt, one of the purest minded men that ever lived, and a critic whose subtlety of discrimination and whose soundness of judgment, supported as it was on a broad basis of truly liberal scholarship, have hardly yet met with fitting appreciation.

Such a tribute, so true and so terse, from Mr. Lowell—himself the most distinguished living American humorist, critic, essayist, and poet—is peculiarly gratifying.

And now to conclude: One of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to literature and its beneficent influence is that enshrined in two of Wordsworth's sonnets which, for poetic fervour and noble simplicity of language, are, in my opinion, unsurpassed. Let me endeavour to recite them to you and then I will sit down.

> Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
> We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
> Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
> Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
> Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
> Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
> Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
> There find I personal themes, a plenteous store;
> Matter wherein right voluble I am:
> To which I listen with a ready ear;
> Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
> The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
> And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.
>
> Nor can I not believe but that hereby
> Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
> From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,
> Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
> Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
> Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:

And thus from day to day my little Boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on Earth have made us Heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

The remaining toasts were "The Memory of Dr. Johnson," which was proposed by Mr. W. E. A. Axon ; and "The Guests," proposed by Mr. Waugh, and responded to by Mr. H. J. Fairchild and Mr. C. Smith, two American gentlemen resident in Manchester.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BY FRANCIS ERNEST BRADLEY.

JUST once a year one's thoughts go back
  To bygone days and missing faces,
And, stealing slowly down the track,
  Pass once again the awkward places:
If *this* had been, or *that* had not,
  Then ev'ry burden had been light;
There's something gone, you know not what,
  But with it all the world were bright.

Perchance a friend has faithless grown,—
  The dross must needs have time to settle,—
Be glad the baser coin has shown,
  And value more the truer metal:
But faithful friends, alas, are few,
  And for a while your eyes grow dim—
To think of all he was to you,
  And all you might have been to him!

Vain, vain regrets, scarce worth a sigh!
  Of what avail are plaints and weeping?
E'en as we grieve, fresh joys go by,
  The wedding-morning finds us sleeping:
Rouse up, faint heart! away with care!
  Drown Grief and all the pest of it;
The world is still exceeding fair,
  'Twere well to make the best of it.

January 1st, 1885.

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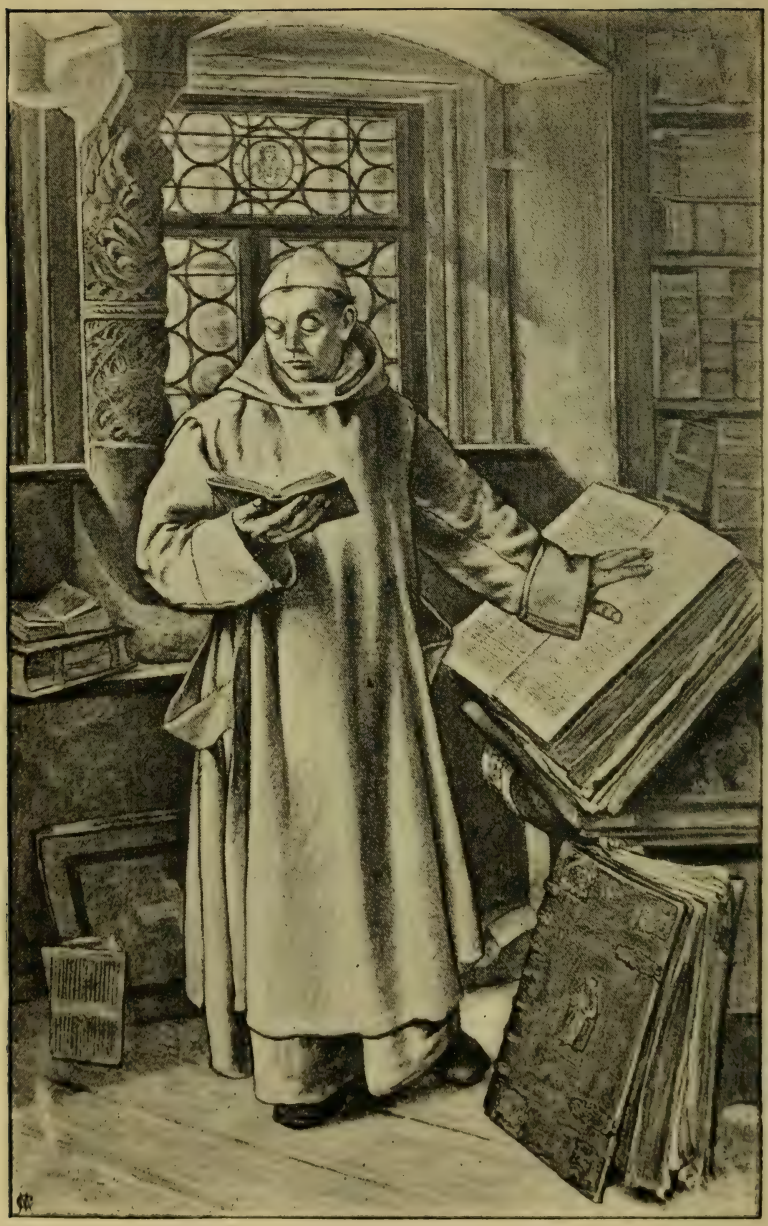

A MONK READING.

From a Drawing by J. H. Letherbrow.

A MANCHESTER ARTIST: JOHN HENRY LETHERBROW.

BY THOMAS LETHERBROW.

[An address delivered at a soirée of the Manchester Literary Club, October 6, 1884, on the occasion of an exhibition of the works of the late Mr. John Henry Letherbrow.]

THAT art and literature go hand in hand in Manchester is a pleasing and noteworthy fact, and none will be disposed to deny that there are no more delightful reunions in the city than those wherein literature and art unite their inspiring and irresistible forces. The blacker our Mersey, Medlock, Irk, and Irwell become, the more incumbent upon us it is to have a pure fountain of Helicon in our midst, round which *all* the muses may join hands and dance.

To-night the Literary Club does honour to the Academy of Fine Arts in the person of one of its members, and in so doing this Club will give to every present, and I may say future, member of that academy a stimulus to exertion. Your worthy and accomplished president having determined to open this session of your Club, and its new home, by the exhibition now on these walls, further laid his benevolent command upon me that I would perform the modest office of giving a sketch, which, though of necessity slight, might convey some idea of the author of these studies, and of the conditions under which they were produced. As to the

studies themselves I propose to say little, preferring to leave them to your own cultivated judgment. But I wish it to be understood that no claim is put forward to any brilliant achievement, or to the possession by the student in question of exceptional powers. I desire to present him, simply, as one who united to some vigour of character rectitude and unity of aim, untiring perseverance, and an undaunted determination to excel.

The words which his mother chose for her epitaph, viz., "She did what she could," might (with due alteration) be inscribed on the stone above *his* grave in the Southern Cemetery of Munich. The sentiment thereof, conveyed in the three pithy words, "Als ikh kan" (As I can, all I can), John Van Eyck was wont to inscribe on his pictures five hundred years ago.

The life which was fated to close by the swift Isar opened by the sable and sluggish Medlock, in the once pleasant suburb of Ardwick, on the 19th August, 1836, but, as the new comer did not belong to a county family, the event made no stir outside the narrow limits of the home circle, and was not, even, announced in the high-priced newspapers of that day.

In due time the Reverend Mr. Mence (ex-chaplain of a man-of-war) taught him the usual branches of a modest education, which, in the view of his pupil, mainly began after he left school; and at the age of seventeen he entered the bank of Messrs. Cunliffes Brooks and Co., where he remained until the year 1875, a period of two-and-twenty years.

When the wheels of time run smoothly, they soon cover a decade or two; yet, smoothly or roughly, change and mutation do not pause. Fathers will die, sons and daughters will marry; others will be left behind. This was Henry's case; he was left with his mother and a faithful domestic, whose years of service in the family numbered more than thirty.

During all this time love of art had grown and strengthened with his growth and strength. It was a passion

Subdued and cherished long;

and he had, long since, resolved that, the moment circumstances allowed it, art should be his vocation. Scrip and purse were ever matters of comparative indifference. Art endows her true disciple with riches which houses and lands cannot confer; her flowing beneficence supplements many shortcomings. She appoints him to be an interpreter of the oracles of nature, an organ through which the universal mind manifests itself. She touches his eyes, and straightway he perceives a new and deeper significance in nature, in art, in history, tradition, poetry, and fable. All this was inwardly felt and devoutly believed by the clerk at his desk, as he patiently bided his time. For his mother, now an invalid, required all the tender offices which, in other years, she had lavished upon him, and he rendered them with his whole heart. It was his daily delight to minister to her with manly strength and womanly tenderness. He remembered the past and the debt he owed, and knew that a more valiant, energetic, helpful, and hopeful soul never breathed than the mother who now required the aid which once she rejoiced in giving. Divested of its element of sadness, no fairer picture of maternal love and filial affection could be witnessed than that which was found in this pure, peaceful, and happy home.

In a higher walk of life, or in the case of brilliant endowments, this sacrifice of self in the pure flame of devotion to another would have been deemed to have had something of the heroic in it. But we know that heroism is a spirit that is native only to other levels of life.

My brother's long vigil came to an end at last; mournfully, yet mercifully. It brought him the freedom he dreaded, the liberty he had long desired. Deep sorrow on

such an occasion is natural and inevitable; but grief cannot be lasting when memory is unmingled with remorse, and when death does but sanctify anew the beings whom we have loved in life.

We call such a time as this a crisis, when the continuity of internal thought and external action is suddenly broken; when both are suspended and motionless, and we await the compulsion of time and circumstance to scoop out a new channel. Happy are the living who resolve that their lives shall, ever, be a justification for the love which was borne them by their translated dead, who have a worthy end and aim in life, a height to be climbed, a goal to be won. Our student was on the threshold of the age of wisdom.

> Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
> Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
> Then you know a boy is an ass,
> Then you know the worth of a lass,
> Once you have come to forty year!

Both these pieces of wisdom he had, ruefully, realized. No doubt, he had made considerable progress, as some of the drawings on these walls testify; but the chief wisdom he had learnt was a sense of his own deficiencies. "Know thyself" is, indeed, said to be the highest wisdom. Then came the overmastering desire to mend himself. But the machinery at hand was entirely inadequate. Manchester had no master of art; the body might be there, but it was without a soul. It was not in him to lower the level of his aim in order that he might enjoy the complacency of success. He felt that he had no business to consider himself a painter at all, to say nothing of attempting the noblest subjects of art, until he had served a laborious apprenticeship in a severe school of draughtsmanship; had undergone a careful course of dissection; and had studied colour and composition under the best men that could be found. He

wanted a school where everything could be learnt. His was no fit of hysteric enthusiasm. He knew that much would be required to work out his idea, and that toil and want would be his inseparable companions. Dusky but dear old Manchester, and the pure freedom of home life, must be exchanged for a foreign city, and narrow, irksome lodgings among strangers whose very tongue must, for a time, be alien. Dear relatives, firm friends, close companions, and the out-door exercises in which he indulged with them, all must be given up.

The physical exercise which our student was loth to abandon was the game of lacrosse, in which he was a proficient, and which, subsequently, he tried to introduce (in vain) into Germany; the mental, moral, and spiritual exercise which it grieved him deeply to forego, he found in the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Parker, to whom he had been long and sincerely attached. He was given to hero-worship; where he admired, it was with a whole heart, with an unwavering faith. He realized that saying of Carlyle, that "it is the very joy of a man's heart to admire, where he can; that nothing so lifts him from all his mean environments, were it but for moments, as true admiration." In his beliefs he was equally fixed, holding with the same writer that "belief is indeed the beginning and first condition of all spiritual force whatever."

The question as to what school you should prefer is difficult and embarrassing. France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, present a variety of schools; England, I suppose, with its central city of the world, does not count. Our student had been over to Antwerp, and inquired closely into the system pursued there. He had gone over specially to assist at the tercentenary of Rubens, for he had a deep admiration of the wealth and power, the richness and fantasy of the genius of the great Fleming. Paris, too, he had visited, and was

drawn towards the grace and beauty of the French school; but, as might have been expected, its spirit and tendency were alien to his ideas. Then there was Rome, that Parnassus of painters, with the twin thrones on which Raphael and Michael Angelo are seated.

Many painter-pilgrims to the Eternal City have exclaimed with Goethe, "a true new birth dates from the day I entered Rome." Thorwaldsen was wont to say, "I was born on the 8th of March, 1798; before that day I did not exist." Time will not permit, neither does the occasion warrant, my giving an account of the revival of art in Rome under Cornelius of Dusseldorf, nor of the principles on which it was founded. Under the influence of what may be called the literary club of Rome (Bunsen, the Schlegels, Novalis, Tieck, Niebuhr, &c.), Louis I. of Bavaria summoned to his aid the leaders of the new school, Cornelius, Schnorr and others, and, by sound judgment and princely expenditure, made Munich one of the great art centres of the modern world. The spirit of this new school was eminently religious; its aim was to awaken devotional feeling, and to spread the influence of Christianity by means of pure and noble art. In the classical creations of the Glyptothek and the Christian compositions of the Ludings Kirche, in Munich, we see the measure of the genius of these men, and, although after them came Kaulbach and Piloty, their influence has not been lost. The school is, probably, the most comprehensive in existence, being Christian, classic, romantic, national, naturalistic; its unity has ended in variety, and it is based, as all schools should be, upon form. The schools of Greece and Italy were founded on this principle, but in those of Venice, Flanders, and Holland, colour was the leading idea.

In two of the adjectives I have just used in describing the German school might be summed up my brother's character,

viz., "Christian and romantic;" it was, therefore, in the nature of things that he should gravitate to the school of Munich.

What that school is he described in the following letter, addressed to Mr. Councillor Rowley:—

Munich, 24th February, 1879.

For method of study here we have, as a preliminary, drawing from the antique, for entrance into which the applicant is allowed to make a study in the antique saal (or room), and is given a week or more to finish in, ere he is finally admitted; if this drawing be satisfactory, the professor (the student can choose any one of the three) admits him, and then it is that he (the professor) signs his papers and the student pays his fees to the secretary. A student may draw in any material he likes (save colour), and at the expiration of a session, or earlier even, if his progress has been rapid, he may notify to his professor his desire to enter the nature school. The professor will help him to this advancement the moment be can do so to the pupil's benefit, although the Council of the Academy are desirous that thorough work should be done in this initial period, yet they don't hinder or cripple the student by insisting on terms and periods of remaining in certain classes. If the work done under the supervision and teaching of a master is not deemed of sufficient merit, and the advancement of his pupils not commensurate with the expectation of the Council, that master or professor is released at once from his post, is pensioned, and another man takes his place. There is no nonsense about age, servitude, or the like; if he is deemed to have lost his faculty of bringing out good draughtsmen, then he goes, and, as I said above, is pensioned. I said that any material may be used in which to work; perhaps it would have been better to have said any of the following three—pencil, crayon, charcoal, but the latter is preferred, as being simplest in its working and its more readily being removed in correcting. The pupil is left to himself, too, as to method of drawing, but yet is taught to draw entirely and solely by the eye, measuring by that alone, so that he may have command and judgment without extraneous aid and materials the simplest. If he prefers what is called "the scientific method" (heaven bless it!) as I stated, he can indulge in his rule and compass, only that the professor will tell him to draw "höchst imfach" (or in the simplest manner).

When competent, the student is drafted into the nature school, where he studies in black and white (as in the antique) from the life, but heads only, no drapery, except just that lying around the neck and to the shoulders. Here he comes in contact with another lot of professors, some of whom go in for colour (*i.e.*, strength so far as black and white can represent colour), and others prefer the absolute drawing of the object in from the delicate line, with all the subtlety which nature is so jealous of a fellow finding out. To me this is a fine method, and you'd be astonished at what is produced here. It may be as well to tell you here that one of the great aims to which a student is directed, I may say the chief aim (at this period of his career), is the motion, cast, or, as the

Germans say, "die Bewegung" of the object, and notably is this insisted upon in the winter session, during which we have the nude model (always male) every night (Sundays excepted) from five to seven o'clock. The schools are open from eight a.m. to twelve noon, and from two till four p.m. in the winter, and in summer an hour earlier and one hour later in the evening. No part of the day is left unoccupied for "loafing," for from the closing of the schools at four p.m. lectures are given from that hour until five p.m. on art history, perspective and anatomy from the actual body, which is dissected before our very vision and is described minutely so far as the artist is concerned in its outer configuration, down to the third layer of muscles. The students are not treated as though they were boys, although if the professors find that one is not diligent, or absents himself, they pass him over and don't correct his work; this is both a rebuke and a loss, and such a fellow soon is brought to himself. For these two schools—antique and nature—silver and bronze medals are awarded, but to obtain the former the work exhibited must naturally be exceptionally good, and for the latter of good average merit. From this latter school students go into the painting school presided over by the first painters of Munich, and in these studies are painted of life-sized nude figures and heads. Some of these heads are in costume, giving colour and contrasts, but these latter are held to be quite subordinate to the qualities of flesh-painting. From here you go into the Composition School, and where great ability is discovered, and there is room, you are given an atelier to work in free of cost, and you have it entirely under your own control and can paint to your heart's content. There is a library, of course, attached to the place, and what books are too valuable to lend out to so irreverent a multitude of nationalities you can refer to on the premises. If a student desires to consult any work (that may be lent out) not in this library, but which may be found in the Bibliothek (containing nine hundred thousand volumes, besides MSS., &c.), he can obtain such by speaking to the secretary of the Academy, who will sign a document on his behalf. Besides all this, the student has access, without any trouble and no vexatious annoyance of formulæ but what is of the simplest kind, to the great Dinakothek, the National Museum, and other institutions which are inaugurated for art culture. If the student wishes to go to the principal theatre where the finest plays are enacted, with reliable costume to boot, he goes at a cheaper rate than anyone else; if he is sick he pays two marks (two shillings) for the whole year, and is attended to, fed, and nothing wanting which will entirely restore him.

Where are such conditions, taken in their entirety, in the whole world? And then, a student can live here more cheaply than elsewhere, if he like to do so, and, contrarily, as dearly too. Although the fees are still cheap, they are double what they were when I first came here. I think about £2 would cover the whole year's fees. In the summer months, during two days in the week, the school for studying the bones and muscles is open for those who are not off to the mountains. This school is superintended by that veteran in fine drawing, Straehuber, a name too little known outside his own country; but, dear fellow, although with as much fire and enthusiasm as a youth, age is laying his cruel hand upon him, and I fear he, too, ere long, will be superannuated, and the Life Class and the Antique School will lose their chiefest man.

Could Manchester lay her hand upon a second such, a school might arise which would add another coronet to those which she already possesses, that, of course, would be on our supplementing the efforts of such a man, with adequate means in supporting him.

No stippling do you find here, and no tricks of style or dandyism, but a manly endeavour to get hold of the very essence of the very best thing and in the simplest way.

My own want in my own city is what I have found here, and until such is planted in duplicate there, a foreign country is a necessity to a student in art.

Veneration for those in authority was a characteristic of the writer of this letter; he set a high value on the sympathetic friendship which ought to exist between master and scholar. Of his Professor he wrote thus:—"Professor Straehuber is still living, and I have had some talk with him. I told him how his work was appreciated in England, and how I, individually, admired his Bible illustrations. He's a fine, enthusiastic, old fellow, and, in his early days, I am told, was the best fencer in, or about, Munich. Even now, he fires up when you talk about art. He declares that, 'were he to begin life again, he would, to be an artist, live upon bread and water all his days.' He is, in my judgment, the best draughtsman in Munich. I constantly tell the students that they don't value him enough." In another letter he says:—"To-day I got a correction from him, amounting to a line here and a bit of strengthening there, but nothing material. I have fixed the same, in order not to lose his corrections." (All these corrections by his Professors he religiously preserved, and you will find a number of studies marked "Corrected by Straehuber, Benczur, Defregger, Raab, &c.") Again—"He and I are good friends, and shake hands when we meet. His models are better, and superior in pose to those of other professors, and he is always there to be consulted; taking the 'coal' and making masterly contours, and beautifully true and characteristic drawings of the bones in peculiar positions. But if he has an impression that you are inattentive, and do not love your art, he simply leaves you to get along as you can."

Assuredly no such charge could be brought against him, as the great number of fine and conscientious studies he has left abundantly proves. He was inspired by the great works he saw around him, and would not be satisfied with less than they possessed. Having learnt to appreciate the value of labour and of opportunity, he would often be at the academy at half-past five a.m., in order to obtain a good place at the "natur kopf." The diary he kept shows how assiduously he worked from day to day at the academy and at his atelier, and with what an earnest desire to advance. He knew that, at his time of life, it was difficult, if not impossible, to step forth with new and powerful productions, but he was bent upon doing all he could, and upon every study he made from life or nature he might have inscribed Van Eyck's confession, "Als ikh kan." Among the youth of so many nationalities, it was inevitable that there should be much effervescence of animal spirits, but our student's presence was a protest against all abuse of language and waste of golden opportunities. He realized the truth so finely expressed by Emerson, "the days come and go like muffled and veiled figures, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them silently away." The foolish practice of duelling still obtains among the students, but this did not prevent my brother from making their bones ache if they persisted in transgressing the limits of propriety. Here is an extract from one of his letters (February, 1878): "I was told the other day that there was not a sketch book in the akademie that did not contain a sketch of the Young Englander boxer, a name and reputation I have earned by giving a few of them a smack in the ribs for sundry impertinences, since which they have become very pleasant fellows, and will do anything for me. The faces of the university men who prowl about present a woful spectacle of cutting and slashing from the Schläger. The

comical thing is their pride in the same, even using means to prevent the wounds from healing, and to make the gashes as lasting and ugly as they can. We have one such in the akademie whom I chaff about the scar on the confines of his mouth, as if just about to enter it, to its widening." Such is a brief glimpse of the academy and its inner life.

When I visited my brother in the bright city, where the warlike and picturesque yesterday of six hundred years ago (when everybody did wrong according to his pleasure) stands amid the peaceful common-place of to-day, a city inhabited by the descendants of the tribes who colonized "the ground of the monks," on the breaking up of the Roman empire; when I saw the clear skies, the bright sunshine, the marble temples, triumphal arches, palaces, frescoes, and the human life which seemed imbued with the spirit of art, I rejoiced that he had left the murk and gloom of Manchester, for the the old monkish city where art and ether may be breathed together. To the unimpressionable and phlegmatic the difference would have been considerable; to him, with his vivid and emotional nature, the change must have been great indeed! Internal emotions and external influences were now in harmony; and the dream of the past was a present reality.

The academic culture, the sympathetic fellowship between professor and pupil, delighted him; his place among the body corporate of students, with their communistic life also suited him. In their talents and accomplishments he found full scope for admiration and also for hope; and he heartily sympathized with their noble spirit of emulation; their ardent desire to excel; their thirst for fame, and their delight in labour, by which, alone, these objects are to be realized. Then their bohemian habits (sternly limited in his case) suited the romantic side of his character, as did the circumstance that the traditions of the people and their

artistic impulses, no less than their scenic and sculptured streets, lent themselves readily to the free life of nature, to pageantry and the picturesque, to masque and revel. Time will not permit me to speak of the annual festivals of the academy, into which professors and pupils entered with extraordinary energy and vivacity, making them vehicles for the acquisition of knowledge of history, decoration, and design. For anything I know to the contrary, these kneipe may be a modern version of the Olympian games of Greece, of which, in some respects, they remind us. In those games, as we know, the greatest men appeared in the lists; Plato among the wrestlers at Corinth, and Pythagoras, who carried off the prize at Elis. I fear we have travelled far from those glorious days; otherwise, how instructive, how delightful it would be to see our Plato and Pythagoras (shall we say the presidents of the Literary Club and of the Academy of Arts?) clutch and try a fall before their delighted adherents!

The love of costume had ever been prominent in my brother, and it must, always, be an important branch of the figure-painter's studies. Now he dwelt among a people who had a national costume which, in all its quaintness of form and wealth of colour, was still to be found among the country villages; and he was ever alert to discover and eager to possess whatever heirloom in dress, decoration, utensil, implement, or anything which worthily illustrated the art or the life of old years and a mighty people. In this way he collected for future use, and as a storehouse of ideas and examples, a museum of everything which a painter might, by possibility, want (and in his view this appeared to include everything under the sun), dresses, draperies, tapestries, head coverings of every kind, and feet coverings, from the boots of Bombastes to the sandal of the monk and the slipper of Cinderella. Books, too, by the bushel, engravings by the folio, all bearing upon the same aim and end, viz., the fur-

nishing of an atelier in England when he had completed his course. And that course was, now, not far from completion. He had given seven years of unceasing toil to studynig the mechanism and language of art, and it was time to turn his thoughts towards England, and put into practice the skill he had acquired. The diary I have alluded to shows to what an extent he had adhered to his intention of plain living, and with what Spartan firmness he had carried it out; taking his meals at the café, and dining on a few pfennings, although he well knew that there were those in England upon whose loyalty he might confidently rely. In this diary, too, under the head of Sunday, there is an unvarying entry, showing that he remained indoors reading, and dining on bread and milk. In the afternoon some friend calls and they go into the country. The day is spent in reading the Scriptures, in thought and self-examination, and in the study of that glorious illuminated missal outside the walls of the city, whose letters are red-roofed villages, green forests, golden corn fields, purple moors; lakes of azure, emerald, and amber; and whose border is an alpine range, with its shifting lights, and its unchanging snows. In one of the villages near Munich, on the Isar, King Louis I. has erected a memorial to a painter who once dwelt there; one whose very name is a note of melody, associated with conceptions of classic grace, of harmony and beauty; of endless, airy space; of the glimmer and glamour of blue horizons, and of a land where it is always afternoon. The name I allude to is that of Claude Lorraine. Of him Ruskin says that his aërial effects are unequalled. Humboldt well speaks of him as the idyllic painter of light and of aërial colour; and Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that there would be another Raphael before there was another Claude. In his pictures,

> . . . . . Universal Pan
> Knit with the graces and the hours in dance
> Leads on the eternal spring.

It is a pleasure to know that he enjoyed the noble views which Harlaching affords, and the noble skies by which they are often glorified. For, owing to the level of the plain being about as high as the summit of Snowdon, to the absence of coal smoke, and the presence of a vast mountain range, the skies of Bavaria are spacious and splendid; and from his village on the arrowy Isar, Claude Gélèe must have seen and enjoyed much grand cloud-architecture floating in unfathomable fields of air.

> Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
> A vapour like a bear or lion;
> A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
> A forkéd mountain or blue promontory,
> With trees upon't that nod unto the world
> And mock our eyes with air.
> . . . . . .
> That which is now a horse
> The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
> As water is in water.

Sunday and holiday rambles had made him familiar with a hundred places such as Harlaching, and with many renowned for natural or acquired beauty, with the woods of Grosshesselohe, and the Roman castle on the Isar; with the English garden, and with Nymphenburg, whose groves and fountains, lakes, waterfalls, and temples are fit to be a haunt of the muses. All these places, endeared by loveliness or the power of association, he must now leave, together with all the friends and affections he had formed. In the midst of his preparations he received a cordial invitation from the worthy member for East Cheshire, Mr. W. Cunliffe Brooks, to spend a time with him at Antibes. He therefore travelled through Italy, by Genoa and the Riviera, to the old Phœnician city and to the cape, that glorious garden by the midland main. It was in the early part of last year, and with such hospitality, such scenery and surroundings, such glory of light and colour and climate, he had great enjoyment. Here he was invited by Lord Francis Cecil to cruise

with him in his yacht, with the intention of sailing as far as the peak of Teneriffe. Unfortunately the weather became rough, a dangerous gale blew, and the vessel was buffeted by wind and sea to the verge of endurance.

My brother's sufferings were so great that he asked to be put ashore on the coast of Spain. The first port they made happened to be Barcelona, where he left the yacht to pursue its voyage. With the Spanish cathedrals he met in his way, with Barcelona and Tarragona, he was greatly delighted, and wrote to me glowing descriptions. But he was evidently very ill with bronchial affection. He hastened back to Antibes, and thence retraced his steps to Munich by Mantua and Verona, sketching as he went. Reaching home, he applied himself to finishing his work and bringing his affairs to a conclusion. I do not think, however, that he was ever well again. When he wrote he told me that he was fighting against the disease with all his resolution, and employing all the remedies experience had taught him to use. I afterwards had the sorrow of learning that he had kept his bed in his atelier for a whole fortnight, with no one attending him save the house frau. Finding he grew worse, he went to the hospital to which all the students go when they are ill. Alas! it was too late! All that skill and care could do in that admirable institution was done, and he was daily visited by such dear friends as Henry Ing, Samuel Richards of Indiana, the Reverend Mr. Blomefield, the English chaplain and his wife, and by the skilful and energetic Dr. Schrieber, who had just returned from a tour round the chief hospitals of America. At first he would not allow that I should be written to, because of what he called the trouble and expense of my coming. But Mr. Ing wrote, and I hastened thither with my son. He knew us instantly, as the door opened, and waved a joyful recognition with thanks and blessings on his lips.

During two mournful days we saw him; on the morning of the third he had gone.

> Thus at the shut of ev'n the weary bird
> Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
> Cowers down and dozes till the dawn of day;
> Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away.

On leaving him the previous evening, Mr. Richards said "I will come again to-morrow." "Yes," he replied, "you will come to-morrow, but I shall be over the river; adieu, Deutschland! adieu, friend!" He waved his hand, and his sorrowing companion parted from him for ever. The grief of the academy was extreme; the students adjourned their class next day, and, later, six of the most stalwart bore him to his grave in the beautiful southern Campo Santo.

It is thought by many that the practice which prevails in Munich of exposing publicly the dead has the effect of blunting the finer feelings of our nature. Such was not my impression. I felt gratified by the absence of the "trappings and the suits of woe" from the open air and the blue sky. I saw our student reclining on a bed of dark green laurels, his face (without a trace of age or pain) an ivory effigy from a finer hand than that of Phidias. Death gave him the chaplet which life denied. The stony terrors of the grave itself were modified; the mound from which I addressed the sorrowing throng of professors, students and friends, was covered with a thick carpet and background of pine boughs, so that he seemed to be left sleeping, in colossal calm, in the lap of nature whom he had loved so well. Many great ones lie around him, many friends and fellow-students, but none who have striven harder, with higher aims or deeper devotion than he, and none who have lived a purer, a more blameless life!

THE WORK OF THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

SEVENTEEN years ago a number of gentlemen, among whom were the late Rev. Thos. Corser, James Crossley, and others, came to the conclusion that, although the Early English Text Society was doing good and valuable service to the cause of English literature, its labours might be very fittingly and usefully supplemented by another society, which should take up the task of reprinting the scarce productions of our early writers where they left off. The Early English Text Society, having confined themselves mainly to the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, it was thought desirable that the two succeeding centuries should be treated with like consideration. For although the first of these centuries witnessed the revival, and in one or two forms the consummation, of English literature, and although the names of those who wrought out for themselves and us this high distinction are as familiar in our mouths as household words, and their works never far removed from our hands, yet it was felt that much valuable work might be done by rescuing from comparative oblivion the writings of others who, though not the great men of their day, were yet possessed of some of the divine sparks of genius, and had left behind them work that would help to throw light upon the causes of the literary pre-eminence of the times in which they lived. It is well known that the

sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were prolific of good writers whose merits are recognized and appreciated by those who know, but whose misfortune it has been to be over-shadowed by the vast personality of the greatest geniuses that our literature has produced. Amongst these, especially in the sixteenth century, are a number of poets whose books, or at any rate some of them, exist only in unique copies, or in very few, and these for the most part are in the possession of private individuals. To reprint a number of these works was the first object of the society. It was also the wish of the original founders not merely to produce reprints of the books selected for that purpose, but to give them as nearly as possible the character of facsimiles, and so enable the reader to have the works before him, not in that modern dress which Charles Lamb so emphatically denounced, but in the typographical attire of their day. The society was also limited to two hundred members, and only the number of copies required to supply them were struck off. Therefore these books, though they may find a place on the shelves of the bibliophile, will still remain scarce, and no doubt desirable to the public. In its inception the society had the advantage of drawing for its material upon the fine library collected by the Rev. Thomas Corser. This library, before its dispersion under the hammer of the auctioneer, was, perhaps, the richest in early poetical literature of any private library in the country. Partly by the desire of Mr. Corser himself, the first works undertaken for reproduction by the society were those of John Taylor the Water Poet, and George Wither the poet and politician of the Cromwellian period. Of the works of these two writers Mr. Corser's collection was the largest that has ever been got together, and the society undertook to print it in its entirety. Every work of John Taylor accessible to the Council, or of the existence of which they had any know-

ledge, has been reprinted, whilst of the writings of George Wither very few more remain unprinted, and these it is proposed to issue occasionally. It may be said that no such collection of the works of these two copious authors exists in any library, public or private, as has been issued by the Spenser Society.

The works of Taylor form a folio and five goodly quarto volumes. The folio volume of *All the Works of John Taylor* is reprinted in fac-simile from his own edition of 1630. Its engraved title-page has a "sculpture" of the author, who must have been a very modest man if he were satisfied with that caricature, for we have it on good authority that he was a "very personable man, with strongly-marked features, a moustache, a bald head, and a lame leg." John Taylor was born in Gloucestershire, of poor parentage, and was at an early age apprenticed to a waterman of London. He followed this laborious calling for many years, producing at the same time poems which were printed in small pamphlets, and for the most part given away or sold for a trifle. These were afterwards collected in his folio volume of *All the Works*, &c. His eye, however, was by no means closed to his own interests, as is evidenced by the efforts he made to ingratiate himself with England's Solomon, King James the First. The death of Prince Henry gave him a splendid opportunity for exercising his talents as an extempore sycophant, the result being his doleful poem "Great Britain all in Blacke," which appeared in 1612. This was doubtless useful to him, but his innate restlessness and versatility combined to set him wandering to and fro on the earth. The whimsical accounts, partly in prose and partly in verse, which he gave of his various journeys form the bulk of his later productions. The most valuable of these, and perhaps the most entertaining, is his "Pennyless Pilgrimage," in which he undertook to visit Scotland on foot,

without carrying money or begging by the way. How he succeeded in this scheme—how he fared by the way—what manner of people he met—and the adventures that befel him are all narrated with much shrewdness and no little humour; and the insight that he thus gives us into the every-day life of those days is of much interest and of great historical value. He lived through the reigns of James I., Charles I., and long into the Commonwealth. He found the latter but troublous times for him, and was put to the final shift of hawking books for a livelihood. He died in 1653, at his house, the Poets' Head, in Phœnix Alley. It cannot be said that there were many of the elements of greatness about quaint old Taylor. His writings are strongly tinged with the absurd euphemism of his time, and there is more of quip and crank and merry conceit in him than of solid substance. The title he chose for himself was applicable enough, for there is much water in his poetry. Pope has immortalized him in the "Dunciad" thus:—

> Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
> Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more.

But from their excessive rarity it may have been useful, for the satisfaction of lovers of old books, to reprint the whole of his works; though there is much amongst them that might, without any loss, have been allowed to remain in well-merited oblivion.

In Wither we have a man of very different calibre, whose works, however, are perhaps less known than those of Taylor. This is no proof that they deserve to remain unknown, and the society has been well advised in bringing the delightful productions of this old singer once more under the notice of the public. Everyone will remember that charming song beginning—

> Shall I wasting in despair
> Die because a woman's fair,

which appears in a poem of his entitled "Faire Virtue;" and there is much more in his works that is truly admirable poetry, replete with fancy, sparkling with playful humour, and polished to a delicate and refined beauty. His writings, as so far issued by the society, occupy sixteen quarto volumes, and their last issue is a reprint of the folio edition of his *Preparation to the Psalter.* The *Juvenilia* is a collection of his early poems, which appeared originally in 1626 and 1633, and are here reprinted in three volumes. These are followed by six volumes of miscellaneous works; and then we have the *Halelujah*, a series of religious poems issued just before the beginning of the Civil War, the *Britain's Remembrancer*, a poem in which was embodied his experiences during the great plague in London, his poetical translation of the *Psalms*, and other works. The *Preparation to the Psalter* well exhibits the serious bent of Wither's mind, and shows him to be a man of great earnestness and no little erudition. He is included in the Rev. R. A. Wilmott's *Lives of Sacred Poets*, and some of his hymns still form part of the Church collections. Wither was a great favourite with Charles Lamb, who possessed a copy of his works, whose margins he has used for copiously annotating many of the poems which gave him pleasure. This volume is now in the hands of Mr. Algernon Swinburne, who has written an article upon it which will shortly be published.

Interspersed with these more extended productions of the society are several smaller volumes of those pleasant collections of short pieces which were so popular with our ancestors. Amongst these may be mentioned the *Zepheria*, reprinted from the original edition of 1594. This is a collection of sonnets by an unknown author, who has come under the influence of that love of Italy and things Italian which was so prevalent in Queen Elizabeth's time.

These sonnets, addressed to a lady, are light enough as their name implies, but they are not without a touch of sweetness, and here and there a fine thought finely expressed. The first book issued by the society was John Heywood's *Proverbs and Epigrams.* Heywood was of a festive turn of mind, and was endowed with a rich vein of humour and sarcasm. These qualities made him a favourite at the court of Henry VIII., and even the stern Queen Mary did not discountenance him. He is best known as an epigrammatist, and his collection of *Proverbs and Epigrams* forms the earliest specimen of that kind of literature in the English language. Then we have Watson's *Passionate Centurie of Love*, Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delites*, and Bodenham's *Belvedére, or Garden of the Muses*—a selection of extracts from the poets, under headings such as Kings, Patience, Lust, Death, &c. Very little is known of Bodenham, but his *England's Helicon* is one of the most charming anthologies of early English poetry that we possess, and a reprint of it is promised by the society. Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales* and Anthony Copley's *A Fig for Fortune* complete the list of the works issued up to the present time. Churchyard deserves to be better known than he is at present, and the society have it in contemplation to reprint other of his exceedingly scarce books. It is perhaps worthy of note that this reprint of the *Worthiness* was made from the beautiful copy of the original edition in the Chetham Library.

In the seventeen years of its existence the society has issued thirty-seven volumes, being rather more than two issues per year. Those books have been edited with great care by men fully competent to do justice to the task they had undertaken. They have in more than one instance been reprinted from unique copies of the original, and they have as far as was possible been produced in exact fac-simile, so

that the original, with all its quaint and pleasing idiosyncrasies of typography, is practically placed in the hands of the modern reader. No expense has been spared to make the printing, paper, and general get-up of the works such as would do credit to the library of the lover of books; and much anxious thought has been expended in the selection of those productions which, while they would be pleasing and acceptable to the members and possibly also to the public, would deserve the honour which reproduction would bestow upon them.

The volumes produced up to the present time form a collection highly creditable to Manchester enterprise, taste, and cultivation; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the society will be sufficiently well supported to enable them to continue the good work.

PETER PINDAR AND THE BEST OF KINGS.

BY J. G. MANDLEY.

A KNOWLEDGE of the private life and personal character of an author, more especially of a poet, is not always requisite in order to understand or to appreciate his writings. But if we wish to judge fairly of Dr. Wolcott's honesty of purpose in the vigorous attacks he made, and the opprobrium he cast upon so many of the most notable personages of his time, we must know something of the man himself and of the life he led.

John Wolcott (or Wolcot), so long known to fame as "Peter Pindar," was, then, the second son of Mr. Alexander Wolcott, and was born, in 1738, at Dodbrooke, a village situate in that part of Devonshire which has been called the "Garden of England." His early education was obtained at Kingsbridge School, conducted by a Mr. Morris, who, we are told in a memoir of the poet published in 1799, was "an exceeding good scholar, a man of amiable manners, and a Quaker." Being intended by his parents for the medical profession, young Wolcott was sent to Normandy to perfect his studies, and on his return he was apprenticed, for seven years, to an unmarried uncle who was established as a

surgeon-apothecary at Fowey, in Cornwall. That the future great satirist began his studies in medicine at the very root of the science, by being initiated in the mysteries of the pestle and mortar, we may gather from several of his poems. He tells us, for example:

> The lad who would a 'pothecary shine,
> Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine;

and "must learn to boil glysters—nay, to give them too." Yet despite the many hours daily that he had to devote to his shop duties, he steadily applied himself to the cultivation of his mind, being a diligent reader of polite literature, and also an ardent student in the art of drawing.

Although it was fully understood that the young doctor—Wolcott had taken the degree of M.D. at the University of Aberdeen, 8th September, 1767—was to succeed his uncle in his business, he appears not to have been content with his prospects; for on hearing, in 1768, that Sir William Trelawney, a distant relation of his, had been appointed to the Governorship of Jamaica, he solicited and obtained the post of medical attendant in his suite, and accompanied him on the voyage. Enchanted with the luxuriance of the vegetation and the general beauty of Madeira, Wolcott, while the ship lay in the harbour of that island, wrote "some exquisite sonnets" on the scenery around him.

Nominated, in 1769, by the Governor as Physician-General to Jamaica, the young adventurer was practising with considerable success, when the death of the incumbent of a valuable living in the island appears to have given a new bent to his ambition. "Whether," says one of his contemporary biographers, "his practice had not been sufficiently lucrative, or what other motive might have actuated him, we know not, but certain it is he looked upon the vacant rectory with a wishful eye. The physician of the body accordingly commenced physician of the soul, and actually

officiated for a considerable time in this capacity, reading the prayers of the Church of England, and preaching occasionally." The same writer adds: "In order to remove every suspicion of *intrusion*, it is but just to remark that Dr. W. was regularly ordained by the Bishop of London." This statement is repeated by the poet's recent biographers, one of whom (in Allibone) says "he was ordained during a visit to London, and returned to Jamaica as a clergyman, yet amused himself there by shooting ring-tailed pigeons on a Sunday." That Wolcott was regularly ordained has, however, been repeatedly denied, and much controversy has taken place on the point. In a memoir of the author, prefixed to the *Works of Peter Pindar*, published in 1809—an edition evidently brought out under Wolcott's personal supervision — we are told: "He returned to England to obtain orders and, if possible, the vacant living; but, notwithstanding the powerful recommendations he presented to the Bishop of London, that prelate refused him ordination, and the living being soon filled up by a regular clergyman, Mr. Wolcott declined applying in any other quarter for admission to the Church, and reverted to a profession for which, it is no great disrespect to say, he was far better qualified." The Rev. Richard Polwhele, in his *Traditions and Recollections*, tells us that the bishop's refusal to ordain Wolcott was "on account of his premature assumption of the clerical office." In disproof, however, of these very positive statements we have the fact that Wolcott's letters of ordination were later on found in the possession of his relation, Mrs. Giddy, of Penzance; and the following details, given in the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* (1878), ought to set the matter at rest. Wolcott, it is there stated, was ordained deacon 24th, and priest 25th, June, 1769, by Dr. Richard Terrick, Bishop of London. He became incumbent of Vere, Jamaica, in 1772, and returned to England in 1773.

The death of Sir W. Trelawney having led to the return of Lady Trelawney to England, Wolcott accompanied her in H.M. frigate "Leostoffe." On the way the frigate put into Teneriffe, and that island, we are told, "became the scene of several of the doctor's sonnets." When finally settled down in this country, the doctor established himself at Truro, where he practised for several years (1773 to 1779), and, it is said, with considerable success. Unable, however, to repress the satirical vein and sense of the ridiculous so strong within him, he made many enemies there; and, having got into a lawsuit with the Corporation, in consequence of his refusal to have a parish apprentice forced upon him, he decided to quit that neighbourhood for "a sphere more congenial to his talents and disposition."

One incident, however, in the history of the doctor's life at Truro deserves honourable mention. In his rides through the village of St. Anne's his curiosity was aroused by seeing some rude drawings, likenesses chiefly, which gave indications of uncommon ability. Finding that the artist was entirely self-taught, and merely a parish apprentice to a carpenter, he took the lad under his protection, gave him lessons in drawing and painting and the requisite materials to pursue his studies, and "led him to aspire to fame and fortune." Had the once greatly-renowned historical painter, and Royal Academician, John Opie, not had the good fortune to fall under Wolcott's notice, it is just possible that he might have escaped similar observation altogether, and have continued through life his work in saw-pits, or on the roofs of houses, as an ordinary country carpenter, and his highest work of art might have been some sign for a village alehouse. From Truro the doctor went to Helston and, it is said, to other towns in Cornwall, probably experiencing successive disappointments in his attempts to establish himself as a physician, and he finally (in 1780-81) removed to

London, taking young Opie with him. As Wolcott did not engage in the practice of physic for several years after taking up his residence in the capital, he may have had to rely upon his muse alone for his support. But as he came into possession, while at Truro, of some two thousand pounds, bequeathed to him by his uncle, the Fowey apothecary, and might have saved money during the seven or eight years he practised in Cornwall, it is more probable that he had other means, and was, therefore, not so poor as many of his poems would lead us to imagine.

The first of his works to attract public attention was his ludicrous poem, "An Epistle to those Literary Colossuses the Reviewers," originally published in 1777, while he was still in Cornwall. Occasional poems followed, and shortly after his arrival in London, he began, under the *nom de plume* of "Peter Pindar, Esq.," his famous attack on the Royal Academicians. From that time onward until within some five years of his death, or say throughout a period of about thirty-five years, Wolcott's pen was never idle. Hence the great extent of his poems and other literary productions.

In *Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica* there is a list of seventy of his publications, but this does not comprise the whole.

That Wolcott was well read in both ancient and modern literature, was an able art critic, and that he took a lively interest in the political and social events of his time, a mere glance through the edition of his works published in 1809 will suffice to convince any one. Of his proficiency in Latin we have ample evidence, not only in his frequent quotations, but in the poems he composed in that tongue. The facility with which he could versify in English from Latin is shown by the following anecdote. In the year 1776, a boy at Truro School (the future Rev. Richard Polwhele, antiquary, historian, and poet) had given to him for translation, as an exer-

cise, a Latin epigram on "Sleep." He took it to young Wolcott, who, in a few minutes, rendered it thus :—

> Come, gentle sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,
> And tho' death's image, to my couch repair;
> How sweet, thus lifeless, yet with life to lie;
> Thus, without dying, Oh how sweet to die !

John Taylor *(Records of My Life)* tells us that the doctor had also made considerable progress in Greek, and that he drew likenesses admirably.

It is not my intention to give even a general outline of the infinite variety of subjects which form the themes of Wolcott's verses. To do so would, indeed, far exceed the limits of a single paper. I have, therefore, chosen few beyond such of his satires as were levelled mainly at King George III. Of these, "The Lousiad" is not only the most important, but its first *canto* seems to have been the opening shot of the desultory, but long-continued, fire he brought to bear upon that monarch. To those who are not well acquainted with the political and social history of England, from the death of George II. to the outbreak of the Revolution in France, nor with the real character and private life of George III., the full force of the shafts aimed at the king, in this poem, will not be apparent, and much of the humour of the satire will be lost. But to those who have a fair knowledge of these matters, "The Lousiad" amuses by its wit and humour, while it arouses indignation by its daring, and occasionally most cruel, mendacity. The incident on which this poem is founded is thus gravely related by the poet himself: "It is necessary to inform thee (the reader) that his majesty actually discovered some time ago, as he sat at table, a louse on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of such a guest can be better imagined than described. An edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the cooks, scullions, &c., and the unfortunate louse condemned to die."

Contemporary writers mention this ludicrous mandate and the commotion it gave rise to; but while one writer insists that the cause of the edict was literally a louse, another affirms that it was only a human hair that the king found on his plate "among some green peas," and that Peter changed the hair "by virtue of the *licentia poetica* to a living animal."

"The Lousiad" opens thus:—

> The Louse I sing who, from some head unknown,
> Yet born and educated near a throne,
> Dropp'd down—(so will'd the dread decree of Fate)
> With legs wide sprawling on the monarch's plate:
> Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace,
> Far from the gambols of a tender race,
> Whose little feet he taught with care to tread
> Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
> Led them to daily food with fond delight,
> And taught the tiny wand'rers where to bite;
> To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
> When hostile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails:

The "luckless louse," aware of his danger, soon looks out for a hiding place, but

> Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away!
> He might as well have tarried where he lay.
> Seen was this Louse, as with the Royal brood
> Our hungry king amus'd himself with food;
> Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)
> That kings have appetites like common men;
> . . . . . .
> Paint, heav'nly muse, the look, the *very* look,
> That of the sov'reign's face possession took,
> When first he saw the louse, in solemn state,
> Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!

The dismay of the king is depicted in a series of similes, through which Peter contrives to tell of the horror occasioned his majesty by Fox, "that cunning enemy of old," when attacking the royal prerogative, and by Burke, when limiting, through the action of the "Board of Green Cloth," the daily supplies of food for the royal table, and also to

repeat many a nasty bit of society scandal, foreign as well as domestic.

When the king sufficiently recovers from his fright to give vent to the "dire emotions" that shake him, he calls the queen's attention to the horrid thing; but the indifference manifested by her majesty, and also by the princesses, to the presence of so hateful an object provokes the king, who angrily rebukes them.

The trembling pages are each asked in turn whether that be *his* louse, but every one disowns it. A new idea then strikes the king; the crawling visitor must have come from the head of one of the cooks. He swears vengeance, and declares that every man in or about the kitchen shall be shaved, and forced to wear a wig.

The consternation and disgust which the news of the king's resolve causes in the royal kitchen, and the outburst of indignation it excites, are so graphically told that the whole scene seems to be in play before our very eyes. Led off by their burly chief, each of the servants, in turn, excites his comrades to resist the mandate.

An ignoble feature in the character of our poet was his innate aversion to foreigners, and positive hatred of those in the king's service. To such an extent did he entertain that animus that the mere fact that Sir W. Chambers, R.A., was by birth a Swede seems to have contributed in no small degree to provoke him to persist in the injurious attacks he made upon the architect of Somerset House. But I doubt whether in the whole range of satirical poetry, from Juvenal's "Sixth Satire," to Byron's "Sketch" of Lady Byron's Maid, anything so bitter, so insulting, or so persistent can be found as Wolcott's attacks on the Mistress of the Robes, Madame Schwellenberg.*

* The very prominent part that lady plays in this poem, and the gross, nay ribald, attack made upon her, seem to call for some comment. As described

"The Lousiad" afforded ample scope for the gratification of the doctor's anger, or spite, against "Old Schwellenberg," and through the speeches of the servants, and in many a lengthy simile, he holds her up to public scorn and ridicule. "Buxom Nanny," a female servant, and a personal attendant on the king, comes in for a few unpleasant remarks, while the Prince of Wales is eulogized in terms that read to us like caustic irony. The poet was fond of finding comparisons in the action of food undergoing the process of cooking. But it may be of some interest to know that what English folk have put before them now is pretty much what was put on the table a hundred years ago. The cook-major exclaims:

> Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part!
> And stuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart;
> Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard,
> And from the codlin-tart be torn the custard!

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by Frances Burney, Madame Schwellenberg, her "dreaded Cerbera," was irritable, ill-natured, jealous, and, where her own comfort was concerned, selfishly regardless of the annoyance, or, indeed, the suffering of her involuntary associates. But we may safely discount largely these grave charges, as the authoress of *Evelina* was, in her *Diary* at least, not only given to make an immoderate use of strong adjectives, in "gush" and in censure, but to praise and to blame too greatly. Moreover, we must remember that until the arrival of Miss B. at the palace, Madame S. had no rival there, either in the confidence of the queen, or in the attentions of the equerries and the distinguished visitors at the palace, who always sat at her table. She—an almost chronic invalid—saw herself in danger of being supplanted in the apartments of the queen, as she saw she had actually been supplanted in her own rooms, by the famous novelist and brilliant conversationalist, yet one so much younger in years and in office than herself. The regard in which "the Schwellenberg" was held by their majesties (of whose sweetness, amiability, and goodness of heart, Miss Burney never tires of writing), and the kindness shown by the old lady to Miss B. when about to resign her office—a step, whether jealous of her or not, the old lady very strongly discountenanced—sufficiently prove the falsity of the hideous character given her by Wolcott. Miss Burney, in fact, at the close of her palace life seems to have become conscious that she had, perhaps through misunderstanding Madame S., or jealous herself of the superior position belonging to the old lady, blamed her too severely, and says of her: "Madame S., with all her faults, is heart and soul devoted to her royal mistress with the truest faith and loyalty."

The next speaker is evidently a pot-house politician, and an admirer of Wilkes:

> "Rouse, Opposition!" roar'd a tipsy cook,
> With hands akimbo, and bubonic look;
> "'Tis she alone our noble curls can keep—
> Without *her*, Ministers would fall asleep:
> 'Tis *she* who makes great men—our Foxes, Pitts,
> And sharpens, whetstone-like, the nation's wits:
> Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
> And, broom-like, sweeps the cobwebs of the State!"

A scullion, a scullion's mate, and an understrapper turn-broche—this last, "in all the foaming energy of pride," denounce the edict, and threaten *retaliation.* Encouraged by the general disaffection exhibited, a yeoman—evidently imbued with the doctrines of Tom Paine and with the philosophism and republicanism just then beginning to have a terrible realization on the other side of the Channel—unburdens his mind:

> "Are these," he said, "of Kings, the whims and jokes?
> Then Kings can be as mad as common folks.
> Dame Nature, when a Prince's head she makes,
> No more concern about the inside takes,
> Than of the inside of a Bug's or Bat's,
> A Flea's, a Grasshopper's, a Cur's, a Cat's!"

Continuing in this strain, and denouncing the royal misuse of the nation's money, "so lightly asked and so freely granted," he bursts out:

> Ah, me! did people know what trifling things
> Compose those idols of the Earth call'd *Kings*,
> Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,
> The Children's wonder—Signor Punchinello;
> Who struts upon the stage his hour away;
> His outside, gold—his inside, rags and hay;
> No more as God's Vicegerents would they shine,
> Nor make the world cut throats for Right Divine!

He scoffs at the reverence paid by the people to those "lords of the earth," and characterizes them as very ordinary mortals, oftener in intelligence, culture, and self-restraint, below than above those who serve them; and exclaims:

How taken is this idle world by show !
Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow ;
Preferring, with a soul as black as soot,
A rogue on horseback to a saint on foot.
See France, see Portugal, Sicilia, Spain,
And mark the *desert* of each Despot's brain ;

The cook-major now begins to fear that he has raised a storm he may not be able to allay ; he applauds the speeches, but counsels moderation at the first, and suggests a petition to the angered king.

Canto the second begins with a series of invocations, abounding in whimsical conceits and mirth-exciting imagery. Invoking aid from the "nymphs of the sacred fount," the poet complains of the degeneracy of modern poets, their miserable condition, and that many are forced "through jails to explore the road to Fame :"

Like souls of Papists in their way to glory,
Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,
To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white.

From the nymphs he turns to Apollo, the "great patron of the double quill, that slays by rhyme and murders by a pill," and thence to Conscience :

Conscience, a terrifying little sprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night.

The injurious libel on the king touching some diamonds of immense value, sent him as a present by the Nizam through the hands of Warren Hastings, but which rumour said were the property of Hastings, and by him given to the king as a bribe to condone his conduct in India, is here cleverly repeated, the placing of these diamonds in the Tower being attributed to the "whisperings of Conscience."

The dead hero of Plassey is not spared the lash :

Oh *Conscience!* who to Clive didst give the knife
That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life ;
Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd *Asia's* eye with woe, and heart with fear ;

Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and, drench'd with blood,
From gasping Nature forc'd the blushing flood;
Whilst *Havock*, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

From Conscience the poet turns to Fame, and then, ceasing his invocations, continues the story of his epic. Madame Schwellenberg has heard of the louse, and, bent on mischief, hobbles to his majesty to foment his anger. The king she finds in all the bitterness of wrath:

"O Swelly!"—thus the madden'd monarch roar'd,
Whilst wild impatience wing'd each rapid word;

The utterances of the king are always short, fragmentary exclamations of oft-repeated words, or, as the poet has it—

The broken language that his mouth affords
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a giblet pie.

The king tells his "Swelly" the story of the louse, and his resolve. She, of course, counsels him to be firm. The "Lords of the Green Cloth," one of whom, Sir Francis Drake, is heavily hit, are then adroitly brought under the lash. The scene then changes to the royal larder, and a cheerless account is given of the fare, utensils, and furniture with which the "knights of the spits and stewpans" are provided, their dinner being but mere blended scraps of fish and meat, served in saucepan-lids, eaten without knife and fork, and washed down with cold water. The poet moralizes on the want of consideration shown by the wealthy to their poorer brethren, and tells, by way of illustration, his powerful and well-known "Story of a Beggar and a Nabob." The rest of this canto is made up of fresh speeches by the cooks, which, though somewhat coarse in language and in the figures they employ, are exceedingly amusing.

The third canto opens with what Peter is pleased to term

"A sublime, natural, and elegant description of night." Digressing from the sublimity of the allegory, the poet abruptly leads us to contemplate this charming picture :—

> His wisdom dead to sublunary things,
> In leaden slumber snor'd the *best* of kings ;
> In slumber lifeless, with seraphic mien,
> Close at his back, too, snor'd his gentle queen.

Ever ready to pay a tribute of praise to the beauty and gentle nature of the princesses, the description of them in their sleep is graceful and pleasing. Night sounds in the country and in the town are powerfully, yet most humorously, described. Returning to narrative, the poet tells of the flight of Fame to Discord, "the shaving tale to tell :"

> Discord, a sleepless hag who never dies,
> With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
> Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supply'd,
> Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
> As if *old drums*, worn out with martial din,
> Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin.

In describing the dwelling of Discord some heavy blows are dealt at "those whose noisy names in history rang," and the queen is lengthily abused. Her majesty is a fierce *vixen:*

> Her sons abusing (in abuses old)
> With all the fury of a German scold.

Assuming the form of Madame Schwellenberg, Discord hastens to Buckingham House, and whispers in the ear of the king to show his authority, and then, assuming the voice of a kinder German dame of the palace, she sits at the bedside of the major and prompts him to rebel.

The cook-major awakes, and, reared in bed, soliloquizes, in no loyal strain, on kings in general and his royal master in particular. He then rises, lights his candle, and goes to rouse the other cooks.

With that close attention to minor details, always introduced with a fine perception of artistic effect, and which

considerably enhances the charm of Wolcott's poems, the mere lighting of the candle, but by the old process of flint and steel, is graphically described, and ends, as usual, in a laughable simile. In sullen anger, mingled with grief, the assembled cooks sit ruminating round the kitchen fire, and their hopes and fears give rise to a host of similes, affording ample scope for the poet to launch his "thunderbolts" at several of his old victims, and to moralize on the manners of the age. Could we believe him sincere, the "tender and just Apostrophe to the frail Fair ones in the Cyprian trade" would raise him in our esteem.

The fourth canto is comparatively a short one, being chiefly narrative. But the speeches of the wives of the cooks, and of the clerk of the kitchen, who is constantly checked by the whisperings of Prudence, exhibit much wit and humour. There is, however, less strength and imaginative power shown in this canto than in the other parts of the poem. Towards the close, the king enters on the scene, "Firm for the shave, yet with kingly smiles," and, in a characteristic speech, he tells them he will "not let slip a single head:"

> Thus spoke the king, like ev'ry king who gives
> To trifles, lustre that for ever lives.
> Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,
> Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,
> Bright *sol* sublimes, and gives them golden wings,
> The cloud on which, some say, the cherub sings.

Canto five starts out with the earnest pleadings of the good-natured Princess Royal on behalf of the cooks. Her "surly sire" refuses to hear her, and, calling her "Miss Pert," elbows her aside:—

> Far from the wrathful king the maid withdrew,
> And veil'd her modest beauties from his view.
> Thus when the virgin morn her blushes spreads,
> And paints with purest ray the mountain heads;
> Behold, those blushes so divine to shroud,

The surly Boreas gathers ev'ry cloud;
Bids the huge phalanx seek the smiling east,
And blot the lustre of her crimson vest:
From pole to pole extends the black'ning band;
Cloud pressing cloud, obeys his rude command:
In tears she moves away, the heav'nly maid,
And leaves him monarch of the mighty shade!

Cowed by the anger, and dazed by the gold-laced coat, of the king, the spurious valour of the "Lords of the Saucepans," and the rank rebellion of their indignant spouses, soon vanish. The recital of this surprising change in the demeanour of the cooks gives rise to another of the poet's happy similes, in which he describes a phenomenon frequently witnessed in the West Indies, when the sky by the wildness of its aspect portends a hurricane, yet gradually resumes its wonted brightness without the occurrence of the threatened tempest.

Dark grows the sky, with gleams of threat'ning red;
All nature dumb, the smallest zephyr dead—
Bird, beast, and mortal, trembling, pausing, still,
Expectant of the tempest's mighty will:
Tremendous pause! when lo, by small degrees,
Light melts the mass; with life returns the breeze;
And *Danger*, on his cloud, who scowl'd dismay,
Moves sullen with his threat'ning glooms away.

The audacious ridicule of the king's manner of speaking is even surpassed in the broken English and frequent oaths with which the queen is supposed to express herself. In order to console the cooks for the loss of their locks, the king promises to pay for the wigs they will be forced to wear. But Avarice whispers in his ear that he ought to quickly withdraw that promise. We then have a powerful yet humorous description of that "ancient dame," and the mean, miserable practices she is capable of. A little further on the poet digresses to dilate on Ambition, "the queen-passion of the soul," and the follies she compels her votaries

to commit. Boswell's great idol figures unpleasantly, in company with other great folk, in illustration of this common failing:

> Ambition made sour Johnson lick the throne,
> And blink at ev'ry merit but his own.

The cooks peacefully submit to be shaved, and the king, in order to show the justice of his edict, produces the louse, which he has preserved in a pill-box. Speech is given to the little crawler:

> The vermin rising on his little rump,
> Like ladies' lap-dogs, that for muffin mump,

tells his history; how he and his wife, Lousilla, passed from the head of a page into the locks of Cowslip, the dairymaid, and thence—desiring to better their condition—to settle on the head of the king, where they "nestled" in his "little lock behind," and brought up a large and interesting family.

> "Lies! lies! lies!" reply'd the furious king,
> "'Tis no such thing! no, no, 'tis no such thing."

In his anger the king aims his vengeful nail at the louse's skull; but Zephyr, having compassion on the little "Son of Nit," comes to his rescue and carries him off to "Berenice's Locks," and ultimately transforms him into a planet. He is then discovered by Herschel, who, in honour of the king, names him *Georgium Sidus*—(a name since rejected by astronomers, who have agreed among themselves to style the planet *Uranus*). As the incident on which "The Lousiad" was founded happened in 1786, while Herschel's discovery of the planet was made in 1781, the poet commits an anachronism; but Herschel was a *foreigner*, befriended by the king, and Wolcott may have desired to conclude his epic with parting kicks at both.

As already said, a long interval appears to have elapsed between the publication of the second and the appearance of the third canto of "The Lousiad." During that interval

Dr. Johnson died, and, as Wolcott says, a number of people, "ambitious of being distinguished from the mute part of their species, set about relating and printing stories and bon-mots of that celebrated moralist," and

> From beggars, to the great who hold the helm,
> One *Johnso-mania* rag'd through all the realm.

This was far too tempting an opportunity to use the lash to be disregarded by our satirist, and he quickly was among the *scrap-mongers.* His "Epistle to James Boswell, Esq.," must have delighted the non-admirers of that worthy, but was as bitter as gall to Boswell himself. Following this epistle came "Bozzy and Piozzi," which, after "The Lousiad," is the longest, and perhaps the most truly enjoyable, of Wolcott's poems. Although the king did not figure very prominently in these two poems, the poet's attack upon him soon began again, and with increasing virulence. The nature of the poems following "Bozzy and Piozzi" is well described by the satirist himself:

> Just as the maggot bites, I take my way—
> To Painters now my court respectful pay;
> Now (ever welcome !) on the Muse's wings,
> Drop in at Windsor, on the *best of kings;*
> Now, at St. James's, about Handel prate,
> Hear odes, see lords and 'squires, and smile at state.

In his "Ode upon Ode, or a Peep at St. James's," which includes his well-known "Story of a King and a Brickmaker," and "The Apple Dumpling and a King," and in his "Instructions to a celebrated Laureat," in which appears his highly-amusing tale, "Whitbread's Brewery visited by their Majesties," and in many succeeding poems, Wolcott not only insults, but often grossly slanders the king and queen. The most artful, and at the same time the most cruel, stabs he gives the king are by the invidious comparisons he makes between his majesty's attainments, personal bearing,

and private conduct with those of the Prince of Wales, whom Wolcott purposely eulogizes in the most extravagant terms, and without the slightest regard to truth.

In most of the short memoirs of Dr. Wolcott, it is asserted that the Ministers of George III. thought it worth while to buy his silence, for a while, with a pension of £300 per annum. But they do not say whether the pension were offered, or accepted. The vagueness of this statement has led to much controversy, especially in such publications as *Notes and Queries.* The circumstantial account of this affair given by John Taylor (author of *Monsieur Tonson and other Poems*), in his *Records of My Life*, published in 1832, ought, however, to set the matter at rest, without taking into account Wolcott's persistent and most emphatic denials of his having been so "bribed to silence," as in his "Peter's Pension," and other poems. But that the doctor would not have had the faintest scruple in accepting such bribe, had the sum offered been sufficiently tempting, is manifest from what Taylor tells us. Some time during the outbreak of the French Revolution, Taylor took Wolcott to dine with a friend who was on very familiar terms with one of the leading members of the Cabinet. During dinner their host was struck with the "vehemence with which the doctor denounced the Revolution, and the principles on which it was formed." The doctor was bantered on this apparent change of feeling, and jokingly told that the Government would gladly employ his pen if he would but only write in a similar strain. Finding that he did not scout the idea, an offer was made by their host to negociate the matter, and the doctor gave his consent. Later on, the doctor, who was just then preparing some very severe attacks on the Government, was told that a pension of £300 per annum would be granted him, which, after stickling hard for £500, he agreed to accept. From time to time Wolcott demanded his salary

from his agents in this matter; but, as he had done nothing to earn it, the money was withheld. He then wrote a few epigrams against the Jacobins and again called for his pay, at the same time hinting that the pension was really £500, but their host and Taylor were keeping £100 each of the amount. Taylor immediately requested him to apply personally at head-quarters for his pension, and the doctor having done so, and finding that £300 was all he had been granted, he refused the pension, and sent back to their host the £10 he had received from him to "bind the bargain." That Wolcott had, years before this dinner, all along cherished the hope that the king or his Ministers would soon think it advisable to hire his pen, or to silence him, may be inferred from the frequent complaints he makes, in his verses, of his poverty, the likening of his condition to that of poor Chatterton, the jealousy he displays of the poets laureate, and indeed the direct appeals he makes to the king, as in Ode VI. of his *Lyrical Odes for 1785*. True, those appeals are ostensibly mock ones; but had the First Lord of the Treasury been a Sir Robert Walpole, instead of William Pitt, "The Lousiad" would probably never have had birth. To no other cause than fancied neglect prior to the offer of a pension, followed by a feeling of humiliation in the refusal to give him what he thought his services were worth, can we assign a reasonable explanation of his bitter hostility to, nay outrageous persecution of, the king. John Taylor says that Wolcott excused his wanton attacks on the "amiable and benevolent monarch," on the ground that his attacks on the Royal Academicians had not proved a pecuniary success, and that he found it necessary to fly at bigger game. To some extent that explanation may be accepted; for, as he says:

> At princes let but satire lift his gun,
> The more the feathers fly, the more the fun.
> E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
> Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

Taylor expressed his surprise at the boldness of the doctor's satires, knowing as he did that the writer was by no means heroic; but he came to the conclusion that the satirist was "seduced by popular favour and consequent pecuniary profit." In several of his poems Wolcott tells, in defiant and bombastic tones, of the threats to have him arrested. But, notwithstanding all this bounce, so soon as he got to know that the law officers of the crown were seriously considering the offence he was guilty of, namely, seeking to degrade the royal character, he made preparations for a sudden flight to America.

The character of George III. has been fully delineated by one whom no English reader would ever suspect of the slightest inclination to flunkeyism. A powerful and unsparing, but noble-hearted, satirist himself, Thackeray, in his work, *The Four Georges*, has summed up the virtues and the weaknesses of the monarch whom Wolcott sought so long and so strenuously to degrade. Well versed in the history of the times, and familiar with the writings of Wolcott's contemporaries, the great novelist knew well how to hold the balance in judging the truth that lay between the extravagant praise and the wicked detraction of the so-called "best of kings;" and the judgment he has pronounced on the character of George the Third is the direct reverse of that Wolcott would have had his readers to form. It is said that the king had "the good sense to laugh heartily at 'The Lousiad,'" despite the "disloyal poison that it conveyed into the breasts of the malicious and unthinking," a proof in itself that he was not the small-minded man his detractor made him appear.

Although the host of injurious libels penned by Wolcott do not appear to have ever led to his being brought before the magistrates, or into court, he did not altogether escape with impunity. The satirist himself at last became the

object of the satirical shafts of others. William Gifford, for instance, in his *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (1800, quarto), drew a portrait of the doctor almost as flattering as many of the doctor's pictures were of others :—

> A bloated mass, a gross, blood-boltered clod,
> A foe to man, a renegade from God,
> From noxious childhood to pernicious age
> Separate to infamy in every stage.

We are told that he, who was "always ready to libel kings, lords, or commons without mercy," had his temper ruffled by these "perhaps rather candid comments," looking upon them as "personal and liable to be construed to the disadvantage of his character," and this suspicion must have been heightened by Gifford's sequel :—

> Come, then, all filth, all venom, as thou art,
> Rage in thy eye, and rancour in thy heart;
> Come with thy boasted arms, spite, malice, lies,
> Smut, scandal, execrations, blasphemies:
> I brave them all! Lo, here I fix my stand,
> And dare the utmost of thy tongue and hand;
> Prepar'd each threat to baffle, or to spurn,
> Each blow with ten-fold vigour to return.

The writer in Allibone's memoir says: "The invitation was accepted. The furious 'Pindar' attacked Gifford (as he was entering Wright's shop, in Piccadilly) with a cudgel, which—alas for the hopes of man!—was soon applied 'with ten-fold vigour,' as promised. The crowd then finished the business, and Peter was rolled in the kennel, 'and thus,' remarked an unfeeling critic, 'returned to what was often the Castalia of his inspirations.'" This affair was reported in the newspapers of August, 1800. Wolcott wrote his "Cut at a Cobbler" in revenge, but it fell flat.

Most of the anecdotes told by Taylor of his friend Wolcott are not very complimentary. On one occasion they were dining with Mr. Billington, at Brompton, when the doctor, who seemed to be very hungry, was observed to eye

one particular dish with great eagerness. "Mr. B.," he says, "gave me a wink, and disregarded Wolcott's plate, under an appearance of respect to other persons near him. The doctor's appetite could not be restrained, and, thrusting his fork into the dish, he exclaimed: 'Damme, I'll have this,' to the surprise and amusement of all present, including the celebrated Irish orator Grattan." He also tells us that Wolcott's quarrel with Opie was in relation to a servant girl, Opie having been charged by the doctor with having supplanted him in her affections. Wolcott, despite the intensity of his love songs, never got himself a bride; but his friend Taylor says he was always a great admirer of women. Perhaps it was that admiration that made him too attentive to a landlady at one of his lodgings and thereby got him into trouble. Under the head of "Law Intelligence," in *The Courier* (London) of June 29th, 1807, appears a report of a trial, in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Ellenborough, C.J., of "Knight *v.* Wolcott." This was an action by the husband of Mrs. Knight for the seduction of his wife by Wolcott, who was seventy years old, whilst Mrs. Knight was only twenty-six. The doctor had the verdict given in his favour. The licence of counsel in depreciating the position, or the wealth, of their clients, in such cases, is often very amusing. Wolcott's counsel (Mr. Parke) not only ridiculed the idea of his client having two thousand pounds—the amount of damage claimed—but said he was kept from want by a small annuity paid by his publishers, in consideration of the worthless "trash" with which he used to supply them. As for the lodgings, they consisted of a two-pair-of-stairs bedroom, which the doctor took in 1805, at eight shillings per week.

The end of the once-dreaded Peter Pindar was miserable. He became blind, infirm, lame, and asthmatic. Taylor went to see him the day before his death, and in answer to his

inquiry: "Is there anything on earth I can do for you?" the melancholy reply, uttered in a deep sonorous voice, was: "Bring me back my youth!"

He died at Latham Place, Somerstown, on 14th January, 1819—just one year earlier than George III., who was born in the same year as Wolcott—and was buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in a vault close to that of Butler, the author of *Hudibras.*

Although the quality of Wolcott's poetry is rarely of the highest order, and often sinks to doggerel—nay sometimes even as low as to the jingle of the poetaster—yet few poets have ever exhibited, in the power of one mind, such a wealth of wit, humour, imagination, and fancy as he displayed. Moreover, he was no plagiarist, the perfect originality of his exhaustless imagery, similes, and epigrams being beyond dispute. What he might have left us had he been fired with the noble ambition of building up for himself, regardless of present gain, an enduring fame, we can only imagine. As it was, he wrote only what he thought would sell best at the time, and thereby bring him the greater reward from his publisher. Hence nearly all his poems betray the haste with which they were thrown together. Still, much of his amatory and non-satirical poetry, the sonnets more especially, is graceful, tender, and melodious, and would not discredit even our best poets. There are people who assert that there must necessarily be nobility of soul in the poet whose poems evince nobility of thought and feeling. Were that true, then the satirist who mercilessly lashes the weak and erring should himself be strong, and immaculate. In Dr. Wolcott we have, however, a notable example of the fallacy of such assertion. For, notwithstanding the geniality of his manners, especially when "dining out," and his benevolence to many of his poorer acquaintances, the doctor was lamentably deficient in even the ordinary standard of

morality. There was, indeed, hardly a vice with which he charged any of the subjects of his satire from which he, himself, was free. An ordained priest, he abandoned his high office to lead the life of a voluptuary, countenancing, if not instigating, the denial of his ordination. For gold, alone, he prostituted his great poetical genius, being ever ready to blast the reputation of the honest and virtuous, or to lavish false praise on the dishonest and profligate, simply to sell his works by gratifying the general love of scandal, or political partizanship. Fond of the pleasures of the table and a big eater himself, he continually charges others with swine-like "guttling" (guzzling) at meals. Scoffing at the reverence paid to royalty, he literally cringed in abject humility when presented to a prince who was "nothing but a coat and a wig and a mask smiling beneath it," yea, something more—an unnatural son, a heartless libertine, a coward, and a liar. We may justly admire the genius and industry of Wolcott, but we cannot well admire the man.

SANNOX SHORE (ARRAN).

BY C. E. TYRER.

NOT more serenely 'neath the southern pine
White glistening beaches meet blue ocean's kiss;
No soft Italian strand more fair than this,—
Not Shelley's Spezzia, nor the shore divine
Where Virgil sleeps in cypress-darken'd shrine.
Here nought should fall unseemly or amiss;
Lull'd by these woods and waters, life were bliss,
Though touch'd with shade from yon dark mountain-line.

And oh, dear burn! most exquisite of brooks!
The rowan loves thee, and the birch-clad braes
Cast beryl shadows on thy crystal flow.
Not all the famous streams that poets praise
Have lovelier pools, that charm the gazer's looks
As though a fabled Naiad slept below.

THE

FOLK-SPEECH OF THE LANCASHIRE BORDER:

AN OBSCURE LANCASHIRE AUTHOR.

BY ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.

IT has lately been attempted, in these pages and elsewhere, and not unsuccessfully, to show that Lancashire is essentially a *musical* county. I shall not here undertake to show with equal conclusiveness that she is essentially a *literary* county, since that might require not only treble the space at present available, but treble the evidence I should be able to adduce in support of the proposition; though doubtless, as regards certain *departments*, literature is pursued here with as much zeal and success as at the very centre of illumination—the great metropolis—itself. Whatever may be the actual claims of Lancashire to the title "literary," in the literature of dialects, at any rate, she stands pre-eminent. Dialect-literature, so called, is spread and read so widely over Lancashire that some have even been led to suppose it the peculiar and special product of the county! The use of dialects for literary purposes, however, as is well known, is confined neither to Lancashire nor to England, though it has probably nowhere so extensively prevailed as in our county.

Have the dialects been used too extensively?* With respect to South Lancashire, that is possible; but as regards the picturesque district of the Lancashire and Yorkshire border, there are many curious dialects there prevailing which remain to this day almost untouched by the crowd, now a somewhat motley one, who dig and mine in these quarries. These dialects make a most curious philological study, as the people who speak them, themselves, form a subject of unusual interest to the ethnologist. A mixed race at the best no doubt we are; but these border people, shut up as they have been for long, long centuries in remote mountain-valleys, without communication with the rest of the world, have retained their primitive character to a striking extent, while some of their superstitions have remained almost as firmly planted as at first. Among these perhaps none is so fast fixed as the belief in "the Evil Eye," and Virgil, instead of writing some two thousand years back, might have been writing to-day, and directly of these people, when in the third eclogue of his charming *Bucolics* he makes Menalcas say:

Nescio quis, teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

With respect to the prevailing dialects the variety is very great; even at the distance of less than a couple of miles, as the crow flies, you have almost another speech—the difference is enormous. Within this distance, for instance, for the verb "to ask," we meet with as many as four different forms, viz.: *as*, *ax*, *spier*, and *spurr*. In illustration of the curious *minor* dialectal differences which in respect to locality are marked by very sharp lines of demarcation, one may observe that the expression, "See, yonder man!" becomes at Todmorden (just on the county border) "Sithee at yond' felley!" while only two or three miles away it changes to

* See note at the end of this article.

"Sithee at yon' felley!" the d in the adverb being as tenaciously and desperately retained at the one point as it is persistently cast away at the other. And whilst in the Burnley valley the final d in any word has almost invariably the full, prolonged sound of d, only a short distance away it is just as regularly pronounced t. On the other hand, and again only a mile or two away, viz., in the Rossendale valley, the final t becomes d, and for the phrase, "I will not do that," you hear the outrageous expression, "I'll nod do thad."

Whilst the main body of the folk-speech is clearly Anglo-Saxon, there is quite an appreciable element of the Scandinavian; and this is often found where it would least be expected, for instance, in the expression, than which none is more common in Lancashire generally, "He's gooan reawnd abeawt fur th' gainst," "th' gainst" here clearly comes from the Icelandic "gegnsta." As for the Scandinavian "addle," to get or earn, which one so often finds referred to as "peculiar to Lincolnshire," it not only prevails over all Yorkshire, but on the Lancashire border is one of the commonest of words, as "Heaw mitch does ta addle, lad?" "Aw addle five shillin' a week." If traces of the Norseman are frequent, there are also some traces of the Norman, as, for instance, in such quaint words as "squab," from the French *escabeau*, a cushioned seat or sofa. "Wheer mun aw lig, mother?" "Lig thi deawn o' th' squab." With respect to the aspirate, it is never heard at all in these parts, either in or out of place, a circumstance which recalls Thackeray's old lady, who had "led a very painless life, through never having been troubled with *aitches!*" But if the aspirate never troubles these people, its entire absence troubles the "inquiring stranger" very often, and not the "stranger" only. "Aw'm ne'er 'eedin" was the favourite phrase of one of the "happy-go-lucky" type — a phrase

sufficiently mysterious to the writer himself until translated into "Come what may, I am never heeding."

As regards the dialect spoken in the Burnley valley, the locality with which at present we have to deal, a writer on the subject goes the length of stating that "it probably contains the greatest number of purely dialectic words, or idioms, of any folk-speech in England." Certainly in respect to its force, directness, expressiveness, terseness, and humour, I know none to surpass it. A sovereign, here, is not merely a sovereign, but a "gold sovereign." "Si yo', chaps! aw've gi'en him a gowld sovverin." An hour is not merely an hour, but a "clock-hour," a not unimportant distinction, as some people's hours are seldom measured by the clock. "Wau, bless yo'! aw waited *on* him a full clock-heawr," the "on" here taking the place of "for," and illustrating the indefinite character of the preposition. Among the rarities of the folk-speech is "ayla," bashful, or shy. "Heaw wer't at tou didn't come to thi teea yustherday?" "A'a, bless thee, lass! aw'm so fearful ayla." The abounding humour of the folk-speech is remarkable, but rugged force is its chief characteristic. Nor is this force of the idiom anything but the direct reflection of the character of those who speak it. It is a character full of energy—a quality, it is true, which too often shows itself in forms not to be commended. Even as far back as two hundred years ago, the people of these parts had a sinister reputation all over the adjoining districts for their bullying and fighting propensities, frequent challenges being sent not only from hill to hill but from these hills to those of neighbouring counties. As a proof of the desperate character of these encounters, we are told that even the victor generally returned from them with an eye gouged out, or minus an ear, a nose, &c., bitten off by his antagonist in the brutal combat—details sufficiently revolting, no doubt, but which I give here in illustration of the fierce spirit, and

fiery energy, at that time dwelling in our border-highlanders, in whose descendants there yet burns, in a modified degree, and happily exhibiting itself in forms less savage, the same fiery force, accompanied by a physique the most robust. Their mental idiosyncrasy, on the other hand, is full of individuality, and a more incisive mother-wit, or a slyer, or more "pawkie" humour, I have never met with in a population so largely Saxon.

So that in these, as in other matters yet to be dwelt on, there is really immense booty awaiting the zealous hunter and explorer into these regions—regions which, though formerly remote and sequestered to a degree, are now accessible enough, and, in fact, through railway facilities, may be said to lie almost at our doors, albeit to reach nooks and corners more specially referred to in this article considerable mountain climbing will have to be done betimes, and many rugged paths trodden.

With regard to the ethnological puzzle, this, at least, may be affirmed without dogmatism, viz., that the Celtic element is here a somewhat more considerable one than writers on the subject usually allow. For the rest, inhabiting, as I have said, for so long a period these high hills, and sequestered mountain-valleys (whose wild and remote character is expressed by their very names, such as "Wyndy Harbour," "Back o' Behund," &c.), much exposed to the weather, and living frugally, the people of this region are a hardy and long-lived race, insomuch that at a recent gathering of some four hundred of them, inhabiting a portion of the district certainly comprised within no large area, the average age was found to be between seventy and eighty years! Healthy and hardy themselves, the admiration of the hill-folk is mainly excited by the same qualities in others, mere mental graces with them counting for little. Indeed the possession of such would be likely to prove rather a draw-

back than otherwise with anyone seeking to ingratiate himself with these sturdy people, who, more than all perhaps, distrust the man who has got what is called, "Th' gift o' th' gab." "That'll gether e'now" (e'en now), ("That man will send the collecting box round, by-and-by,") was the terse and characteristic remark of a stalwart hillsider, with reference to a sleek, plausible fellow who with glib tongue was "improving" a certain wayside incident in the moral sense. In these, as in some other parts, the common expression, "clivver felley," or "clivver chap," is by no means intended to convey the idea of an acute-minded, or mentally accomplished, but merely that of a physically robust and well-built man.

Our surroundings no doubt largely make and mould us. The stony character of this border-region reproduces itself in the character of its inhabitants. Educated for the most part by Nature herself, and in no gentle mood, they take her impress: hence the hillside mother-wit is of the keenest and sharpest type. Few are the amenities that root in so thin a soil, and in a quarter so familiar to the winds, but those that *strike*, they sprout and blossom indeed, as when, on the mountains, we meet with the hardy rowan which, though scantily nourished in the rocky crevice where the chance breeze has cast it, yet blooms aloft in beauty and fragrance, and with its clustering scarlet berries is the pride and glory of the hills. It is here that you meet with the sturdiest type of men and of women. It is here that you meet with the very warmest of welcomes. And also, it must be confessed, now and again with the coldest. Indeed, furtive as they are, and distrustful at all times of new-comers, to the stranger these moorland folk must appear at once sly and shy, cunning and reserved; yet let him go amongst them duly accredited, or show that he is of their own "mack" (make or class), and, as a rule, the coldness soon changes to

cordiality, sometimes even to effusion, and the "fatted calf" is killed metaphorically if not actually. Within the writer's recollection it was the custom when a poor man killed his pig—his solitary pig, for if he had two he was scarcely deemed poor—to invite his nearer neighbours to a generous repast, accompanied by moderate potations of "home-brewed," in celebration of the "event," a right pleasant and kindly custom but one long since disused.

I have said that these moorland folk are distrustful of new-comers; they are equally distrustful of novelties and innovations of any kind, whether moral or material. In no part of these kingdoms were the regulations of the "New Poor Law" enforced with more difficulty. Nowhere, until within the last few years, have those numerous stalwart fellows who rejoice in the common name of "Peeler" had so bad a time of it. And in no part are many ancient and obsolete customs destined to die so hard a death. In short, it is a people not so much devoted to what has *been*, as determined to be what it *is!* It is a people that brooks but little let or hindrance from any person whomsoever. It is a people with a neck not supple, but, on the contrary, most plaguily stiff; that will not, according to a local tradition, even do a thing when it is *made!* On the other hand, it is a people by no means wanting in good moral qualities. Like the millstone rock of its own hills, it abounds in *grit*. Sturdily independent, it has a healthy horror of being "thrown upon the parish." It is a people that will pass through the hardest times with a cheerfulness and a self-abnegation worthy of the best traditions of the Stoics. It is a people that, even when at the last extremity, will grin and abide rather than whine and groan. And when the sun shines out again, and there is wherewithal, it is a people that bakes its own bread, and brews its own beer, and does not dislike the taste of it, or even the taste of its neigh-

bour's! * If it is a people with a stiffish neck, it is also a people with "backbone," and certainly no rickety fellow is ever likely to fare particularly well at its hands, or to get the better of it. It is a people that one might love as rare Charles Kingsley loved Eurus! It is a people for bracing, strengthening, and kicking clean out of you all the "mewling and puking" business. I have known it drive men from the country by simply *labelling* them—by affixing to them, with its keen, caustic mother-wit, some nickname, based perhaps on some pestilent bit of coxcombry on their part, no doubt deserved, and which has clung to them, and clung to them, like a cloak of Nessus, till they could bear it no longer.

I remarked upon the admirable patience of this people in circumstances of hardship. Let me illustrate. In one of those severe commercial crises through which this district, with its valley-populations mainly employed in the cotton trade, has passed of late years, and which have brought hundreds of respectable families to the verge of starvation, a certain Tommy —— was observed to carry a tablespoon about with him wherever he went. On being questioned why he always carried a "spooin" in his pocket, Tommy laughingly explained: "Theaw sees it's this way: wheniver eawr owld woman calls out 'Porridge!' if aw've a spooin to *seek*, aw'm done!" Surely this cheerful spirit, surely this abounding good humour, in face of the possibility of missing one's sole bite for the day (for in these times people fasted even longer) is worthy of Epictetus himself.

With an appreciable touch of the Celtic, and a more considerable element of the Scandinavian (Danish), the type

* Until within a few years the practice of "home-brewing" was here universal; and the practice of "home-baking" still prevails. Nor is any more delicious wheaten bread to be tasted anywhere than the "home-baked" of your housewife of the Lancashire border.

on these hills, as previously hinted, is in the main Saxon (Anglian), and in the character of the people, as also previously hinted, there is much of the Saxon shrewdness, though curiously blended with a large measure of simplicity and childish superstition. Now, however—in these later days—the schoolmaster is abroad in earnest. Surely, if slowly, the march of intellect proceeds, and must proceed, and the hill-tops themselves have got to be scaled in the end, no doubt; but, in the meantime, did one read in the blazing light of our scientific halls a full and particular account of the superstitions still lingering in certain nooks of our borders, he would be heard with incredulity.

In the pages to follow I give the history, taken from the works of a late Lancashire author, of a highly-characteristic local craze—a true melodrama, several of the actors in which are still living; and I give it with the object of illustrating at once the superstitions and the dialect of the border-region. Though the superstition, in this case, is of the milder kind, yet, when the record comes to be read fifty years hence, it will doubtless appear, in the luminous atmosphere of that day, a wholly incredible and impossible state of things.

I give the extracts, too, with the further object of engaging the reader's interest in the author in question, who died at a comparatively early age some years since; and who, even during his lifetime, was but little known beyond the narrow valley, with its encompassing hills, which forms the picturesque scene of his sketches—sketches which, for their grotesque humour, for the breathing, life-like character of the portraits they contain, for fidelity, dramatic force, and graphic power, have seldom been equalled by our best writers in the dialects. In fact, crude as these pen-and-ink sketches are in some respects, yet so completely do they hold the mirror up to nature, that their author was more

than once, as he told me, the subject of attack at the hands of people whose sayings and doings he had so vividly pictured that they were convinced he had seen and heard everything, and "told tales" accordingly.

With a view to the clearer understanding, on the reader's part, of the history to be presented, it may be permitted to enlarge yet a little more on the character of the people concerned. In this, as previously stated, there is much of the Saxon shrewdness and long-headedness. These hill-folk, indeed, are a cannie and a prudent people, who have known how to thrive on oatmeal, and to fill what is called an "old stocking" where the improvident would starve. Accustomed for centuries to a soil and climate giving but small returns for the labour expended, frugality with them has become so much of a habit that one can hardly call it a virtue. And having stood thus long at the "hunger-fountain," as Richter would say, and drawn thence, their grip on the "brass" (money), when they *do* finger it, is a tight one. The sad malady called "cromp i' th' hand," from which most of us suffer on occasion, and sometimes acutely enough, with these hardy sons of the mountain too often assumes the chronic form!

When our moorland folk descend from the "tops" to "th' dale," as of late years they have done in large numbers, now and again the contents of the "family stocking" are embarked in the staple trade of the district, and our mountaineer becomes what is called a "little cotton meystur." The cruel fluctuations in this trade, however, during the past few decades, have thrown most of these "little cotton meysturs" on their backs; and hundreds of "old stockings," clean emptied of their "gowld sovverins," are now floating among the waifs and strays of the great ocean of commerce. But the major part of the hill-folk, with characteristic prudence, have declined such risks.

These are great patrons of the "Co-ops" (Co-operative Societies), in which they invest, the "old stocking" fructifies, and all their talk is of "divvy" (dividends). A precocious instance of this kind of thrift was a girl—a very little girl—who gravely suggested to her mother that their "next baby" should be bought at the "Co-op.," because then they would get the "divvy!"

Man, woman, and child, it is a cannie, a calculating, and a thrifty people, thoroughly believing, with the Lancashire poet, Bealey, that

> A pocket 'at's lined wi' a bit o' good brass,
> 'll make a mon feel what a mon *is*,
> And keep him from being an ass!

It was a saying of Montesquieu's, the distinguished author of the *Spirit of the Laws*, that if he had lived in England he should have been an unsuccessful man. On being questioned in the matter, the great Frenchman explained that what he meant by "unsuccessful" was that he should inevitably have been seized with the English passion for "getting on in the world;" and that consequently, instead of attaining to distinction, he should simply have died rich and nameless—an obscure millionaire! It is needless to say that Montesquieu's idea of a "successful" man would, in these parts, have been hard to understand. "Success," here, means the accumulation of "brass;" nor, unless there is "plenty o' brass," can the idea of "success" be entertained. But perhaps this all-absorbing worship of Plutus is too often found elsewhere as well! Here, at any rate, the "brass" must be gotten; and to this end the people strive with all their native shrewdness. Unfortunately there is the proneness to superstition before mentioned; and between this, on the one hand, and the strong disposition to "gether the siller," on the other, our hillsider falls a victim at last, though only to him who has duly studied the above strange blending

of qualities. A diligent student in this field was he who figures in the following pages under the grotesque *sobriquet* of "Old Langsettle." This man was an adventurer, and came from a distance, but he soon found that for him the barren hillsides might be made to flow with "milk and honey," not indeed through the waving of a magic wand, but by means of a "magic glass" in his possession, looking into which he was able to see and learn all that was so ardently desired by a number of hillside folk who believed themselves heirs to vast properties in the neighbourhood, out of which they had been "wrangously kept" for two or three generations. And here I may draw upon the author in question.

Owd Threedbare asked him if he thought they were heirs to Wycollar Hall. "Most certainly yo' are," said Langsettle, "though aw hav'nt looked i'th' glass perticularly for yo', aw find 'at aw've seen yo' theer scoores o' times. What, aw've had two or three families after th' Wycollar Hall an' th' Heptonstall estates, but aw could never see ony on 'em at favored th' families 'at th' glass showed as reytful heirs to 'em, so aw never gav' 'em ony encouragement to go further into th' matter, for aw could see no chonce o' success, an' yo' known aw wouldn't be known to leead folks wrang. Yo' see it's this way—wheniver aw've looked abeawt th' owners o' yo're estates thers comed a lot o' folks i'th' seet 'at aw didn't know, but neaw when aw meet wi' yo' aw con see at once yo're th' vary same chaps." At this, Owd Threedbare nudged Sorrow-i'th'-Dyke, and said, "Mon, what ha'nt aw olez tell'd thi 'at if we'd es reyts we'st be th' gentry o' this neighbourhood. What, we ought just neaw to a' been huntin' i' Trawden forest, an' we will be afoor long, too. Hey-hough, tally ho! mi brave heawnds Tinker, Towler, Bowler." Then he would ha' getten onto a chair and sung Tommy-o'th'-Raddler's song on Trawden Hunt and Wycollar Hall, but they stopped him, and all stared around one at another in wild astonishment. Finepins wished they had just been at Billy-Toys'-at-th'-Height-Top; he'd ha' stood an extry quart o' knock-'em-deawn swuddle for Old Langsettle. But Langsettle said—yo' dooant need to bother abeawt aught o'th' kind, for aw've so mony other cases i' hand 'at aw hav'nt a single minute to spare; aw've just neaw several important Chancery cases similar to yor's. One case is for £250,000, 'at nobbut wants drawin'; aw've th' deeds i' my pocket, signed an' sealed ready for th' brass. When they saw that Langsettle's time was so very precious they stopped their joyous uproar, and made arrangements when and where the next meeting should be held, he saying that, in the meantime, he would seek out all particulars, and give them a thorough account next time he came, and that they must have a family meeting during the time, and see who were intending to claim their shares of the estates. He then returned home, laughing in his sleeve at the simple credulity of those he was deceiving.

After Langsettle had departed, the claimants resolved to have family meetings, to be held every Sunday forenoon at the chief claimant's house, where they would decide what steps to take. The meeting then dispersed, with every one at the highest pitch of joy and expectation. On their way home, Old Threedbare and Jacky-at-th'-Moor-top called at a public-house, and ordered a crown bowl, saying, "We'st sup no moor cowd blow—that's nobbut for poor folks—gret landowners nivver should drink aught under sixpence a glass, an' for th' futur we'll ha' nought no less nor champagne, port wine, old tom, an' short stuff; noa moor fourpenny swill-swall and waistcoit-pocket drink."

When the landlord heard this he was quite astonished, and said—"Heaw's that, 'at yo're gettin' soa partic'lar? What is there op 'at nought no less nor sixpence a glass 'll fit yo'—two o'th' leeast teydious chaps 'at usen comin' to this heawse? Yo' usen bein' ready for aught, thro' barrel-bothams deawn to weyshin-op waytur. An' as for thee, Threedbare, theaw'd drink a gallon o' galker ony time, an' work it i' thi inside; an' theaw artn't a pin better, Jacky, soa nivver name creawn-bowls here agean, for it'll be no use unless aw con see th' edge o' reythur moor brass nor aw fancy yo' can show to-dey." "What!" said Old Threedbare, "an' han we to ha' nought?—two landowners—heirs to Wycollar Hall! What, we'n a fortun' o' theawsands o' peawnds comin' to us, an' theaw'll rue if theaw doesn't tak' th' chonce o' chalkin' us a tothery shillin' op." "Rue or not rue," said the landlord, "aw'st find yo' no strap. If yo' con reyse th' price of a quart o' fourpenny aw'll find yo' that." By begging from persons in the place they managed to raise fourpence, and had to content themselves by turning again to "cold-blow."

When the Sunday morning of the first family meeting came, it was an amusing sight to see the number of new walking-sticks with silver hoops that the Wycollar and Heptonstall claimants sported, the new dickeys and watchguards they wore, the airs they put on, and the figures they cut. Jim-o'-th'-owd-mon's said he didn't mean to be outdone by anybody that went down Burnley Valley that day, for in addition to having donned his best suit and spent two hours in rubbing his brass watchguard bright, he had bought a fancy dickey and two twopenny-halfpenny cigars, and he meant to try for the first time in his life what smoking and acting the gentleman were like, for it would very likely be all he would have to do before very long. But there was one thing he rather doubted—about his dickey—that was, he didn't think it would be aught like as warm as a shirt. He was afraid he should catch cold by the change, still he "mud be like to chonce it," so he donned it on, and off he went smoking a cigar for the first time. But before he got to the chief claimant's house he fell ill, and had to be led into a house on the way, where he fainted.

They gave him a glass of water, and unbuttoned his waistcoat to let him breathe more freely, when Hungry Bob's wife called out—"A'a', Jim, theaw mey weel be sick; what theaw't beawt shirt, aw con see what it is 'at's dooin thee, it's that dickey—rip it off mon, an' aw'll leean thi one o' eawr Bob shirts; what, theaw'll be starved to th' deeath i' that thing—off wi' 't, mon."

"Ney, ney," said Jim, "it's nooen o' th' dickey, it's this smookin 'at's dooin me; aw've nooen been used to 't, nor aw sholn't be yet awhile if this be th'

way. An' aw know nought abeawt actin th' gentleman, but if this be all th' pleeasur ther is in't, aw'll leeav my walkin stick an' dickey at whom for th' futur—be hanged if aw dooent."

By the time Jim had recovered from his smoking, Old Threedbare came swinging down the road. He had been running about all the morning trying to borrow a Saturday night suit, for he had nothing but his week-day suit to put on, and he had been sadly bothered for a fit; however, he had managed at length to borrow Long Lawrence's every-day shoes, which were two inches too long, and Gret Sarah lad had lent him his militia trousers, and well they looked too, only they were a foot too short. He arrived at his journey's end without any mishap, save that he forgot that his shoe-bands were loose until he legged-up on them; and he would have fallen into a dirty place but for his new walking stick, which he broke by saving himself.

When they arrived at the chief claimant's house the proceedings had been commenced. The chief claimant had taken the chair, and was making his opening speech, saying, "Aw guess yo known what we're comed here for this mornin; it's to see if we con reyse brass enough to pey Langsettle to get us some gret estates 'at 's been wrangously kept thro' us for two or three generations. What, we ought just neaw to ha' been livin i' fine halls, an' had a pack o' heawnds a-piece." "Hea, hea! an' we will have, an' quickly too," shouted Threedbare and his brother Yollow-stockins. "Yi, hea!" resumed the chief claimant, "ther's noa deawt o' that if we con reyse brass to get it, an' we'll try feyr for 't." "Nought else," they all then cried. "But we mun have all th' names taen deawn, o' thoor 'at 's claimin ther shares, afoor we gooan ony further," said the chairman, "an' aw'm just thinkin we mun sattle whoa are heirs, an' whoa aren't; ther's two o' Ailse-i'-th'-Choamer lads 'at 's send word they connot attend to-day, but they're intendin gooin shares i'th' estates. For mi own part, aw dunnot think they're aught at all akin to th' Mosscrop-hill family, for aw've known th' lot on 'em for fifty yer, an' ther's nivver one on 'em owned to bein aught akin to eawr family afoor."—"Oh, make short wark on 'em, cut 'em off beawt a shillin," said Finepins; "all th' country 'll want to be akin to us neaw."

It was then decided that Ailse-i'-th'-Choamer lads should be objected to as relations of the Mosscrop-hill family; then, after paying a half-crown each towards getting their estates, they set to reckoning up what each one would have when his fortune came.

The next meeting was held at the Queen Hotel, at Todmorden. At this meeting Old Langsettle gave an account of his glass-looking since he last saw them. He said—"What, aw've seen gradely into th' matter this last fortnit; aw've seen th' owd squire of all 'at laft yo' th' property, an' he were huntin op o' th' Raw powl. He used to ride a black horse called 'Jewel,' 'at could clear th' heyest fence for miles areawnd, an' he had th' best pack o' fox-heawnds 'at ivver hunted Tormden dale, an' he were known all through England as a gret hunter. Aw thought one dey aw'ld look what gentry he hunted wi', an' behowd aw made eawt Squires Teawnley, Cunliffe, Greenwood, Sutcliffe, Hodgson, an' a lot o' gentry fro' London wey, one on 'em akin to th' king."

"Theer neaw! that's it," cried Yollow-stockins, "aw've olez said we were off a noble breed; aw could tell that bi' mi' likin huntin soa weel, an' wark so ill. Neaw for heawnd dogs, knee-breeches, an' huntin. Tally ho' mi brave heawnds! Tinker, towler, bowler, plunder, ballymon!" Then there were as many glasses of drinking-stuff called for, to treat Langsettle with, as if he'd been a little shark, and had as much stomach-power as two or three like Threedbare. However, Langsettle had no idea of turning his inside into a cask, and proceeded with his narrative about what he had seen in the glass. Jone-o'-th'-Lumbers asked him "If he'd seen aught ov his feyther uncle Aby: he were a long lenocky chap, wi' a hand like a bakin-spittle, a shough like a backstooan; ov a Sundy he ware a reawnd jacket, an' knee-britches, an' generally had a drop on his nooas end?" "To be sure aw have," said Langsettle, "he were a regular softy ov a felley; if he'd ha' look'd after his reyts yo'd ha' been gentry just neaw; but he'd a heart like a chicken, an' were as good to persuade to be quiet abeawt his property as yo' are to go an' get it, an' he could ha' cried as readily as ony young woman, an' laughed agean wi' th' tears ov his cheeks. What, aw've seen all th' family on yo'." "Then yo' con tell whether yond' long-chinned winter-legs of a Chelpy wife, thro' Worsthorne, be one o' eawr family?" said one; "hoo coom ower, th' last week, pretendin at hoo're one o' th' better mack o' th' Mosscrop-hill family, an' 'at hoo were beawn shares i' eawr estates; but aw quickly tell'd her hoo're tawkin tawk 'at'ld do untawked, for hoo noather wur nor nivver would be. An afoor we'd let her ley claim to a single penny, we'd ware all th' estates i' law. What, an' hoo went whenly malancholy; her meawth twitched as if hoo'd fits, an' went all shaps—reawnd, square, an' like a coil-box; an' hoo winked, an' stamped, an' spit as thick as a witch, an' wished for peawer to wither all my limbs, an' said hoo'd a peyr o' good legs, an' hoo'd ware 'em to th' knees wi' trampin after th' estate afoor hoo'd be done eawt on't; for hoo were as sure one o' th' better mack o' eawr family as ivver owd Nan-i'-Hurstwood rooad through Teawnley Holmes on a besom stail. What mon," hoo said, "aw con tell wheer th' lily grew i' th' hall garden, an' heaw mony acre o' land ther' were i' all th' estate, an' aw'll tak good care yo' dooant get a single farthin if aw mooant go shares."

When Langsettle heard this he said, "aw'll look i' th' glass abeawt this matter, an' tell yo' all abeawt it when aw come agean, but aw hardly think hoo's one o' th' family, for aw dooent remember seein ony body o' her favvor i' th' glass." "Nough, nor yo' willn't do," sheawted Finepins, "for hoo's nought at all o' th' breed on us; an' if hoo be o' eawr name at all hoo's changed her name to heir th' estate, an' that's nought what scoores 'll do if we'll let 'em; but see yo' look i' th' glass, Langsettle." "Aw will, aw will," said he, and then he went on to say he had seen the wills, and for a ten pound note a-piece he could get them by the next meeting; and in the meantime he would advise that one of the claimants should be sent to Heptonstall Church to read up all their pedigrees. The chief claimant was then appointed to this office, and also to act as messenger to carry news of the proceedings to the different members of the family who could not attend the meetings, and collect their subscriptions, for which he should receive half-a-crown a day. In describing his researches for the Wycollar

estate, Langsettle said he had seen the old squire, in all his earthly glory, going for a day's sport down to Burnley, taking with him five cocks in "pooaks," dubbed, clipped, and steeled for a main, three bull-dogs to fight, and a bull to bait.

When they heard this, several voices called out "yer him, yer him!" and Dick-i'-th'-Smithy jumped to his feet and said he 'ld "be his marro afoor two month end, for dog feytin' an' cock settin were what he gloried in aboon aught else." Then he struck his *neyve* against the ceiling of the room and said, "hooa wants to feyt, for this makes me feel as if aw wanted to jingle mi clogs agean somdy's shins, and jowl mi yed agean theirs;" and his neck went as red as a turkey's. Langsettle then fixed a time for his next meeting, when he would bring "wills" for all their estates, and left the hotel in a hurry to attend another family for whom he was claiming an estate.

At their next meeting Jacky-at-th'-moor-top was appointed to the chair. Then Langsettle began to explain what trouble he had had in getting the will; he'd had to get a number of coffins taken up to get at some old writings, which he had managed, after a deal of trouble, to secure; and he had found, as they had told him, that the estates were entailed upon heirs. "What, what," said Jacky, "sey that agean; teyled op o' hairs? teyled op o' hairs? Oh, but we'll dock it." "Dock it?" "Yer yo," cried three or four; "that's it, Jacky, dock it, dock it!" Langsettle then showed a bundle of papers, and said they were the wills for the Heptonstall and Wycollar estates, and he did not doubt but by the next time he came he could have all ready for the estates being claimed. The chief claimant was then called on to state what he was doing at Heptonstall Church. He said he had looked over 300 names of their family, and so far as he had got there was every sign of success. Just at this point a disturbance arose in one corner of the room. It was Bill-o'-George's making a row about Jacky being put in for the chairman; he said "Yo're puttin Jacky a kale too sooin; aw should ha' th' first chonce, for aw'm th' nearest akin to th' heir, but two." "What! what ar' to' Bill" cried Jacky, "th' nearest but two? Theaw 'rt mi gronfeyther, artn't ta? See thi, Bill, theaw may tine op ony time, for theaw't noather second, third, nor th' twenty-third heir—th' long an' short on 't is, when theaw't reckoned op, theaw's noather lot nor part i' th' matter; theaw con heir nought, so bundil eawt." "That's reyt, Jacky; that's reyt!" cried Threedbare. "Cross him eawt; cross him eawt." "Yhi, do!" sheawted three or four more, "cross him eawt, ther'll be soa mich moor a-piece for us." Then they bundled Bill-o'-George's eawt, which Langsettle said they were quite right in doing, for he'd long seen that he was not entitled to a single farthing. Then he said, "ther's Ailse-i'-th'-Choamer lads; aw've looked i' th' glass for them, an' aw find they'n noather lot nor part i' th' matter; they're of another family of yo'r name." "Hea; they're o' th' war mack," sheawted Finepins, "soa cut 'em off; cut 'em off." After the meeting closed, each of the claimants indulged his wild imagination in picturing the glories of a gentleman's life. Jim-o'-th'-Owd-Mon's said "We'll ride this dale wi' a carriage an' two greys. Ther's eawr Bob yonder, he weant do a penny teaward gettin th' estate; he'll wish he had done

then, but it'll be to noa use, for mi feythur has made his will an' laft him beawt a penny, an' sarved him reyt too, an' neaw he'll ha' to hag an' work whol we ride abeawt." The claimants went to the next meeting with very anxious minds, and, for fear that something might happen Langsettle in some of the railway tunnels, they took a cab to meet the train at a station some miles away, where he was taken out and conveyed, for greater safety, as they worded it, "eawt o'th' top o'th' greawnd." When they arrived at the hotel they were soon delighted by seeing Langsettle take out of his pocket what he had told them at the last meeting were the wills, and each one had a large red seal at every corner, and four or five down each side; these he said were the Chancellor's seals, and had cost a sovereign a-piece. He had got every thing now ready for the estates being claimed, except that he wanted six seals more, which the Chancellor would not let him have till he got the numbers of the estates in the Chancery book, and one of the claimants had best go to London and get these numbers. Then they would have nothing to do but take possession by cutting up a sod, and they might then at once draw the rents, get their hound-dogs, and hunt to their hearts' delight. While Langsettle thus dilated, the claimants sat with their eyes, ears, and mouths open to the back, and the mention of hound-dogs had such a power on their noble blood, that Finepins, Yollow-stockins, Threedbare and Jacky, all thought they could see a pack, and began to shout "Nudger, tinker, towler, bowler, plunder; come in yet, mountaineer, merryman; ha, hey, ho, ha, hough, ha, hoop, mi brave dogs!" and made such a dreadful noise that the other inmates of the house turned pale with fear. Then they seized Langsettle on his chair, and carried him round the room shoulder-high. After they had settled down, Langsettle went on to say he had made investigations respecting Chelpy wife of Worsthorne, and had found she was very, very little, related to their family, and she would have to prove it before she could claim aught. But he had discovered a large inn in London which was left to a woman of their name. "That's eawr Betty; that's me; that's mi wife," stuttered John-o'-Dickey's, and the tears started into his eyes for joy, "hea; that's eawr Betty," he said. "Then yo'n nought to do but go to London an' claim it," said Langsettle, "for it's yo'r's." "Aa! meystur, yo' dunnot tell true, dun yo?" said John, "whativer will yo' sey?" "Yhi, it's true enough," said Langsettle, "an' yo' mun go claim it at once." "Aa, well," said John, "aw nivver thought aw mud ha' gooan soa far thro' whom, for aw've nivver been further nor Stooidley Pike sin aw wur wick, an' aw nivver wur a dey eawt o'th' seet o'th' Bill Nipe i' all mi life, an' neaw yo' sen aw mun goa all th' wey to London. Whativer will eawr Betty an' th' childer sey?" Then he drew his sleeve across his mouth, and wiped a tear from off his cheek with his coat cape, and said "aw nivver thought o' aught like this—whativer will eawr Betty an' th' childer sey?" "Well," said Langsettle, "if yo' dooant want to goa aw'll give yo' a theawsand peawnd for't, an' yo'st sign it ower to me." When Finepins heard this he called out: "John, John, keep thi hand thro' papper; sign thee nought off; whativer tha does beside, keep thi hand thro' papper, an' stick to what tha has—ther's noa tellin heaw weel off we'st be yet. What, we'n yerd a wynd o'th' Mosscrop-hill—that's eawrs, and moor beside it; so

keep thi hand thro' papper." Langsettle having thus gained his point, went on to state that "he was well acquainted with th' Queen, an' hoo'd gien him lief to claim th' estates onny time; an' he'st o' had 'em just then but for th' Chancellor wantin ther numbers; heawiver, one o'th' claimants mud at once be sent off to get 'em, an' goa to th' Chancellor abeawt it." So they pitched upon Finepins as the ripest of them, and collected a handsome sum to send him off to London.

When this meeting was over the chief claimant hurried off home as quickly as possible, and as soon as he got into the house shouted to their Billy who was weaving by hand, "Billy, Billy, throw deawn this minute; not another pick shol ta weyve, an' if ivver thoor 'at belangs that warp have 't they'll booath fotch it and weyve it, for we'st nivver carry it." Then he threw his arms into the air, and shouted "we dunnot need to work another strooak, we'n brass enough, we'll let 'em see hooas th' meystur neaw. Come on, Billy." Then they went into the wood close by, and began to cut down the boughs of the trees, and to stake out portions of land, when the gamekeeper dropped upon them, and asked what they were up to. "Op to?" said the claimant, "if theaw stops theer two minutes aw'll show thi, for aw'll tak thi o'th' top o' th' yed wi' this axe. Aw'll let yo' know this land es eawrs." The keeper said he didn't know that, and walked off, for fear the claimant might be off his mind, when the claimant cried out "wobbut aw'll let thi know, an' aw'll doff them leggins for thi afoor two month to-dey, an' theaw mey tell thi mestur aw'll skift him at th' same time, an' his hall too; aw willn't be bothered wi' th' reek off it; think o' that neaw, an' dunnut let me catch thee o' my greawnd agean."

The first thing Threedbare did when he left the meeting was to go order a pack of flour, two baskets of red herrings, and a barrel of treacle, at which the shopkeeper was quite "capped," and said, "What, is yer brass comed?" "Nay, but it's as good as comed," said Threedbare, "we're as sure on 't as if we had it." "Wobbut," said the shopkeeper, "aw'm nooen as sure o' mi treycle an' yerrin, an' aw think aw sholl be afoor aw part with 'em. Aw'll see yo' wi' them heawnd dogs yo'n tawked so mitch abeawt, an' that white horse, afoor aw trust yo' soa mitch stuff." "Waw, that weant be long afoor," said Threedbare. "Noa moor parish pey thro' Billy Beaw. Noa moor going to bed beawt supper, an' gettin up agean to chell porridge, made off th' shakins o'th' fleawer pooak. Noa moor wearin owd thank yo' sir clooas, and cammed shoin at's belanged to knock-kneed gentry. We'st be gentry uzels directly, an' if yo' we'ent find me aught neaw yo' shoant do then;" and away old Threedbare went.

When Finepins had made arrangements about going to London, he went and bought four-and-twenty new dickeys, a gold watchguard, and a gold key to wind up his watch with; and the day following got off his work to have a day's practice at acting the gentleman. When he set off to London his uncle Ab stood on the door-stones to watch him off to the train, and said to the old shoemaker "What, aw guess eawr Sally lad es goin after this brass?" "Yhi, aw guess soa," said he. "Well," said Ab, "they're sendin a reyt un, for he's a ripe un is eawr Sally lad, an' he'll make yond' Chancellor turn op th' brass,

an' teych 'em better nor keepin what they dooent belang." And finely he did, too, for he came back as wise as he went, only that he had nearly seen the Queen one day, and had sat in her chair the day after. He said "aw've sought dey after dey for th' Chancellor, an' aw couldn't yer o' sitch a spot; aw dooent believe ther is one, beside. Aw've axed a scoor o' pleecemen abeawt that inn at belangs to John-o'-Dickey's, but all aw could get eawt on 'em were, they axed me if aw wanted a ticket for th' 'sylum." This was rather a blank for the claimants; but when they told Langsettle at their next meeting he said he could make all right by getting the numbers himself, which he would do by the next month. He was then preparing to leave again, when Slippy-feet called him back, and said he'd catched a back-tin full o' treawts, an' he had 'em wick an' whol as they coom eawt o'th' poand, an' he'd make him a present on 'em; he could bring th' tin back next time he coom. Then the Bolderer lad stepped up, and took a great pot out of his pocket, and gave it to Langsettle, saying, "it's a jar o' rhuburb presarves 'at mi mother's send yo'; they're boiled i'th' best treycle—hoo said aw were to tell yo." Thus one and another made presents to Langsettle as many as he could well carry, among other things several rabbits and hares, and saw him off toward Hollinwood, in full hopes that he would bring everything settled for claiming the estates next time he came. And so confident were several of them about this, that they visited their reputed estates, and pretended to take possession by cutting up a sod, which they brought home with them.

On the day of the next meeting the claimants were so anxious to see if Langsettle had started off from home that they engaged another glass-reader to look if he had left Hollinwood for Todmorden. This glass-reader said he had; he could see him setting off with the wills and all else ready for the estates being claimed. At this news they were so delighted and so confident that it was true, that they threw down their tools and left their work, bidding good-bye to their fellow-workmen, and inviting them to look in on them now and then when they got into their new halls, and they should have plenty to go on with. Then they hasted off to meet Langsettle at Todmorden, but all in vain; he never appeared that day, and the chief claimant was also missing. This caused many wild speculations; some felt convinced that they had absconded with the deeds, and were intending roguing the claimants out of it. They had then to return home with their hearts nearer the lowest buttons of their waist-coats than when they came, to be laughed and jeered at by their fellow-men for their sanguine hopes and ridiculous conduct. However, Langsettle and the claimant turned up again in about a week, and explained that they had been called away about another very important case; this explanation satisfied all the claimants with the exception of one, who began to see a possibility that they were being gulled, and he questioned Langsettle very closely on some particular point. At this he became quite vexed, and declared he would have this claimant turned out of the room before he proceeded any further, so they turned him out. Langsettle then said: "Aw couldn't get all sattled off to-dey, thro' th' Queen havin had a christenin, an' they'n been varry neglectful at London this last week; but aw'm sure to have all ready next time aw come."

"Hear, hear," cried Threedbare, "aw've getten a basket o' heawnd whelps on th' speck on 't, an' aw've ordered Jack-o'th'-Naze to get his leggins an' his gamkeepin clooas agean th' time aw want him." They then separated as usual, and talked about having two draw-days in one fortnight, and which of the farms they would occupy on their new estates.

The appointed day arrived when Langsettle should straighten all off, but when he had got about two miles up Burnley valley on his way to the Roe Buck Inn, Portsmouth, a railway collision occurred. As soon as the claimants heard of this they hasted off to see if Langsettle was amongst the rubbish; they found him all right, excepting he had received a slight shaking; so they seized him by the arms and escorted him to his destination, where he explained to them that the Chancellor had gone into the north of England to survey an estate similar to theirs, containing a vast amount of minerals which had just been claimed, therefore he had not been able to get all settled off yet. Just then one of the claimants rushed into the room shouting, "has he brought it? has he brought it?" "Ney; not to-dey," one said. The matter was then explained to him, when he proceeded to say that a number of the claimants' wives had just requested him to ask Langsettle to go to Burnley that day and have his likeness taken, and they would pay for it, and have one a-piece; for, said one, "we con nivver forgive ussels if aught should happen him, an' we hannot a likeness on him, an' ther's sure sommat to befall him soiner or latter, he's sitch an angel ov a felley—he's too good for here." So Langsettle got a number of photographs taken to be looked at by the Wycollar Hall and Heptonstall estates' claimants, some of which remain to this day. By this time it had become quite evident to the turned-out claimant, and many others, that Langsettle was a wretched knave. They had found that the seals upon the pretended wills were those of the Hollinwood United Order of Odd Fellows; that the pretended wills were false; and that the whole affair was a piece of the rankest deception ever practised on a parcel of ignorant country people; and very shortly after Langsettle was taken into custody, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment in Manchester New Bailey, in which prison he ended his days, at the age of seventy-two years.

Thus the wild dreamings of the claimants passed as a vision of the night; and after having paid a half-crown per week each for more than two years, they were left with their eyes opened to the stern fact that they must work to live; that their hunting dogs and horses were but fancies of the mind, and that they had been the foolish dupes of one of the blackest liars between the two worlds.

The author of the above admirable sketch of Lancashire hillside life and character, as of some other similar sketches hardly less graphic, was a young man named *James Standing*, a native of the Burnley valley before-mentioned. The name "Standing" would appear to be a corruption of the older Anglo-Saxon name *Standen*, or *Standene*, signify-

ing "stony valley." Standing was born in the township of Cliviger, in June, 1848, his father being employed at the time in a coal-pit.

The township of Cliviger (*Clivacher*, rocky district) forms part of the romantic Burnley vale, which itself marks for a considerable distance the division between Lancashire and Yorkshire. It is remarkable for three different rivers which all take their rise here, viz., the East and West Calders, and the Irwell. It is as picturesque a region as is to be found within thirty miles of Manchester, and its natural charms have been much enhanced by the extensive plantings made during his lifetime by the late Dr. Whitaker, the learned historian of Whalley, whose patrimonial estate of "Holme" forms part of the district, and who long resided here.

We learn, with regard to Standing, that in his early youth he was distinguished for that restless activity which, when not directed to a proper end, frequently leads the subject into serious mischief; and that in consequence of this, and the *res angusta domi*, he was hooked into harness pretty early. Before attaining his eighth year he was set to work at a bobbin manufactory; some time later he worked in a cotton factory; and subsequently, his father having become a partner in a brickmaking business, young Standing went to assist in the brickyard. When in his teens studious habits developed themselves, and his natural parts being good Standing's progress in certain branches of knowledge was rapid. His chief studies were linguistic and philological, though he made fair progress in several other branches; and he not only attained to considerable proficiency in the French and German languages, but made a more than respectable acquaintance with the two literatures. And by the way, in looking over his papers, I find that Standing, with the practical and calculating turn of the people among whom he lived, was in the habit of summing up the *money*

value (according to his own estimate) of his new intellectual acquirements!—a trait intensely characteristic, and one which confirms all that I have previously stated in this regard.

Very early Standing began to write pieces in the local dialect, both prose and verse, these first literary efforts of his generally finding a place in the columns of the *Todmorden Advertiser*, the oldest paper of the district, and to which he contributed up to within a few months of his death. But his object being to make his literary attainments and abilities "pay" at the earliest possible moment, and in the most feasible fashion, he shortly hit upon the idea of a kind of literary almanack, and at the end of 1873 issued his first *Lancashire and Yorkshire Comic, Historic, and Poetic Almanack*—a sufficiently sounding and comprehensive title, the last issue appearing in 1877, the year preceding his death. The literary matter filling this almanack is mainly written in the vernacular, and includes some of Standing's best efforts, though these are sadly mixed with others very inferior. The Muses do not willingly serve Plutus, and very often when hooked into the household wagon the "fiery" Pegasus will not stir a foot! Nor, unless in posthumous fame, has much of the world's best work ever been paid for. But present pence, rather than posthumous, or even present fame (which, after all, makes not the pot to boil), was wanted here; and Standing putting his literary wares into marketable shape, his almanack, with its sounding title, came to have a wide circulation not only in the Burnley valley but throughout the district. It is from one of these almanacks, viz., that issued for 1874, that I have drawn the foregoing history of "Old Langsettle and his Dupes." Previously to the issue of this publication Standing had appeared before the Lancashire public as the author of a small collection of verse and prose pieces, in the local

dialect, under the title of *Echoes from a Lancashire Vale* (publisher, John Heywood, Manchester). This little *brochure*, which reached a second thousand, contains one or two things so very characteristic that I shall take the opportunity of extracting them. Here is one, a true picture of a Burnley valley interior, entitled "Wimmen's Wark es Niver Done:"

Aw dunnot reckon aw con preytch,
  Aw ne'er were treyn'd to do 't,
Yet may be aw cud make a speech
  If aw were reyt put to 't;
At least aw've lang'd sometimes to try,
  An' neaw aw've like begun,
An' this es th' text aw've taen i' hand—
  "Wimmen's wark es niver done."
O'th' Monday morn aw get up tired—
  A child tug, tug at th' breast;
Aw think sometimes aw'd lig whol eight,
  But really ther's no rest.
Bi th' workers get off to ther wark
  Another lot begin
To romp abeawt, an' feight, an' heyt,
  An' make a weary din;
One's sheawtin—"Mother, do get up
  An' come an' lick eawr John,
He's makin' sugar-butter-cakes,
  An' leyin' treycle on;
Eawr Billy's been i'th' cobberd top
  An' brokken th' fancy plate
Ut yo tell'd us we mudn't touch—
  Yo'd put it eawt o'th' gate."
An' then eawr Betty's rooitin' up
  I'th' box ut should be fast;
Eawr Tommy's runn'd eawt in his shirt
  An's makin' cakes wi nast."

This way they carry on ther pranks,
  An' make ther rows i'th' heawse,
Whol aw'm plump foarc'd to get op too,
  For talkin's ov no use.
Aw've then to buckle to mi wark,
  For aw've so mich to do
Whol 't ligs i' yeps o' ivery side,
  An' plenty on't for two.

Wi' th' young un skrikin' i' mi arms,
  Aw do th' jobs as aw con :
Aw've th' breykfast first of all to make,
  An' th' childer's clooas to don ;
Then two or three mun off to th' schooil,
  An' that i' time an' all ;
Or else they'll say they dar' not go
  An' sit ther deawn an' bawl.
Th' clock then strikes nine afoore aw've th' chonce
  To get a bite o' meyt.
A mother's no chonce fur hersel
  Whol th' childer's eawt o'th' gate.
It's reyk mi this, an' fotch mi t' tother,
  Gie mi that, an' bring another,
This button stitch, that gallus sew,
  This shirt sleeve mend—it's all i' tew ;
An' mony a scoor o' little jobs
  'At aw con hardly mention,
That all tak op a mother's time,
  Her patience an' attention.

Bi th' time aw get mi child asleep,
  Aw've then to start an' shap
To make a dinner o' some kind
  Whol th' babby gets a nap;
When in come two or three fro' th' schooil,
  An' start o' roatin' eawt—
" Han yo' etten all t' parkin up?
  Aw'll bet yo'n laft me beawt."
Aw've then to grin, an' stamp, an' feight,
  An' jowl ther yeds together ;
An' spite ov all they wakken th' child
  An' cause mi endless bother ;
So that aw coan't ha' th' dinner made
  Bi th' tother lot come in ;
Aw've then their freawnin' looks to tak',
  Beside their plaguey din.
They niver seem to think it aught
  Heawiver aw've to run,
An' niver seem to gie 't a thought
  Ut my wark's niver done.

Aw think sometimes aw should be made
  To do beawt rest or bed,
Wi' double hands at oather side,
  An' een all round mi yed :

Aw cudn't then mind ivery point,
  An' keep all corners reyt—
Wheer ther's a rook o' childer kept
  Yo' connut keep things streyt.
I'th' afternoin aw'm thranged wi' wark,
  Aw've ne'er no time to leyk ;
Ther's weyshin' deys an' cleanin' deys,
  An' deys to cook and bake,
An' mony a hundred bits o' jobs
  'At mothers han' to do.
Ther's weyshin' up, an' mendin' stuff,
  An' th' bit o' nursin' too ;
But th' creawnin' point ov all, aw think,
  Is after six at neet:
A'a ! what a pantomime ther is !
  It'ld cap yo' all to see 't:
One sits i'th' nook, its face awry,
  An' makin' sich a din—
It's yerd a hurdy-gurdy chap,
  An' neaw it's practisin'.
Another's seen some huntin' dogs,
  An's looin' like a heawnd,
Or sheawtin' like th' owld huntin' chap—
  It seems to fancy th' seawnd.
Then one or two 'at's deawn o'th' floor
  Are usin' all ther brains
To puff an' blow, an' yell an' crow,
  Like whistlin' railway trains.
Another batch o'th' bigger end
  Are jackin' o'er ther wark,
Or playin' bits o' crafty tricks,
  To have a merry lark.
At th' end of all they disagree,
  An' then, folks, A'a, what bother !
One turns to bein' meysterful,
  An' starts o' cleawtin' t'other.
Aw've then to start an' feight mysel',
  For tawkin's eawt o' date ;
They've getten hoofed wi' 't, like th' owd chap,
  An' laugh to yer mi prate.
An' as for *him*, he takes no part
  I' keepin' th' corners square ;
Heawiver heedless th' childer be,
  He niver seems to care ;
An' 'steead o' leyin' on a hand,
  An' helpin' what he con,

He leovs all t' bits o' jobs to me,
  Whol mi wark's niver done.
At last ov all they get to bed;
  Aw'm some an' feyn to see 't,
For it's a comfort to be quiet
  An heawr or two at neet.
Aw wish sometimes aw had been born
  Below a lucky star,
Wi' all mi looaves an' muffins baked,
  Like th' gentle folks's are.
But, then, agen, aw think, for sure,
  All persons have ther ills;
We'd just as weel be killed wi' wark
  As dee wi' takkin' pills.
Then when aw look at th' childer's cheeks
  It brings joy to my heart;
Aw tak' a noble pride to think
  Aw act a woman's part.
An' though aw ha' no halls nor land
  'At aw mi own con call,
Aw'm blest wi' childer fresh an' fair,
  An' that eawtweighs 'em all.

In 1876 Standing published what he calls his "*Continental Run:* comprising a glance at the chief Cities of Europe," a stiffish *brochure* of some fifty pages, which attained a considerable local circulation.

About the time that Standing began authorship he emerged from the brickyard, and established a school at "Vale," in the Burnley valley, which he conducted for several years with marked success. But having married, and becoming seized with a fierce desire—"fierce" is the word—to "get on in the world," he gave up school-teaching, and started the business of a boot, shoe, and leather dealer, in the neighbouring town of Todmorden, in conjunction with his father. To this he shortly after added the trade of a tobacconist, which he carried on at Burnley, eight miles distant. And, as if this were not enough, he engaged, at the same time, in the profession of auctioneer and general appraiser in the two last-named towns! In one of his poems

in the dialect already quoted, in one of those *occasional* strokes which prove his latent powers, and show what he might, with due patience and painstaking, have done and become, Standing says:

> But, then, agen, aw think, for sure,
> All persons have ther ills;
> *We'd just as weel be killed wi' wark*
> *As dee wi' takkin' pills!*

The sparkling wit and appositeness of this passage are worthy of Burns, that prince of dialect writers, and finding these *occasional* "nuggets" one is constrained to exclaim: *O si sic omnia!*

> We'd just as weel be killed wi' wark
> As dee wi' takkin' pills.

Yes! but only the healthy man can snap his fingers at the doctors; and about this time poor Standing's health began to fail him to such an extent that he was fain to resort to what, in his provincial way, he always called "doctor's physic." All the above trades, businesses, callings, and occupations, with the accompanying turmoil and anxieties, were too much for even a strong man. The "pills" had to be "takk'n" at last!

To add to his difficulties and sorrows, his poor wife, whose health had never been robust, now suddenly fell sick and died; his only surviving child soon followed: the bitter cup was charged to the brim. Worn out with grief and anxiety, as well as with sickness, Standing succumbed, and within the brief period of eight months father, mother, and child were gathered in one common grave under the greensward of the little Baptist Chapel at Vale—a sudden and a tragical ending, indeed, to a career at one time not wanting in promise.

It was some time before his death, which occurred in February, 1878, that I last saw Standing, at Hurstwood, on the borders of his native Cliviger—Hurstwood, for ever

renowned as the sometime home of the poet Spenser—a quaint little village, near which the sparkling and wood-fringed Brun, whose source is in the wild moorlands above, comes tumbling with foam over mossy rocks, or glides silently in deep pools darkened by overhanging foliage. On the banks of this stream, so charming at this point, Standing, who was in poor health at the time, lingered in the twilight of a still, autumn day to rest awhile, for, along with a party of friends, we had had what he called a "heavy run" over the crags and fells of Cliviger. In the twilight he lingered long, muttering, if I rightly remember, those beautiful lines of Schiller's :—

> In des Herzens heilig stille Räume
> Musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang !

and in the twilight we bade him good-bye—as it happened, a last good-bye. And reflecting, now, upon the sad changes that so speedily followed, it seems twilight still, but a twilight deepening into darkness and night.

Personally I was attached to Standing, for, despite a somewhat uncouth exterior, and manners that might be called "provincial," he was a person of the tenderest sensibility and the most delicate heart, who had read the poets carefully and thoughtfully, and with one of the greatest of the moderns had heard

> The still, sad music of humanity !

In him the kernel of the nut was as sweet as the husk was rough. With Nature who, as Maine de Biran says, "ever whispers consoling secrets to attentive ears," Standing walked, as with a mistress whom he loved. To all her changing aspects his eyes were open ; and often in journeying, a solitary traveller, over the dusky moors that stretch for miles and miles around his home he had felt

> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills !

As is often the case, though Standing's acquaintances were many, his friends were few; but to those few he was singularly devoted, and one of them tells, with much emotion even yet, how when he had suddenly fallen a victim to an infectious disease of a most virulent character, and lay sick unto death, none daring to approach him, Standing loyally came to his bedside, at the risk of his own life, and nursed him into health again!—a noble instance of that kind of moral grandeur and heroism which the poets have not too much dwelt on.

Among Standing's friends above referred to were Dr. Spencer T. Hall, the late Mr. Wilkinson, of Burnley, Mr. Henry Nutter, of the same town, and others. Among his numerous acquaintances were not a few gentlemen connected with the Manchester Literary Club, of which he was for several years a useful member. And when Messrs. Nodal and Milner began the compilation of their *Glossary of Lancashire Words*, Standing rendered them an assistance which was deemed worthy of public acknowledgment.

With regard to Standing's writings, they have been thought by some to be more or less open to the charge of coarseness, but to this charge their author was wont to reply that he did but paint men and women as he found them—from the life, and as Cromwell desired to be painted—with the wart on his nose. To the writer of this memoir his translations from the French and German, and his compositions in the dialect, were sent up from the beginning. Nor was it long before I detected in the latter some traces of original power, some departures, welcome however slight, from the deep-worn ruts and grooves of the hackneyed, some variety from the eternal *réchauffement*, and everlasting hash-up of things, though accompanied by every fault of execution. And I enjoined him to follow Boileau's oft-quoted advice in similar circumstances:

Polissez et repolissez,
Abrégez quelquefois, et souvent effacez.

Had Standing survived, and found himself able to adopt the above friendly counsel, I believe that, with his undoubted originality, his keen insight into character, and his overflowing humour, he might have made a name in literature. As it is, and brief as must, from the very nature of the case, be the fame of writers in any dialect whatsoever (save in rare instances of supreme genius), I venture to think that one or two, at least, of these sketches of Standing's will live yet for some years, and this by the vivid and "fast" colours in which he has painted a condition of things phenomenal amid so much general enlightenment, but which is surely passing, and will in the course of another generation have totally passed, away.

NOTE.—*Have the dialects been used too extensively?*—The question whether dialects, as literary vehicles, *can* be used too extensively is one well worth discussing. A continental writer (E. Seinguerlet) declares himself upon the question in the following emphatic manner:—Je ne nie pas qu'un langage rustique n'ait un caractère de droiture et de bonhomie, un air cordial et franc, un arome agreste qui séduit au premier abord. Mais . . . quelque valeur prétendue poétique qu'on veuille reconnaitre au patois, ce qui doit le condamner aux yeux des amis du progrès et leur impose le devoir de l'étouffer et non de le ressusciter, c'est que partout il est au-dessous du niveau intellectuel du pays, qu'il est impuissant à traduire ce qui fait la gloire de la nation, de grandes pensées et de larges aspirations politiques et sociales, que c'est un instrument imparfait, un moyen duquel nul homme n'arrivera jamais à s'élever à la hauteur de la civilisation qui l'entoure, &c., &c.

HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.

BY E. B. HINDLE.

AMIEL'S *Journal Intime** came accidentally into my hands not long after its publication in Switzerland. I knew nothing of it beforehand, and felt but little tempted to read it. One day, however, I carelessly turned over the first few pages, and then I read on and on, and could scarcely lay down the book till I had read it all. I found it one of the most fascinating works I had ever read, remarkable alike for variety and originality of thought, and for nobility and beauty of style, and one, it seemed to me, that should rank among the classics of the age, and place its writer with the immortals. The two volumes consist of extracts from a private diary extending over a period of more than thirty years, commencing in 1848, and continued till the end of April, 1881, one week only before the death of the author, who, during nearly the whole time, was professor of æsthetics and philosophy at Geneva. Preceding the diary is an interesting introductory study by Edmond Scherer, one of the most able and acute of contemporary French critics, and by no means an unworthy successor of Sainte-Beuve in his prefaces to De Sénancour's *Obermann* and the *Journal* of Maurice de Guérin, two

* Genève. H. Georg. Paris. Robert. Two vols. 1884.

works of a somewhat similar character to the one I am now dealing with. He had the advantage of some acquaintance with Amiel, and I think I cannot do better in the first place than give a *résumé* of his introduction. Scherer starts by saying that he knew Amiel too late and lost sight of him too soon to be able to write his life, and will, therefore, confine himself to a study of his character and his thoughts. He does, however, mention some points in his history which greatly influenced his destiny, and tended to make of him the solitary and melancholy dreamer he was. A native of Geneva, Amiel was early left an orphan, and at school was very unhappy; but those wretched youthful days were succeeded by a brighter time spent as a student in Germany, where was opened to his dazzled eyes the world of science and of philosophical speculation, making upon him most lasting impressions, and causing him subsequently to look back upon that time as about the happiest period of his life. Long afterward he could not speak without emotion of the impression of august serenity enveloping him when, rising before dawn and lighting his student's lamp, he went to his desk as to an altar, reading, meditating, in concentration of thought seeing the ages pass before him, space unroll, and the absolute become plain and palpable. Returning to Geneva, young, learned, travelled, and accomplished, the world seemed before him where to choose. In a few months he obtained a chair at the Academy. This, however, instead of being the happy circumstance it should have been, was on the contrary a great misfortune, and exercised a most unhappy influence upon his life and career. Shortly before his return there had been a political revolution at Geneva, resulting in the Democratic party obtaining power and office. Among other dismissals which then took place were those of the professors of the Academy, and it was to one of the chairs thus rendered vacant that Amiel was appointed. Though

far from being a politician, in the ordinary sense of the word, his writings show that he was not by any means in sympathy with those who appointed him. Nevertheless, in consequence of his taking the appointment from them, he was cut off from all the society of the place that would have been congenial to him, and suffered a lasting and cruel isolation—to him a martyrdom. It would not have mattered so much if he had obtained great academic or literary success, but the constitution of his mind and his modes of thought and work prevented such results. The reasons why he produced so little, and why that little was so unsatisfactory, are now disclosed by his diary, where they are shown with a rigour of analysis which leaves nothing to be desired. But they were a mystery to his friends during his life. Scherer describes a time when he with one or two friends and Amiel made regular excursions, delightful days which in distant memory seem lit with golden shafts of light, with health, youth, and friendship, the pleasures of the country being joined to the exchange of ideas, the caprices of fancy, and the sallies of gaiety. When Amiel went with them it was indeed a feast. He threw unexpected light upon subjects the most abstruse. He animated them with his heartiness. If his grammatical niceties sometimes vexed them, how often, on the other hand, did he cause them to admire the variety of his knowledge, the precision of his ideas, the graces of his mind. Always, moreover, amiable, benevolent, one of those natures we can depend upon in all security. He left them only one regret. They could not understand how it was that a man so admirably endowed produced nothing or only produced nothings. Advice, remonstrance, made no difference. He still continued to produce work in which there was an evident disproportion between the merit of the writer and the value of the result. One of the last of these productions, *Les Étrangères*, was dedicated to Scherer, who then publicly

expressed his dissatisfaction, but who now, while he does not reproach himself for having been sincere, regrets to have known too late, by the reading of this journal, the solution of a problem which at the time seemed hardly serious to him, but which to-day he feels was tragic, and he is remorseful not to have been able before to understand Amiel and to mitigate his sufferings by a sympathy born of pity and admiration. Scherer continues,—Amiel had a habit without which he would in all probability have been quickly forgotten. He trusted to paper almost daily his ideas, his agitations, his complaints. There as in a secret sanctuary he interrogated his conscience, placed himself again in face of the enigmas of life, and acquired renewed strength in meditation upon duty and in the contemplation of the infinite. An exercise dangerous from the risk of increasing the torments of a spirit inclined before to turn his thoughts upon himself, but which also serves sometimes to re-establish the equilibrium of a soul in forcing it to consider things in their proper light. There is a pacifying and satisfactory influence in a confession made pen in hand; we separate ourselves from our adversities in putting upon paper the griefs we have against fate and against ourselves. Amiel was faithful to this habit until the last days of his life, and has thus left to us, along with the proof of gifts superior to all we ever suspected in him, the most precious resources for the history of his thought. The difference between what we knew of him and what we shall know of him will be one of the most curious facts of literary history. We believed him sterile, and he is inexhaustible; we reproached him for wasting his time upon *jeux d'esprit*, and we discover in him an extraordinary profundity of thought and sentiment; we were annoyed in his writings with a kind of affectation, and the form here becomes large and sometimes magnificent, throwing into philosophy all that personal emotion can communicate

of eloquence. Ease and force have replaced laboured refinement. The writer that we have seen not long ago occupied in dissecting words and weighing syllables has now at the end of his pen a language which lends itself by turns to the precise statement of questions, to subtle analysis of sentiments, to sublime description of the apparent universe, and to forceful poetry relating to the problem of destiny. Scherer does not know with what to compare the journal of Amiel as a drama of thought, as a meditation at once religious and disquieted concerning the mysteries of existence, except the monologues of Maine de Biran, of Maurice de Guérin, and of Étienne de Sénancour. But, he says, Amiel penetrates to depths more profound, and his suffering has in it something more august than theirs; the dazzling transplendency of the infinite, the suspicion of the indifference of the universe. His speculative philosophy is very differently vast, his morbid psychology very differently curious, his moral perplexity very differently pathetic. He would be indefinable if he had not defined himself in his journal with ingenuity and exactness as uniting in himself extreme objectivity of thought with extreme subjectivity of sentiment, and then he speaks of himself as being occupied concerning the two limits of being to the neglect of what is between. Amiel is there complete; he contemplates the universe in his abstraction—that is to say, outside his relations with life and its needs, the victim of that double nobleness of intelligence and sentiment struggles in vain against the conditions of action. The intelligence of Amiel is of marvellous avidity and activity. Possessed of a universal curiosity he seeks less to conclude than to know, less to master and combine than to embrace. One need dominates, the expression of which often occurs in his journal, "the need of totality." Limits disquiet him. Nothing in his conception exists apart from the whole. Up to this

point we have only the man of knowledge and awakened thought. Here, however, commence the peculiarities of the man. His nature is plastic and takes all forms that he wills, his mentality fails in concentration and tends to confound itself with things, his being is fluid and yields to the solicitations of the infinite. He speaks often of this faculty of transmutation, of putting away his personality and placing himself in other conditions of consciousness or even of unconsciousness, and calls it by turns simplification, reimplication, proteism. He introduced the subject in an early work of his entitled *Grains de Mil*, and described, in such vivid sentences as to startle Scherer and arouse his curiosity, "the process of reducing himself to the condition of a germ, a point, of latent existence, of being able to free himself from space, from time, from body, and from life, and to plunge from circle to circle as far as the darkness of his primitive existence, and to experience through innumerable metamorphoses the sensation of his own genesis." The gift of Amiel to transport himself into determined states of existence connects itself with a higher faculty still, that of identification with the generality of the universe. He depicts the protean nature as capable of perpetual metamorphosis and polarization, as containing all potentiality, loving form, and yet not taking any definite form, a spirit so subtle and fugitive that no base can absorb or fix it, reissuing from every temporary combination, free, volatile, and despairingly independent. Later he writes that he finds it necessary to make an effort to affirm himself, to personalize himself. The abyss draws and attracts him always, the infinite tempts him, the mystery of it all fascinates him, the unification, the henosis of Plotinus, intoxicates him like a philtre. Disgust with his individual life and the swallowing up of his private will in the pure consciousness of the universal activity is his prevailing tendency, his weakness, his instinct.

Scherer goes on to remark that to put off personality, even to lose it in the infinite, is still activity, still personality, but the infinite demands even the rest of conscious life. Under the fascination of the absolute the soul becomes more and more passive. The mystic throws himself with a kind of voluptuous feeling into the bottomless abyss of possibilities. From the embryonic nothing which he touched just now, Amiel descends to the nothing of the universal illusion. His intoxication of soul and of style communicates itself to his reader. We assist at prodigies of speculative thought described in language not less prodigious. Thus Amiel writes in 1856:—

> I find no voice for what I experience. I am plunged in profoundest meditation. I hear my heart beating and my life passing. It seems to me that I am become a statue on the banks of the river of Time, that I assist at some mystery whence I shall issue old or without age. I feel myself anonymous, impersonal, with an eye fixed like that of the dead, and a spirit vague and universal, like the absolute or the nothing. I am as it were suspended; I am as though I were not. In these moments it seems as if my consciousness withdrew into its eternity. It sees circulating within it its stars and its nature, with its seasons and its myriads of individual things. It perceives itself in its very substance superior to all form, containing its past, its present, and its future, a void which includes everything, a medium at once fertile and invisible, the virtuality of a world which disengages itself from its own existence in order to recover itself in its pure essence. In these sublime moments the soul has returned to the state of indetermination, she has unravelled herself, she has become once more a divine embyro. Everything effaces and dissolves itself, resumes the primitive state, returns to its original fluidity, without form, without angle, without fixed plan. This condition is contemplation, and not stupor. It is neither painful, nor joyous, nor sad; it is beyond everything special in feeling, as it is beyond everything finite in thought. It is the consciousness of being and the consciousness of the omnipossibility latent in the depth of being. It is the sensation of the spiritual infinite.

Reading these things reminds one of a passage in Maurice de Guérin, recounting some remarks of M. de Lamennais: "Do you know," said M. Féli (the pet name for M. de Lamennais in the circle at La Chênaie), "do you know why man is the most suffering of creatures? It is because he has one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite, and that

he is torn asunder, not by wild horses as in the horrible old times, but between two worlds." Also one is reminded of the saying of Xenophanes: "Wherever I turn to consider I am lost in the one and all," upon which Emerson has founded some beautiful thoughts in poetic form. And much of modern poetry manifests something of the same tendency, in the identification of man and nature, in the recognition of the interpenetration, interfusion, and harmony of parts in the universe and of the union of finite and infinite, and in subtle analysis of their relations, all this evidencing the alert and restless intellectuality of our day, the widening of our mental horizon, and a grander, deeper mental vision. Passing over fifteen years, we find Amiel still haunted by the same thoughts, but expressing them always with new eloquence. Thus again he says:

> The individual life is a nothing which does not know itself, and so soon as this nothing comes to such knowledge, the individual life is in principle abolished. As soon as the illusion disappears the nothing again takes up its eternal *rôle*, the suffering of life is ended, error disappears, time and form have ceased to be for that enfranchised individuality, the bubble has evaporated in infinite space, and the misery of thought in the immutable repose of the illimitable nothing. The absolute, if it were mind, would still be activity; and activity, daughter of desire, is incompatible with the absolute. The absolute is the zero of all determination, and the only mode of being that agrees with it is the nothing.

The need of totality, Scherer observes in continuation, aspiration towards the infinite, the thirst of the absolute—transport all that into the domain of personal sentiment, into the labour of conscience, and you will have idealism. Amiel was martyr to the ideal. He did not marry, and, speaking of love, he says that it is for him something so sacred that he trembles to pass the threshold, as one would recoil from opening the letter that may contain sentence of death. He does not do what he desires, he wills not what he wills, because the ideal realized is no longer the ideal, because to abase it to the conditions of the finite and the

imperfect would be a profanation. The consequence was that Amiel in love drew back before avowal, and in literature recoiled from completing a work. Idealism is the contradiction *par excellence*, since the ideal is only a chimera if it does not tend to realization, and it cannot be realized without ceasing to be the ideal. We need not then be surprised to find Amiel complaining of the contradictions of his nature, nor to find at the bottom of these contradictions that timidity the secret of which he has just revealed to us. He has an aphorism that "Each is generally the contrary of what he wishes to be," and thus ingeniously endeavours to formulate the law of that condition :

> We are the contrary of what we love. The elements of our nature ordinarily hold each other in check and counterpoise. We are generally what we reprove. We tend towards extremes and towards equilibrium, from thence our contradictions, our laws of alternation. Each marked tendency induces in us an opposite tendency.

He becomes himself the plaything of this antinomianism, and is ever referring to it :

> Action is my cross because it should be my dream. It is through infinite ambition that I have no ambition. I have need of success to enable me to trust in myself and to utilize the force I have, and I disdain success. The immensity of my ambition has cured me of ambition. How can one become enthusiastic over anything mean, when one has tasted of infinite life?

Then come refinements natural to this subtle soul. Amiel not only renounces the attainment of an end he has placed too high, he even acts in a contrary direction, his own interest being to him an ignoble and servile motive. We can here see the strangeness of this case. Doubtless we may encounter instances of sentiment too delicate, of soul too sensible, and at the same time of self-love too susceptible, pride too awakened, the fear of humiliation too great, to risk a defeat, but there was something more with Amiel. Attracted by anything desirable, he fled from it through fear of disenchantment, and in order better to do so he threw himself against it. Asceticism of soul carried to too great lengths,

repression of aspiration which did not dare, and punished itself for not knowing how. All who were intimate with Amiel agree concerning the contradictory aspects of his nature, the oppositions of his character resulting at once in richness and sterility, ambiguity and charm. Even his idealism appeared a weakness as well as a nobility. And what other contrasts of every kind. The religious sense and audacities of intellect, mysticism and mental curiosity, ambition and apathy, timidity and pride, reserve and the need of *abandon*, candour and irony, despair and frivolity, the taste and desire for great, the greatest, things and childishness—in short, something in all his modes of being which condemned his real value and nobility to remain unrecognized. The spiritual constitution of Amiel gives us his life, one long struggle against the virile conditions of existence, his great grief the will that cannot will, his work, the conscious and completed work which amounts to little, and the work unconscious and fragmentary, the observation of himself, the daily psychological annotations of which nothing surpasses the interest. Everything unites to make Amiel unfit for action. The passion for the complete and perfect, which is only one of the forms of preoccupation concerning the absolute, with him incessantly intervenes between conception and execution. How can he ever put pen to paper when he believes it his duty to say all that can be said, and wishes to say it better than well? He is dominated, according to his own expression, by the metaphysical sentiment of the infinite multitude of possibilities, and by the critical sentiment of the insufficiency of each possibility presented. Constantly dwelling upon the absolute, the infinite, was another of his drawbacks, as were also his over-keen reflective power, his too penetrating critical sense, and his too rigorous taste. "Analytical, dreamy, unsatisfied soul," Amiel reproaches himself, "thou wilt spoil all because ever thou goest straight

to the defect." The intensity of his interior life rendered him unfit for the ordinary *rôle*. A contemplative spirit such as his could not interest itself to persuade or bend to the minds of others. The state, the public, opinion, he avows were apart from his life and meant scarcely anything to him, and this without taking into account the natural aversion of the thinker for the degradations of propagandism and the disdain of intellectual aristocracy for the masses. He writes:

I never think of the public, of utility, of general information, and I experience a sufficient joy in having participated in a mystery, in having discovered something profound, in having touched some sacred reality. It suffices me to know—to express, to inform seems to profane and improperly disclose such knowledge. This is quite a feminine instinct, the protection of sentiment, the shrouding of individual experiences, silence concerning finer secrets. I incline towards esotericism, towards Pythagorean discretion, through my aversion from vulgar boasting. My essential faculty is facility of metamorphosis, the comprehension of the infinite diversities of life in different beings. To repeat and reproduce in myself by sympathetic understanding all individual existences is more easy for me than to live my own life. From the commencement I have been a dreamer, fearing to act, loving the perfect, and as incapable to waive its requirements as to satisfy them; in short, an expanded intellect and a weak character, curious to experience all things, and unfit to execute anything. The ideal has cut me off from all positive ambition. Moreover, I have never had a distinct view of my true vocation nor, consequently, fixity of purpose, consistency of nature, persistence in work. Complete disillusion means absolute immobility. He who has read the answer to the problem has departed from the world of the living; he is dead indeed.

Amiel did not thus think of and see himself without keenest suffering. Calm dominates in these analyses of destiny because they are analyses. But this calm is deceitful, and gives place at times to lyrics of complaint. Listen to the description of an evening in the return of Spring; it is the monody of despair:

I sing in subdued voice some dreamy melody, and I hear my heart say to the stars—How many times shall I again behold you? What is there for me beyond this life? And why does it afford me so little joy? Thy zenith is passed, and already thou goest towards thy setting. Empty heart, poor existence, declining force, youth flown, time lost, joys absent, dreams vanished, hopes destroyed, sad realities which thou canst not but grasp and recognize in spite of thyself.

Amiel most often only accuses himself of his fate. Sometimes, however, his complaints are generalized and addressed not to his destiny but to destiny itself. He says, in one part of his journal:

> Certainly, Nature is iniquitous, without shame, without probity, without faith. She wishes to know only gratuitous favour or mad aversion, and understands only the compensation of one injustice by another. The happiness of some is compensated by the unhappiness of a far greater number. It is useless to wrangle with a blind force. The human conscience revolts against that law, and to satisfy its instinct of justice has imagined two hypotheses, of which it has made a religion, the idea of an individual providence and the hypothesis of another life. And there is a protestation against Nature declared immoral and scandalous.

Scherer next proceeds to discuss whether Amiel should be described as a pessimist. He says the point of departure is unhappily unmistakable, unquestionable. Sorrow and human perversity are realities, which cannot be denied. But thought in presence of these facts can take one of three attitudes—optimism, pessimism, or the acceptance of the inevitable, and, after making a number of interesting observations too lengthy, however, to quote, he concludes that Amiel was not an optimist—he suffered too much for that; nor a pessimist—for generally it did not please him to speak ill or hopelessly of human destiny; nor was he resigned, for he revolted against the sovereignty of things. "I do not accept," he writes, "the force, the fact, the reality, which oppress without persuading me." Above all he does not accept himself. Amiel, we should always remember, is the victim of a very peculiar psychological constitution, which is at once his misery and his grandeur. Soul, tender and modest, he struggles between love which desires possession and the satisfaction which profanes; artist, between the ideal which aspires to realization and the realization which is the violation of the idea; thinker, between the speculation which is only at ease in the infinite and an infinite which gives him only nothingness; man, between the will which

wishes to will and the impotence of will to furnish motives. Recalling an expression of Fromentin in *Dominique*, he resembles a man who, by a miracle, has been enabled to see life from outside of it. He had the religious temperament, as his journal abundantly testifies, but along with keenest intellectuality and widest toleration. He was neither orthodox nor heretic, believer nor unbeliever, he was where these oppositions had no place. We are not here reduced to conjectures. A passage from his journal, written three months before his death, gives us, as his last word on the subject, explanations full of interest concerning his religious thought. He writes:

> For many years past the immanent God has been more real to me than the transcendent God. The religion of Jacob has been more strange to me than that of Kant, or even of Spinoza. All the Semitic dramaturgy has appeared to me a work of imagination. In my eyes the Apostolical documents have changed in value and meaning. Belief and truth have with increasing clearness become things distinct. Religious psychology has become a simple phenomenon, and has lost fixed and soul-fact value. The apologetics of Pascal, of Leibnitz, of Secrétan, do not seem to me more convincing than those of the middle ages, for they assume that which is in question: a revealed faith, a definite and immutable Christianity. It seems to me that what remains from all my studies is a new phenomenology of mind, an intuition of the universal metamorphosis. All particular convictions, all distinct principles and formulæ, all teachable ideas, are only prejudices, possibly useful in practice, but really only narrowness of mind. The absolute in detail is absurd and contradictory. All political, religious, æsthetic, or literary parties are but immobilities of thought. Every special belief represents thought become stiffened and obtuse. But this consistency is necessary in its place and time. The thinking monad frees itself from the limits of time and space and from its historical surrounding, but in its individual capacity, and for the sake of action, it adapts itself to current illusions, and proposes to itself a determinate end.

After so many analyses and distinctions, have we, asks Scherer, at last Amiel wholly before us? Scarcely, he adds, for Amiel in reckoning up his life forcibly re-opened the sources of his sadness, so his daily chronicle contained few traces of that gaiety of character of which he had much. Thus more and more we find in his character, as in his intelligence, there is something we cannot lay hold of, too

movable and too fluid to be completely defined. Scherer thus concludes his study of his friend. The soul and the life of Amiel, we have sufficiently seen, are a tissue of contrasts; however, it is the greatest as it is the last paradox of his existence, that not having been able to give us the measure of his capacity in work planned and thought out, he has left to us after his death, in sibylline leaves, a book that will not die, and the value of the book consists precisely in the fidelity with which he there retraces the sufferings of a sterile genius. In those pages Amiel intends to put himself entirely as he is, with the result that he shows himself stripped of all the infirmities of his nature. He there recounts his sorrows, but the secret of his evil fate is sublime and the expression of it is admirable. In writing his confessions Amiel is not composing or producing, consequently he is not combatting for an ideal that flees from him, he is not oppressed by the burden of a perfection he cannot seize. The unique character of the work lies in the fact that it was never intended to be one. Amiel has only done that, he was condemned to do only that, and he was at the same time condemned to do it marvellously. I say condemned, for he has not written this journal with his talent but with the substance of his soul, with the palpitations of his life. His unhappiness and his genius are inseparable. He was of those who have touched with their wing the angel of visions ineffable and of sadnesses divine.

The above is mainly a summary of Scherer's introductory study, which extends over about a third of the first volume, and is so complete an account of Amiel, so excellent an analysis of his journal, that, having extracted so much of it, I might very well here conclude this paper. I cannot refrain, though, from giving a few more quotations from the diary, of which there is scarcely a page that does not contain elevating and beautiful thought, evidences of refinement,

learning, culture, critical insight, and intellectual power. Ever he manifests his love of the beautiful, and some passages of description are prose poems of extraordinary beauty. Throughout the book, too, are scattered, like sparkling gems, aphorisms and maxims of profound wisdom and originality. It is almost impossible to render these things so as to convey the beauty of the original; certainly I cannot do so, and I only hope that what I have done may lead to a study of the book itself, a study that I can confidently say will be amply repaid. I find I must omit many passages I had marked for the purpose of translation, though I do so very reluctantly. Many of them are too long, and then again there is the difficulty of choice, the embarrassment of riches. Here is something written at the beginning of 1867 commencing the second volume, a sort of keynote to the whole, an indication of the thoughts with which the mind of Amiel is constantly occupied. He then writes:

> I distinctly hear the drops of my life falling in the devouring gulf of eternity. I feel the flight of my days before the angel of death. All that remain to me of weeks, of months, or of years in which I may drink in the light of the sun, appear to me scarcely more than a night, a night of summer that does not count, for it begins but to end. Death! Silence! The abyss! Dreadful mysteries for the being who aspires to immortality, happiness, perfection. Where shall I be to-morrow, in a little time when I shall no longer breathe? Where will be those whom I love? Where are we going? What are we? These eternal problems are always presenting themselves before us in their implacable solemnity. Mystery in everything! Faith the only star in the darkness of incertitude. To confer happiness and do good, there is our law, our anchor of safety, our beacon light, the reason of our being. All religions may crumble away, so long as that subsists we have still an ideal and life is worth living.

I speak of this passage as a keynote because Amiel, years before his comparatively early death, realized that he had not long to live; and throughout the second volume his writing is most pathetic and touching, the beauties of nature are described with affectionate lingering and longing by one who is departing from them, his musings are tinged with sadness, often brightened by resignation, his philosophy

is that of a man who is neither of one world nor the other, his mind is uninfluenced by external considerations, and his soul becomes palpable. Perhaps never before has there been so vivid a realization in words of the pathos of existence, and we get to sorrow with him, to rejoice with him, to love him, to grieve over his approaching end, and to feel his loss with keenest grief. We close the volume with a sigh, recognizing that here was a beautiful soul.

The following passages, full of thought and suggestion, are taken almost at random from different parts of the journal:

To do easily that which is difficult for others is talent, to do that which it is impossible for talent to accomplish is genius.

He who wishes to see with perfect clearness before determining can never determine. Who does not accept regret accepts not life.

The duty which thou seest is binding upon thee the moment thou seest it.

Latent genius is only a presumption. All that can be ought to be, otherwise it is nothing.

What we call small things are the cause of great, for they are the commencement of them, the embryo; and the starting point of existences ordinarily decides all their future. A black point is the beginning of a gangrene, of a hurricane, of a revolution,—a point without more. A small misunderstanding may finally result in hatred and a divorce. An enormous avalanche commences by the detachment of an atom; the destruction of a town by the spark of a match. Almost everything proceeds from almost nothing. Only the first crystallization is work of genius, the ulterior aggregation is an affair of the mass, of attraction, of speed acquired, of mechanical acceleration. History, like Nature, demonstrates the application of the law of inertia and of agglomeration, thus jestingly formulated—Nothing succeeds like success. . . . Have luck, for hazard plays an immense *rôle* in the affairs of men. Those who are among the most successful men in the world's history (Napoleon, Bismarck) avow it: calculation is not without use, but hazard impudently mocks calculation, and the result of a combination is by no means necessarily proportionate to its merit. From the supernatural point of view it is said this pretended chance is the work of God. Man proposes but God disposes. The misfortune is that this presumed intervention causes the stranding of zeal, virtue, devotion, and the success of crime, stupidity, egotism, as often as not. Rude test for faith, which in face of it recoils with the word Mystery on its lips.

Impartiality and objectivity are as rare as justice, of which they are only two particular forms. Interest is an inexhaustible source of complaisant illusions. The number of those who wish to see the truth is extraordinarily small. Fear of truth dominates mankind, at least fear that the truth may not be useful

to them. Interest is the leading principle of vulgar philosophy, or, in other words, truth is made for us, not we for the truth. . . . Humanity has always put to death or persecuted those who have disturbed its interested quietude, and is only ameliorated in spite of itself. The only progress it wishes is the increase of its enjoyments. All progress in justice, in morality, in holiness, has either been imposed or extorted by some noble violence. Sacrifice, which is the luxury of great souls, has never been the law of societies. . . . We have only overturned visible idols. Perpetual sacrifice still everywhere goes on, and everywhere the *élite* of the generations suffer for the well-being of the multitude. It is the austere, sad, mysterious law of solidarity.

With regard to France he writes in 1873 that—

Her fundamental error is in her psychology. She has always believed that a thing said was a thing done, as if rhetoric stood for thoughts, habits, character, the real being; as if verbiage replaced will, conscience, education. She makes only phrases and ruins. She will not see that her inability to organize liberty comes from her own nature, from the notions she has of the individual, of society, of religion, of right, of duty, and from the manner in which she brings up her children. Her fashion is to plant trees by the head and to be astonished at the result. Universal suffrage, with a bad religion and a bad popular education, is the perpetual see-saw between anarchy and a dictator, between red and black, between Danton and Loyola.

One night he dreams a long time in the moonlight, which floods his chamber full of confused mystery, and remarks that—

The condition of soul into which that fantastic luminary plunges us is itself so uncertain and indistinct, that, with regard to it, analysis gropes and hesitates. It is indefinite, unseizable, something like the sound of waves formed of a thousand sounds mixed and harmonized. It is the re-echo of all the unsatisfied desires of the soul, of all the dull, heavy heart pains united in a vague sound which expires in vaporous murmurs. All those imperceptible plaints of which we do not become really conscious, in the aggregate produce results, they translate the sentiment of something wanting, of aspiration, they are the sound resulting from our melancholy. In youth these æolian vibrations are sounds of hope, proof that these thousand indiscernible accents compose the fundamental note of our being and sound the key of our whole situation.

He continues—

Tell me what thou experiencest in thy solitary chamber when the full moon visits thee, and thy lamp is extinguished, and I will tell thee thy age, and I shall know whether thou art happy.

I have chosen this passage in preference to many fine descriptions of the seasons and of the scenery of his beautiful land and elsewhere, because it illustrates a common

tendency of the introspectives, that of moonlight reverie. Obermann, also in Switzerland, goes out in the night time, and tells us that "all a mortal heart could contain of needs and profound *ennuis* he felt and experienced that memorable night." And many strange thoughts he gives us as a consequence of that moonlight ramble. Also one of the finest passages of Maurice de Guérin is where he describes a winter evening's walk on the coast of Brittany. "There," he says, "all the sweet and heavenly melancholies entered into my soul with the music of the ocean, and my spirit strayed as in a paradise of dreams." And that these are experiences of reality I myself can testify. Ineffaceable from memory is a walk I took years ago by the winding Wye, one glorious moonlight night in Autumn. Along I went by the river side till Haddon was reached, and then, in the quaint old garden there, I walked, now in the soft warm light of the yellow moon that it seemed I could almost touch, now in the sombre shadow of mysterious woods or of the gloomy, silent, deserted mansion, the only sounds breaking the silence being the weird hooting of the owls and the sad sighing of the trees. Long I stayed in that ghostly garden, filled with strange thoughts and fancies, with impulses, desires, and longing, unbidden and inexpressible; I was in another world. And I need scarcely add that I was younger then.

Many acute and interesting reflections on authorship, on critics, and criticism, from time to time occur in the journal. Here are some thoughts on composition. Having been working at an article on Madame de Staël, which appeared some time afterward, he declares that to compose demands a concentration and a fluidity he does not possess. He says:

I cannot fuse my material and my ideas. But the imperious domination of the thing is indispensable if one wishes to give it form. It is necessary to brutalize one's subject, as it were, and not to tremble lest one does wrong to it. It is necessary to transmute it into its proper substance. That kind of confident

effrontery fails me. All my nature tends to impersonality, which respects the object and surbordinates itself thereto, from love of truth I dread to conclude, to decide. Then I constantly retrace my steps, instead of running forward I turn in a circle. I fear to have forgotten a point, used some forced expression, put a word in its wrong place, while it is necessary to see the essential and view the thing as a whole. I know not how to make the sacrifice, nor to abandon what should be abandoned. Hurtful timidity, deceitful consciousness, fatal minuteness. Really I have never reflected upon the art of making an article, a study, a book, nor followed methodically the apprenticeship of an author; that would have been useful to me, and I have been ashamed of the useful. It has been as if I were afraid to discover the secret of the masters of the art, and to dismember their *chefs d'œuvre.* When I think that I have always adjourned the serious study of the art of writing in consequence of trembling before it and through secret love for its beauty, I am vexed with my stupidity and my stupid respect. Training and routine would have given me ease, assurance, gaiety, without which *verve* is extinguished. On the contrary, I have taken to two opposed habits of mind, scientific analysis which exhausts the matter and the immediate noting up of floating impressions. The art of composition lies between these two: it requires the living unity of the thing and sustained labour of thought.

Familiar with many languages and literatures, full of erudition and a master of style, Amiel is most admirable as a literary critic, and the journal abounds with book criticism of the greatest interest and value. One of the finest examples of his critical power is his comparison of Chateaubriand and Rousseau, a brilliant analysis in terse and pregnant sentences. Mrs. Humphrey Ward some time ago quoted this criticism in an able article contributed by her to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and I may here mention that a translation of Amiel by Mrs. Ward is on the eve of publication.

Here and there Amiel also gives us musical criticism, evidencing a fine appreciation of different masters. For instance, after hearing *Tannhäuser*, he says that—

Wagner is a powerful spirit, with high poetic feeling. His work is even more poetical than musical. The suppression of the lyric element, and, consequently, of melody, is with him a systematic conviction. There remain only declamation, recitative, and chorus. To avoid the conventional in song, Wagner falls back on another convention, that of not singing. He subordinates the voice to the articulated word, and from fear lest the muse should take flight cuts her wings. So his works are symphonic dramas rather than operas. It is

music depersonalized, Neo-Hegelian, crowd-music, in place of individual-music. So it may well be the music of the future, the music of the socialist democracy, replacing aristocratic, heroic, or subjective art.

This leads me to quote some eloquent reflections on Democracy occurring in the first volume, showing how little he had in common with the Swiss Republicans, whose appointment of him to the professorial chair had such unfortunate results. He has been reading the work of De Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, and, after criticising the style of that author, he goes on to remark that—

The time of great men is going, the epoch of the ant-hill of life in multiplicity is coming. The age of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual levelling and division of labour society will become everything and man nothing. As the floor of the valleys is raised by the denudation and washing down of the mountains so what is average will rise at the expense of what is great. The exceptional will disappear. A plateau with fewer and fewer undulations, without contrasts or oppositions — such will be the future aspect of human society. The statistician will register a growing progress and the moralist a gradual decline; on the one hand a progress of things, on the other a decline of souls. The useful will take the place of the beautiful, industry of art, political economy of religion, and arithmetic of poetry. The spleen will become the malady of the equalitarian age. Is this, indeed, the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well-being be purchased too dearly at such a price? Creation which we see in the beginning for ever tending to develop and multiply differences, will she in the end return upon her steps and efface them one by one? And equality, which in the dawn of existence is mere inertia, torpor, and death, is it to become at last the natural form of life? Or rather above the economic and political equality to which the socialist and non-socialist democracy aspires, taking it too often for the term of its efforts, will there not arise a new kingdom of the mind, a church of refuge, a republic of souls, in which, far beyond the region of mere right and sordid utility, beauty, devotion, holiness, heroism, enthusiasm, the extraordinary, the infinite, shall have a worship and an abiding city? Utilitarian materialism, barren well-being, the idolatry of the flesh and of self, of the temporal and of mammon, are they to be the goal of our efforts, the final recompense promised to the labours of our race? I do not believe it. The ideal of humanity is something different and higher. But the animal in us must be satisfied first, and we must first banish from among us all suffering which is superfluous and has its origin in social arrangements, before we can return to spiritual ideals.

Here I must bring my quotations to a close, feeling, however, that after all I have given but an imperfect idea of a

very uncommon and a very charming book. There are not many such writers, indeed in our own literature we have scarcely any examples. The Literature of Introspection, as it has been well termed, is not large, but what there is of it is worth studying and preserving. It has been questioned, whether these morbid states of mind, these tortures of the soul, do produce anything that is good for us to know. I contend that they do, for the reason that such exceptional experiences, generally so dearly bought, are contributions to the solution of vastly important problems with which the world is to-day more greatly concerned than ever it was in its history. Old theories, old beliefs and systems, are changing and disappearing, and every such contribution is a help towards the better understanding of the inner life and all influences bearing thereupon, towards bringing about those higher developments of thought and of action, of knowledge and of conduct, of society and of government, that shall make a far happier world than to-day exists.

FIVE EPIGRAMS.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

[The following are very free renderings of some epigrams in *Von den Bank der Spötter*, by Oskar von Blumenthal.]

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

The taste for travel-books
Time fails to spoil;
The author has the journey,
The reader has the toil.

A NEW OPERA.

Here the music and the words
An equal trouble make,
For the words send one to sleep,
But the music keeps awake.

EDUCATION (?).

In these days, when cram surpasses,
The learned are the greatest asses.

WOMAN AS POET.

Thy poetical works
Are worthless to me;
Women should not be poets,
But poems should be.

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

The stupid grumblers always say,
"Between two nights lies every day;"
"Not so," say the children bright,
"Between two days lies every night."

THE GENIUS OF COLERIDGE.*

BY C. E. TYRER, B.A.

"THIS great man," says Mr. Swinburne of Coleridge, "seems to me a figure more utterly companionless, more incomparable with others, than any of his kind." And some sense of his solitary greatness, his aloofness even from the circle of great and distinguished men, who were his friends and contemporaries, must, I think, be borne in upon any thoughtful student of his life and work. For Coleridge was not in any true sense a child of the modern spirit. Endowed with the profoundest sense of religion, with an intellect capable of assimilating all learning human and divine, with a heart overflowing with the tenderest affections, with an imagination that "glanced from earth to heaven," and seemed to embrace all being, actual and possible, in its mighty sweep, and with the most exquisite gift of melodious verse, he should have lived—one thinks—in some more peaceful era of the world's history than that season of political tempest and speculative gloom and uncertainty into which he was born, and in which we all—unhappy denizens of the nineteenth century—must bear our humble part. As has been said of Lamb, so too of Coleridge the rightful sphere would seem to have been "the spacious times of great Elizabeth;" and if we could picture to ourselves Spenser

* Coleridge. By H. D. Traill. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

and Hooker or Jeremy Taylor rolled into one, we might conceive to some extent what Coleridge would have been amid his compeers of that great and glorious time. So one thinks sometimes, contemplating the sad failures of his life, its many beginnings, its scanty achievements; but perhaps there was some fatal defect in his nature, which would have marred the happiest circumstances, and, at any rate, while regretting that we have no more, while feeling with sorrow that both his life and his life's work were in some sense a failure, we may well be grateful, deeply grateful, for what he has left us.

Considerable interest has been recently revived in Coleridge by the appearance of Mr. Traill's monograph. Mr. Traill is well known as possessing one of the keenest intellects, and as the master of one of the most brilliant and trenchant styles among contemporary men of letters, and great things were therefore expected of this book. Nor were those expectations altogether disappointed, though the ardent Coleridgian has reason perhaps to complain of several points in the treatment of his hero. Except as a critic, especially a literary critic—in which character Mr. Traill allows him to have achieved a pre-eminent position—he is on the whole rather chary of his praise. This is especially the case with his treatment of Coleridge's metaphysics and theology, and perhaps it is not so much that Mr. Traill has contested the soundness of Coleridge's philosophical position as the very subordinate value which he assigns to this side of his intellectual activity, which has moved the wrath of his disciples. Mr. Traill's keenly intellectual nature, and his evident distaste for transcendental or preternatural conceptions, would naturally render him an unsympathetic critic of Coleridge's philosophico-religious views. And this is even seen in his dislike, or, at least, indifference to the mystical element in his poetry. All poets are mystics—Coleridge

was so in an eminent degree, and his philosophical system (if system it may be called) was perhaps as much the outcome of his moral and emotional as of his strictly intellectual nature.

To discuss in any adequate way the genius of Coleridge, in all its varied aspects, would be a task, not for a single essay, but for a treatise. "Myriad-minded," he somewhere calls Shakspere, and to no Englishman perhaps, save our immortal dramatist himself, can that term be so fittingly applied as to Coleridge. Perhaps Goethe alone, among the moderns, had a genius so nearly universal. But although by his philosophy Coleridge influenced profoundly some of the ablest and most thoughtful of his younger contemporaries, although the wonderful subtlety of his literary criticism places him in the forefront of that department, yet it is probably by his highest snatches of verse—scanty in amount as those fragments are—that he makes his surest and most enduring claim to a place among the world's immortals. After three such admirable critics as Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Pater, and Mr. Traill, have given their estimate of the poetry of Coleridge, it may seem presumptuous to add anything to their criticisms; and the remarks I shall make are offered, therefore, with the greatest diffidence, as a humble contribution to the subject.

I propose to consider the poems of Coleridge according to the three chronological divisions or groups (in which they naturally arrange themselves), and afterwards to offer a few general observations on the character of his poetic genius. These divisions are respectively Poems of Youth, of Early Manhood, of Middle and Later Life; which again may be taken as roughly corresponding with the periods of growth, maturity, and decay. This arrangement differs from that followed in the edition of the poems edited by the poet's son and daughter, Derwent and

Sara Coleridge, in that the poems of middle life are placed in that collection with those of early manhood, instead of with those of later life. This seems an error of judgment; the poems written during the too brief maturity of Coleridge's powers certainly claim a place by themselves, for although the note of inspiration is occasionally audible down to the last, scarcely anything in verse of the very first rank was produced at any other period.*

I. Juvenile Poems, including all the verse written by Coleridge down to his settlement at Nether Stowey in the early part of 1797.

To speak of the youthful period of Coleridge's poetical productions as one of *growth* is, doubtless, in a sense, a misnomer. Some of the relics of his schoolboy-muse may be truly considered as foreshadowing the poet of "The Ancient Mariner;" but thence, almost to the date of that masterpiece, there is a nearly complete absence of the higher poetry. From Coleridge's nineteenth to his twenty-fourth year, or thereabouts, he seems to have passed through a phase of morbid sentimentality, which robs his verse in the main of all force, fire, and imaginative vigour. Mr. Swinburne, doubtless, is indulging somewhat his favourite tendency towards hyperbole when he speaks of "being undesirous to trouble myself or any possible reader with the question whether 'Religious Musings' be more damnable than 'Lines to a Young Ass,' or less damnable;" but there is truth in his remark about the feebleness and flatulence of all the poems of this period. Certainly hardly anyone would have predicted from them the advent of a great poet.

* It is fair, however, to remark that the reason which prompted this arrangement was probably the difficulty of assigning dates to many of the pieces among the *Sibylline Leaves*, published in 1817. That collection embraces poems dating from 1795, and perhaps earlier, down to the date of publication; and it was, therefore, most convenient to place the whole of it in one extensive and somewhat vague chronological division.

Of the schoolboy poems, the most beautiful is the earliest in date. This little piece, of only six lines, called "First Advent of Love," need not fear comparison, I think, with any poem written at the age of fifteen. As here we may find perhaps a prophecy of the perfect music and loving imagery of "Genevieve," so in "The Raven" and "Time, Real and Imaginary," the germ may be traced of that power of wild, fantastic creation which reached its highest embodiment in "The Ancient Mariner."

If we turn from these three early poems to the pieces which immediately follow, the contrast is a melancholy one. There are many pretty lines and stanzas, much graceful, often melancholy, sentiment, and some deep religious feeling; but of music, of imagination in the highest sense, hardly a trace. One noticeable feature is a great *penchant* for the personification of abstractions, even the most shadowy. Thus we have in the "Songs of the Pixies," "graceful Ease" and "meek-eyed Pity;" in "Lines on an Autumnal Evening," "chaste Joyance;" in "Lines to a Friend," "Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping pain," and so on. There is also a liberal indulgence in vile adjectives, like "beamy," "steamy," and "paly." I can hardly think that Mr. Traill is right in describing the "Songs of the Pixies" as worth far more as an earnest of future achievement than the very unequal "Monody on the Death of Chatterton." The first is certainly a graceful production, with a touch of genuine fancy about it, and some melody, but it certainly cannot be considered in any way remarkable, or at all prophetic of the future greatness of the poet who, five years later, was to produce "The Ancient Mariner." The little piece "Time, Real and Imaginary" (written many years earlier), is, as "an earnest of future achievement," worth a score of such pieces.

Nor can much be said in favour of the early sonnets, or

"effusions" as he preferred to call them. In the first one, addressed to William Lisle Bowles, and thanking him for his "soft strains," we get the key to the influence under which they were written. The strong attraction which the verses of Bowles exerted on the mind of Coleridge, when in its most susceptible stage, must always remain something of a mystery; but amid the chilly artificialities which marked the poetry of the day, it is easy to see that even such a partial return to nature as we can observe in the reverend poet might prove powerfully attractive to a young and ardent poetical nature. Doubtless the "soft strains" of Bowles are responsible for a good deal of the rather overdone sentimentality, of which Coleridge never altogether rid himself. There is little that is remarkable in the "effusions," although occasionally a fine thought or expression breaks the monotony of commonplace—*e.g.*, in the well-known lines in the one on Burke:

> Thee, stormy Pity, and the cherished lure
> Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
> Wilder'd with meteor fires.

The best, perhaps, as a whole, is the eighth, which begins:

> As when far off the warbled strains are heard
> That soar on morning's wing the vales among.

Coleridge in after years wrote a few other sonnets, some of them better than any of these, but he never attained to any mastery in that form. This is somewhat remarkable when we place by its side the fact that Hartley Coleridge, who certainly inherited much of his father's genius, had a special partiality for the sonnet, and wrote in that form not only the best of his poetical work, but also some of the most musical and most finely-sustained sonnets in the language.

Passing by some pieces of no great importance, we now come to the "Religious Musings," written, says its author, "on the Christmas Eve of 1794." It is interesting to com-

pare Mr. Swinburne's brief but trenchant criticism of this poem with the enthusiastic welcome which it received at the time from some of the young poet's admirers. Charles Lamb, then a youth of twenty-one, who himself contributed to the Juvenile Poems some sonnets and other pieces, writes to Coleridge some time during 1796: "I have read all your 'Religious Musings' with uninterrupted feelings of profound admiration; you may safely rest your fame on it." Again, the year following: "I was reading your 'Religious Musings' the other day, and sincerely I think it is the noblest poem in the language, next after the *Paradise Lost*, and even that was not made the vehicle of such grand truths." As an expression of deep religious feeling, of awe and heartfelt homage, in presence of what the devout young Unitarian regarded as the supreme realities of the universe, and of faith in the power which out of the present calamities of the world would bring forth enduring good, the "Religious Musings" is indeed remarkable; but as poetry, in the strict sense, it cannot take very high rank. It is in fact a series of remarks, often noble in sentiment and nobly expressed, but without either the artistic unity and completeness or the radiant charm of the genuine poem.

"The Destiny of Nations" (which remains in a fragmentary state) is much the same, both in form and motive, as the "Religious Musings," and like it was written in 1794. The blank verse of both poems bears, I think, much more affinity to that of Young or Akenside, and occasionally to Thomson (as in the "Hymn" which closes the *Seasons*), than to that of Milton, with which even Mr. Traill seems disposed to compare it. One passage is remarkable as showing the poet's sense of the value of sonorousness in place-names, where the effect of the Northern Lights in the long sunless winter of Lapland is compared to the power of Fancy in "first unsensualizing the dark mind;" though Lamb's

praise of it (in a letter to Coleridge), as comparable with "any in Milton for fulness of circumstance and lofty-pacedness of versification," seems altogether extravagant.

The next poem of importance is apparently (for the assignment of dates is often a difficult matter) "Lewti; or the Circassian Love Chaunt," written in 1795.* This graceful and melodious piece is an immense advance on the two blank-verse compositions just mentioned; though Mr. Swinburne is hardly justified in the assertion that "nothing of more precious and rare sweetness exists in verse than that stanza of the swans disturbed."

In this year (1795) Coleridge married Sara Fricker, of Bristol, and, during the honeymoon at Clevedon, he wrote several pieces, chiefly in blank verse, the finest being "The Æolian Harp." Mr. Traill is certainly unjust to this poem when he says it "has no more than the moderate merits, with its full share of the characteristic faults, of his earlier productions." Perhaps it may be that he is entirely out of sympathy with the sentiment of the piece, but it is nevertheless surprising that he does not feel the poetical charm of such lines as these on the music of the breeze-swept harp:

> Such a soft floating witchery of sound
> As twilight elfins make, when they at eve
> Voyage on gentle gales from fairyland,
> Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers,
> Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,
> Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!

Far from faultless this piece doubtless is, but comparing it, for instance, with the "Religious Musings"—of which Mr. Traill has rather an excessive admiration—we may say that it is a poem, while the other, properly speaking, is not one.

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* Mr. Traill is clearly in error in enumerating this among the poems written in 1797-8. In the *Sibylline Leaves* of 1817 it is given as from the *Morning Post*, 1795; and this is the date assigned in all the editions of Coleridge which I have seen. This is not the only instance in which Mr. Traill is apparently incorrect in the matter of dates.

Passing by the lines addressed to Charles Lloyd, on his proposing to domesticate with the author—lines chiefly remarkable for their felicitous touches of landscape beauty—we come to the most remarkable of the poems which had their origin in Coleridge's early political enthusiasm. These are "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," and the two odes, "To the Departing Year" and "France." The war eclogue is full of poetic fire, and is the expression of the young poet's detestation for the policy of Pitt, to which he attributes the intestine wars of France and the disasters of Ireland. Doubtless—though on the head of the minister himself curses the most awful are imprecated—"letters four do form his name"—it was the man's policy, not the man himself, that he wished to hold up to aversion. The ode "To the Departing Year" was written in the last days of 1796, the "France" in February, 1797; but in that short interval Coleridge's political attitude appears to have undergone a considerable change. In the former—which breathes hatred and vengeance against the crowned heads who had conspired against France, and prophesies the ruin of this country for its inertness and indifference to the sacred cause of freedom on the Continent—the poet can only sustain himself by his unswerving faith in divine things.

> I unpartaking of the evil thing,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Have wailed my country with a loud lament.
> Now I recentre my immortal mind,
> In the deep Sabbath of meek self-content.

Of that enthusiastic confidence in the French Republic which had hitherto inspired Coleridge, and of which the earlier ode is still, in part at least, the outcome, "France" may be considered as the recantation, or palinode. It seems to have been the war which the Directory had declared against the republic of Switzerland, which alienated once and for all the sympathies of Coleridge.

As to the technical qualities of these odes, I will say nothing, but rather quote, with respectful approval, the fine words of Professor Wilson, in his Essay on Coleridge's Poetical Works:

> The genius of Coleridge was too original transcendently to excel in poetry, of which the model had been set, the mould cast, by the great poets of old—and which had been cultivated with high success by some gifted spirits of our own time. In his odes, his genius is engaged in imitation. It works in a fine spirit, but in trammels; his Pegasus is in training, and he takes his gallop in grand style; but Imagination hears afar off in the dust the hoofs of the desert-born.

It will be seen that, in the period of Coleridge's poetical productiveness which we have been considering, there is little in the nature of a development of power—at least of a development leading up to the wonderful burst of music and imaginative splendour which was now immediately to follow. We have in these youthful poems many fine expressions of the young poet's moral, emotional, and intellectual nature—of his religious fervour, of his enthusiasm for liberty, of the depth and sincerity of his domestic affections; but they are only in rare and brief instances instinct with the nameless charm of poetry. In "Lewti" we may catch some preluding strains to the music of "Christabel;" and in one at least of the schoolboy poems there is a really remarkable imaginative vigour, while in the odes there are many noble and sonorous passages; but, on the whole, there was little from which to infer the possession of a poetical gift so rare and priceless as that of Coleridge was now to prove itself to be.

II. Poems of Early Manhood. This embraces the period that intervened between the beginning of Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey in 1797 and his removal to Keswick in 1800. Within this space of little more than three years Coleridge not only founded his poetic fame, but well-nigh exhausted (or so it seems) the fount of inspiration. The list of poems written in these years comprises: the drama of

Osorio (afterwards remodelled for the stage and rechristened *Remorse*), 1797; "The Ancient Mariner," 1797; the first part of "Christabel," 1797; "Kubla Khan," 1797; "Frost at Midnight," 1798; "The Nightingale," 1798; "Fears in Solitude," 1798; the fragment of the "Ballad of the Dark Ladie," with the piece called "Genevieve," or "Love," (apparently) 1799; the "Devil's Thoughts," 1799; the translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, 1799-1800; "Christabel," part ii., 1800. The second part of "Christabel" was written at Keswick, but apparently only a month or two after his arrival there; so that the crowning period of Coleridge's poetical activity may fairly enough be considered as brought to a close with his settlement in the Lake Country.

It was very early in 1797, that Coleridge, in company with his wife and family and Charles Lloyd, went to live at Nether Stowey, a village at the foot of the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire. Very shortly began that acquaintance and friendship with Wordsworth which was to prove of such importance and value to both these great men, but especially to Coleridge. The two poets first met in June of this year, at Racedown, in Dorsetshire, where Wordsworth was at that time residing with his sister; but so strong proved the fascination of Coleridge's society, that the Wordsworths, within a few weeks of their first acquaintance with him, left Racedown, and removed to Alfoxden, near Nether Stowey. Both poets were at the time engaged in writing tragedies, and very probably the strong encouragement of Wordsworth flattered Coleridge's ambitious hopes, and urged on his lagging zeal. However, neither the *Borderers* nor *Osorio* (in its present form) was destined to see the footlights. The former was summarily rejected, and when the manuscript of the latter was sent to Sheridan, he did not even acknowledge the receipt of the letter accompanying the play. "Hereby hangs a tale," which, though pretty well known, may be repeated

here. Sheridan, informing a friend that he had received a play from Coleridge, observed that there was one extraordinary line in the Cave Scene (opening of the fourth act):

Drip! drip! drip! drip!

"In short," he said, "there's nothing here but dripping." In the published drama the lines which moved Sheridan's mirth, of course, disappear; and Coleridge appears to have been desirous (see original preface to *Remorse*) to ignore their existence. Thus, treated with despite, *Osorio* was neither acted nor published; and it was not till 1813 that the play—curtailed and recast, with the names of the most of the personages altered, and re-named *Remorse*—was, chiefly by the interest and encouragement of Lord Byron, produced on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. Two fragments of much beauty, taken from *Osorio*, the Dungeon Scene and the Foster Mother's Tale, were published with the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798.

A more important result, however, was to follow from Coleridge's friendship and intercourse with Wordsworth. "The Ancient Mariner" was written within a few months of their first acquaintance, having been planned and in part composed during a walk between Nether Stowey and Lynton, in North Devon, which Coleridge took with Wordsworth and his sister in the autumn of 1797. It was originally intended to be a joint-production, and was designed to pay the expenses of this little tour; on which account Mr. Traill, with perhaps more force than elegance, calls it "the most sublime of 'pot-boilers' to be found in all literature." Wordsworth contributed a line here and there, and also (from a recent reading of Shelvocke's *Voyages*) furnished the idea of the albatross, and the avenging of its death by the polar spirit. He suggested likewise the reanimation of the dead bodies to work the ship. But they soon discovered that their respective manners were incompatible, and Wordsworth

decided on that account to separate from an undertaking to which, he says, he could only have been a clog. As the poem extended beyond the original scheme, a volume was proposed, to which they were to contribute independent poems, so that the genius of each might find its natural expression. Those of Coleridge were to be on supernatural and romantic subjects; those of Wordsworth on subjects drawn from ordinary life; as Coleridge has himself recorded in a passage of great beauty and interest in the fourteenth chapter of his *Biographia Literaria.* Thus originated the *Lyrical Ballads,* which appeared in the following autumn; but though it was at first intended to consist chiefly of poems on supernatural subjects, and therefore to be mainly the work of Coleridge, in the result the contributions of the latter were very much fewer than those of Wordsworth, the actual number of poems by each being nineteen by Wordsworth and four by Coleridge. Those of the latter, besides "The Ancient Mariner," were "The Nightingale" and two scenes from the unpublished *Osorio.*

To discuss "The Ancient Mariner" in any thorough manner would take a separate essay, and I can only note down a few points which have occurred to me in the study of this wonderful poem:

1. As to form. This was doubtless derived from the old English ballads, of which Coleridge was very fond (he speaks, *e.g.*, with admiration in the "Dejection" of *Sir Patrick Spens*). One noticeable feature is the striking effect produced by the repetition of lines, phrases, and words. The way in which a phrase or short expression is taken up and repeated (perhaps with some modification) a little further on, may be compared perhaps to the reappearance of musical phrases in a symphony. Take for example the following:

> There passed a weary time. Each throat
> Was parched, and glazed each eye.

A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye.

In the six-lined stanzas, the fourth line is often repeated as the sixth—a metrical device which Edgar Poe has also employed with great effect. There is everywhere apparent in this poem a marvellously fine ear for sound, and a consummate art for giving effect to it—and this is shown nowhere more than in the use of alliteration. This stanza, *e.g.:*

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst,
Into that silent sea—

together with the one that follows, form quite a study in alliterative effect. The archaic forms which occur here and there were doubtless employed by Coleridge for the sake of harmony with the old-ballad form which he had chosen. We have, *e.g.*, *swound*, *countree*, *wist*, and the Spenserian *eftsoons* and *ivy-tod.* The word *mariner*, by the way, though so spelt in the usual edition of the poem, was clearly intended by Coleridge (at least at the end of a line) to be written and pronounced *marinere.*

2. The wonderful vividness of the narrative must impress every reader. It has all the verisimilitude of an actual experience or drama of real life, and, at the same time, all the beauty of a work of art. Wordsworth told the Rev. Alexander Dyce that "'The Ancient Mariner' was founded on a strange dream, which a friend of Coleridge had, who fancied he saw a skeleton ship, with figures in it." Now, considering the curious unrealibility of Coleridge's memory as to the sources whence he drew, and likewise the fact that "Kubla Khan" was certainly the result of a dream, it seems a not altogether improbable conjecture that the dreamer of this strange dream was Coleridge himself. The story is told in so lifelike a way as to suggest that its author had absolutely seen what he describes, though it may have been only

with the eye of his imagination. Certainly the poet achieved no small success in carrying out his scheme of poetry on supernatural and romantic subjects, to which he proposed (to use his own words in the *Biographia Literaria*) "to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith." It seems, by the way, not altogether certain, that at the time "The Ancient Mariner" was written, Coleridge had ever been on shipboard. At least, he afterwards altered (and completely spoiled in the altering) the line "The furrow followed free," on the ground that this describes the effect as seen by a spectator from the shore, and not from the ship itself. The alteration has happily not been preserved by most of his editors. Not only is the narrative vivid and realistic as a whole, but there are frequent lines and short passages which have all the force of pictures. Take, *e.g.*, the stanza describing the arrival of the bride:

> The bride hath passed into the hall,
> Red as a rose is she;
> Nodding their heads before her goes
> The merry minstrelsy.

Or the stanza, a little further on, which gives a very different picture—that of the snowy cliffs in the region of the southern pole, seen through mist and drifting ice. One simile, drawn from the pictorial art, is, perhaps, one of the most striking in all poetry. The ship when becalmed in an unknown sea is said to be

> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.

How lifelike, too (as if it described the experience of an eye-witness), the two lines which describe the sudden downfall of the tropical night!

> The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
> At one stride comes the dark.

The force and appropriateness of single epithets likewise, such as "glittering eye," "star-dogged moon," "sleeping woods," deserve to be noticed. One criterion of a true poem, according to Matthew Arnold, is the "inevitableness" of the language. It is not too much to say that in "The Ancient Mariner" every phrase, every word, tells, and a word could hardly be altered anywhere without injury to the poetry.

3. The way in which Coleridge has managed to increase the effect of the poem by the force of contrasts deserves special mention. Horrible, and even ghastly, as is much of the imagery, there is yet nothing which can properly be called loathsome or disgusting. It was on this account, probably, that Coleridge excised a stanza (the twelfth of the third part) descriptive of the Death-Mate of Life-in-Death. With all deference to the great authority of Lessing, one might venture to doubt whether the loathsome or repulsive (*das Ekelhaft*) has any place in poetic art, even, as he puts it, for the purpose of producing and strengthening the mixed feelings of the ludicrous and the terrible (*Laocoon* xxv.). Perhaps, even in Dante (to quote an instance brought forward by Lessing), the repulsive features are tolerated only because they are found in close connection with passages of poetic beauty.* But what is especially remarkable is the way in which Coleridge has managed to heighten the effect of the horrors of the story, and at the same time to relax the painful tension of the minds of his readers, by bringing into juxtaposition with them images of peaceful loveliness.

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* *Cf.* Sime, *Lessing*, Vol. I., pp. 287-9, for an interesting criticism of Lessing's position as to the place in poetry of the ugly and the disgusting. It may be worth mention here that Mr. Browning, in his "Childe Roland," goes dangerously near overstepping the limits imposed by the artistic sense; though, it seems to me, he just manages to escape being offensive. Much of the imagery of that wonderful poem might have been suggested by some grimy landscape in the manufacturing districts.

I would especially call attention to the closing stanzas of part iv., beginning with the line

> The moving moon went up the sky,

and to the exquisite beauty of the prose comment on the first of these stanzas. Another passage, almost equally lovely, describes the music of the angelic spirits which have passed into the dead bodies:

> It ceased; yet still the sails made on
> A pleasant noise till noon,
> A noise like of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.

That image of the hidden brook, creeping with soft music through the summer woods, introduced into far other scenes—a doomed ship worked by a goblin crew in a sultry tropical sea—is one of the loveliest examples of the effect of contrast that any poet has ever devised.

4. Of the moral of this piece, we may say that while exhibited in the most striking manner, it in no way detracts from the excellence of the poem as a work of art. Nor is it one which in our own day, when, under the guidance of our scientific teachers, we seem in danger of losing our sympathy with animals and with the weaker part of creation generally, we can afford to disregard. Rather let us give heed to the words in which the Ancient Mariner bids adieu to the Wedding Guest:

> He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

Of "Christabel" I shall not say much. For how can one venture to speak about a poem on which so many fine things have been said, and which every lover of poetry has

well-nigh by heart! As the attentive reader must have observed, one of its greatest charms is the versification, the idea of which was doubtless borrowed from the old metrical romances, as that of "The Ancient Mariner" from the old ballads. By securing the greatest amount of variety consistent with the preservation of rhythmical unity, Coleridge has here produced a musical effect which is at once harmonious and full of melody. Leigh Hunt, a critic whom it is now-a-days somewhat the fashion (most unjustly, I think) to hold in slight esteem, has some remarks on this point in the Essay prefixed to his anthology, *Imagination and Fancy*. He says:

> Coleridge saw the mistake which had been made in regard to this measure (the octosyllabic), and restored it to the beautiful freedom of which it was capable, by calling to mind the liberties allowed its old musical professors, the minstrels, and dividing it by *time* instead of *syllables;* by the *beat of four*, into which you might get as many syllables as you could, instead of allotting eight syllables to the poor time, whatever it might have to say. He varied it further with alternate rhymes and stanzas, with rests and omissions precisely analogous to those in music. . . . He even ventures, with an exquisite sense of solemn strangeness and licence (for there is witchcraft going forward), to introduce a couplet of blank verse, itself as mystically and beautifully modulated as anything in the music of Gluck or Weber.

In this couplet, referred to by Hunt, it would perhaps require a musical ear to detect the correct fall of the accent:

> Is the nĭght chĭlly and dărk?
> The nĭght is chĭlly but nŏt dărk.

In fact, the number of syllables in a line varies from seven to eleven or twelve, and in the last line but one of the first part there are as many as fourteen—the line in question consisting of four anapaests followed by two short syllables.

The impression made by this poem is one of perfect beauty, not of weird power and sublimity, with occasional glimpses of beauty, as in "The Ancient Mariner." Perhaps on this account the latter poem usually produces a greater effect on a reader of no great poetic sensibility. Even the witch Geraldine is beautiful:

> I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
> A lady so richly clad as she —
> Beautiful exceedingly !

And such is the poet's sympathy and the transforming power of imagination that the witch's hiss, her whispered spells, and the glance of her serpent-eyes, which fascinate poor Christabel to a passive imitation, do not at all interfere with the exquisite beauty of the whole, while they bring into greater relief the lovely purity and innocence of Christabel.

The language of this poem is so exceedingly simple, there is so little pretentiousness of any kind about it, that some on that account might overlook its singular beauty. In the passage, for instance, where Christabel and Geraldine pass through the castle-gate and cross the court-yard, there is hardly a single expression which does not seem perfectly obvious, and might not apparently have occurred to anyone. In these twenty-two lines there is not one word which seems exclusively the property of the poet—yet that their effect is in a very high degree poetical admits of no doubt whatever. A little further on Christabel's chamber is described in words which are a miracle of loveliness and compressed picturesque expression. One can hardly think of any chambers in English poetry equal to this, save that of Madeline in the "Eve of Saint Agnes," and perhaps the moonlit tapestried room in Matthew Arnold's "Tristram and Iseult," "where those lifeless lovers be."

Christabel is a fragment, the loveliest fragment in English poetry—and so it must remain, like that exquisite Venus of the Louvre, who draws to herself the homage of the whole world. Coleridge averred that he could complete it whenever he chose so to apply himself, but perhaps even he could not have done so, at least in a manner worthy of the original inspiration. Even the second part, written at Keswick in

1800—three years after the first—shows some decline, both in melody and imagination, though it has perhaps even more force and fire; and what so great a poet left unfinished, let no lesser man profanely lay hands on. So, however, did not think that great-little man, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper; and I should think his continuation—"Geraldine"—may fairly rank as the most astonishing piece of impertinence that a presumptuous poetaster was ever guilty of.

To 1797 belongs also the curiously beautiful fragment of a dream-poem, called "Kubla Khan." One can hardly read without impatience of the unfortunate "person on business from Porlock," who put a sudden stop to the transcription of this marvellous word-music, music not to be recalled after the first vivid impression had passed away. The most singular thing, however, about these lines is that they were composed (with some hundreds more) in a sleep produced by the effect of an anodyne. Is it possible that Coleridge had already begun the use of opium, and that his statement that he first took it at Keswick in the form of the "Kendal Black Drop" was an illusion? Certain it is, as Mr. Traill remarks, that "Kubla Khan" is very like a metrical version of one of De Quincey's opium dreams. As to the poetical value of this piece, there is, as between Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Traill, the most extraordinary disparity of opinion. To the latter "it is hardly more than a psychological curiosity, and only that, perhaps, in respect of the completeness of its metrical form." Mr. Swinburne holds, on the other hand, that "it is, perhaps, the most wonderful of all poems. In reading it we seem rapt into that paradise revealed to Swedenborg, where music and colour and perfume were one, where you could hear the hues and see the harmonies of heaven. For absolute melody and splendour it were hardly rash to call it the first poem in the language." Neither judgment is, to my humble thinking, a sound one; that of Mr. Traill's shows consider-

able lack of the artistic sense, while Mr. Swinburne's is a characteristic example of his love of extravagance and weakness for superlatives. However, as a specimen of the way in which sound may be brought to the aid of sense—of the use of alliteration and the musical arrangement of vowel-sounds—"Kubla Khan" has few, if any, rivals in our literature.

Of the poems written in 1798 I can only refer to the "Fears in Solitude," "Frost at Midnight," and "The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem." These are all in blank verse, and the two latter are noteworthy and beautiful examples of his skill in that form. The lovely lines in "Frost at Midnight," in which the father promises to the infant Hartley a boyhood spent amid the soothing and inspiring influences of nature—mountains, and lakes, and sea-shores—may in the fine pathos, which in the light of that boy's after-career we seem to read into them, take rank with Wordsworth's exquisite lines "To H. C., six years old."

In the September of 1798 Coleridge left England, to study the language, literature, and philosophy of Germany in its native home; and he did not return to this country till the summer or autumn of the following year. It seems very difficult to fix with certainty the poems belonging to 1798 and 1799 which were composed during his residence abroad. Two unquestionably—the blank-verse lines "Written at Elbingerode, in the Hartz," and "The Day Dream," were produced in Germany. There is a delicate grace, as well as much warmth of affection, about the latter piece; and the blank verse of the former has some fine qualities, but neither poems are of first-rate importance. The fragment of "The Ballad of the Dark Ladie" was apparently written, partly at any rate, in 1799—though whether abroad, or after Coleridge's return to England, it seems impossible to say.

The introduction to this metrical tale contained the lines—afterwards separated and printed as a distinct poem—which are now known by the name "Love," though originally "Genevieve" appears to have been an alternative title. Of this exquisite piece Mr. Traill says, that "beautiful as the verses are, one cannot but feel that they only escape the 'namby-pamby' by the breadth of a hair." A man (it seems to me) who finds anything approaching the "namby-pamby" in "Genevieve" would be likely to discover insipidity in "Comus" and "Il Penseroso," and (who knows?) perhaps immorality in "The Eve of St. Agnes." It is refreshing, after this, to read the following sentences of Leigh Hunt: "I can hardly say a word upon this poem for very admiration. I must observe, however, that one of the charms of it consists in the numerous repetitions and revolvings of the words, one on the other, as if taking delight in their own beauty."

After Coleridge's return from Germany, he wrote those not very successful satirical verses, called "The Devil's Thoughts"—some of the best stanzas, however, being contributed by Southey. When the lines appeared in the *Morning Post*, they created quite a *furore*, and necessitated the printing of some hundred extra copies of the number of the paper in which they appeared. In the winter of 1799-1800, Coleridge, then settled in London, produced, in the short space of six weeks, that translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, which all critics have extolled, and which some (like Mr. Traill) have pronounced "his most perfect dramatic poem." As Coleridge had now composed his chief contributions to dramatic literature—only the adaptation and rechristening of *Osorio* and the comparatively unimportant *Zapolya* being the work of later years—it may be well to say something here of his dramatic gift.

Mr. Swinburne considers that "Coleridge was inapt for

dramatic poetry," and goes on to speak slightingly of the *Remorse*. Now, that there are serious defects in this and the other plays cannot be doubted, but in Coleridge's case it was rather the excess, the superfluity of power, than the want of it, which prevented his complete success as a dramatist. The development of the dramatic gift, which he certainly possessed, was clogged and impeded by his other endowments. Two faults the *Remorse* certainly has—first, the characters (especially Ordonio) are too much given to philosophizing, and treat their part in the development of the action too much after the fashion of a metaphysical problem which has to be worked out; and, secondly, fine speeches and fragments of exquisite poetry are often inappropriately put into their mouths. There are perhaps more beautiful passages in the *Remorse* which could be separated from the text and treated as independent poems than in any other English play. But still, even as a play, the *Remorse* has great merits—there is considerable life and movement in the action, the development of the plot is not badly managed, there is plenty of spirited dialogue, the blank verse is almost everywhere sonorous, and one character at any rate (that of Alhadra) is finely conceived and drawn. Beside the disparaging judgment of Mr. Swinburne, let me place that of Lord Byron, who says, in a letter to Coleridge (March 13th, 1815), "We have had nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with *Remorse* for very many years." Also Shelley's reference to it, in a letter to Peacock, as being the only modern acted play which he considered superior as a composition to his *Cenci*. Some of the most remarkable passages in this play are the scene of the Incantation in the third act, the Dungeon Scene in the beginning of the fifth act, which, unlike the "Foster-Mother's Tale," was restored in the acted play; and Alhadra's description (act iv., scene 3) of her husband Isidore's murder and appeal to his

Moresco followers to avenge his death. The latter scene is particularly striking, and any dramatist that ever lived might have been proud to claim it as his own.

More beautiful as poetry than Alhadra's fierce invective is the Incantation scene. In this scene occurs what is, perhaps, in a poetical sense, the gem of the whole play—the Song or Miserere which, immediately after the invocation to the soul of Alvar, is heard (according to the stage direction) behind the scenes, to the accompaniment of an instrument of glass or steel. Not unjustly does Christopher North call it "Shaksperean," and declare that it "may be chaunted, without losing any of its holy charm, after the dirge sung by the spirit of air in Prospero's enchanted island."

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

Osorio, as has been said, was considerably altered in detail by Coleridge before being put upon the stage in 1813 under its new name. Several long passages were excised, there were many minor curtailments and some small additions, a scene or two was transposed, and the names of the *dramatis personæ* were nearly all changed, with great advantage to the sonority of sound. That, on the whole, the remodelled play is vastly superior to the first draft of *Osorio* cannot be doubted, nor have the passages of the long-lost and lately

recovered original (published in 1873, with a monograph by the author of "Tennysoniana"), for the most part, that great poetical value which the writer of that monograph claims for them. There seems, in fact, to be little of great importance which appeared in the original draft and was excised from the stage play, with the exception of the "Foster-Mother's Tale," which is included in all editions of the poems of Coleridge.

Wallenstein (which includes the two more important plays of Schiller's trilogy, if one may so call it, viz., the *Piccolomini* and the *Death of Wallenstein*, but omits the prelude, *Wallenstein's Camp*) has taken its place as perhaps the best verse-translation in the English language. Barring some slight inaccuracies, resulting from a want of perfect familiarity with German, it is unquestionably a masterly work, and it has perhaps more poetical beauty than Schiller's original drama. As an example of this, I would refer to the scene in the second act of the *Piccolomini*, where the Princess Thekla describes to the Countess Tertsky and her lover, Max Piccolomini, her visit to the astrological tower, and to the beautiful lines on the Pagan Divinities which immediately follow.

Mr. Swinburne prefers *Zapolya* to the *Remorse*, on the ground that, while it is without the purple patches of the latter play, "there is more of air and motion." The story is a romantic one—the usurpation of the throne of Illyria by the late King's brother, Emerick, and the banishment of the Queen, Zapolya, who, with her infant son, disguised and brought up as a young mountaineer, takes refuge in a wild and unfrequented hill region. At length, however, by the triumph of the Queen's party and the death of the usurper, they recover their rights, and the young prince Andreas, now King of Illyria, weds Glycine, the orphan daughter of one of the late King's most faithful adherents. There are here all the materials for a stirring play; but somehow the drama

fails, by an apparent want of spirit and life, to maintain the interest of the reader. It was not intended for the stage, where it must certainly have failed, though the wild scenery and incidents and the costumes of the mountaineers would have produced many strikingly-picturesque effects. The play consists of two parts—a prelude of one act, and a sequel of four; and it would be interesting to know why Coleridge should have thought (see the advertisement to the play) that by so distributing his five acts, he made some approximation to the plan of the Greek trilogy.

One general remark deserves to be made about these dramas; that is, the great number of double-endings to the lines, and the frequent admission of extra unaccented syllables. The latter exemplifies Coleridge's tendency (as manifested in "Christabel") to count a line by beats instead of syllables. The frequency of double-endings is especially noticeable in the *Remorse*, one striking instance being contained in a rejected passage of that play, printed in a note at the end, which describes Alvar's residence in Venice and intercourse with Titian.

Any one who considers carefully the productions of this too brief period of Coleridge's poetic maturity will observe that the greater portion of his most valuable work was produced in one year, 1797. This includes "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel" (part i.), "Kubla Khan," and the original draft of *Remorse*, possibly, also, in part in least, as one might conjecture from the reference in the *Biographia Literaria*, the ballad of the "Dark Ladie." This year deserves then to be called *par excellence*, Coleridge's *annus mirabilis*. His genius, which suddenly shooting forth, produced such a bright and consummate flower, almost immediately began to decay, and he wrote little verse at any other time which can be considered altogether equal to any of the poems of this one year.

III. Poems of Middle and Later Life. In 1800, Coleridge removed to Keswick, and, whether or no he had already indulged in the use of opium, in the course of two or three years from his first settlement in the Lake Country it became habitual with him. In the first ten years of this century—taking into account some considerable absences, one in Malta and Italy of nearly two years—Coleridge continued to reside mainly at the Lakes, though latterly he left Keswick (where he had been domiciled in Southey's house) and was received as Wordsworth's guest at Allan Bank, Grasmere.

It certainly appears singular that though Coleridge, for a considerable portion of ten years in the prime of life, lived in Cumberland and Westmorland, amid the loveliest mountain and lake scenery in England, its influence should be so slightly traceable in his poetry. Even the names of lakes and mountain-heights very rarely occur. It is curious, by the way, that though the scene of "Christabel" (as is clear from the second part) is laid in the Lake Country, there is not a single place-name in the first part. It almost looks as if it was after taking up his residence there that Coleridge determined to lay there the scene of his poem. Certainly, by no fair use of language, can Coleridge be said to have belonged to the so-called *Lake School.* It was the accident of Wordsworth's connection with the region of the lakes that drew thither Coleridge, and eventually Southey, but both the genius and the theories of the three poets were widely different from each other, and, as De Quincey says, "Wordsworth and Southey never had one principle in common." The truth seems to have been, as regards Coleridge's apparently small indebtedness to the scenery of the lakes, that his genius was formed and developed amid other scenes. It was "seaward Quantock's heathy hills," and not the sublimer heights of Skiddaw and Saddleback, which had engaged his affections most deeply, and had impressed their fair forms

most vividly on his young imagination. Perhaps, too, now that his health and spirits began to fail, and the terrible bondage of opium became ever more galling, he fled from those natural beauties which were associated in his mind with happier years. De Quincey, in his *Autobiographic Sketches*, has an extremely beautiful passage in which this thought is developed. It is also by no means unlikely that he found the climate of the Lake Country injurious to his health.

The interest of the whole of this closing period lies rather for the student of Coleridge's literary criticism and of his spiritual philosophy than of his poetry. *Remorse*, as has been already mentioned, was put on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre in 1813. "Christabel" was published in 1816 for the first time, together with "Kubla Khan" and "The Pains of Sleep," and in 1817 appeared Coleridge's last dramatic attempt, *Zapolya*. The same year witnessed also the publication of the *Sibylline Leaves*, a collection of poems of various dates, "so called" (says the preface) "in allusion to the fragmentary and widely-scattered state in which they have been long suffered to remain." The quotation from Virgil's *Catalecta* which this preface contains may be regarded in a sense as Coleridge's farewell to the muse. A few only of the poems of this period of decline must be briefly referred to. Though on many, perhaps on most, the stamp of genius is unmistakeable, yet on the whole they are rather fragments than complete and perfect poems—crumbs, one might call them, from an Olympian banquet. Vast schemes were ever present to the mind of Coleridge, few of which were destined to be realized. Masterpieces of literary and theological criticism were planned, and partly executed, of which only the fragments—the *disjecta membra*—remain, besides the great work to which all the rest was subsidiary, and which was to reconcile for ever the conflicting claims of the intellect and the Christian religion. Vast schemes he cherished,

too, of immortal poems—of an epic on the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus (which he held to be the only subject remaining for an epic poem), and of Hymns on the Elements, of which the existing "Hymn to the Earth" is probably a fragmentary specimen.

That most pathetic piece called "Dejection: an Ode," was written in April, 1802. The subdued sunset colours with which the poem opens seem to give the key to that mood of sadness which is maintained throughout. Apart from its great poetic beauty, this ode has much interest and importance as an autobiographical record. It is especially valuable as showing the poet's sense of the declining vigour of "his shaping spirit of imagination," though that there is much noble imaginative writing in this very ode few will deny.

The "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" and the "Ode to Tranquillity" both appeared in early numbers of the *Friend*, the "Chamouni" in the issue of October 26th, 1809. The latter is certainly a noble poem, though Professor Wilson greatly exaggerates when he says that "out of the Bible no diviner inspiration was ever worded than the hymn. We doubt if there be any single strain equal to it in Milton or Wordsworth." Perhaps his estimate was coloured by the recollection of having (as he says) "heard this hymn from Coleridge's own lips, by sunrise among the coves of Helvellyn," for few of those, I believe, who heard poetry recited by that voice of most exquisite sweetness and modulation ever lost that unique impression. It would be interesting to learn whether Coleridge had actually visited Switzerland and seen Mont Blanc before writing this hymn, but the chances are against it, He returned from Malta in the autumn of 1805, *via* Naples and Rome, but instead of crossing the Alps on his way homeward he took ship at Leghorn for England. Some verses by Frederica Brunn

offered, at any rate, the immediate suggestion of the poem, and perhaps Coleridge's indebtedness to them was greater than Mr. H. N. Coleridge (in the preface to his uncle's "Table Talk") seems disposed to acknowledge. It is strange, by the way, that Mr. J. A. Symonds should call Shelley's verses, named "Mont Blanc," "somewhat Coleridgian." There is no similarity between the two poems (not even one of metre), save that both are on the same subject. Each is in some sort an address to that Being or that Power of which the great snow-mountain is a noble manifestation, but how differently is that Power conceived and regarded by each! Mr. Swinburne's talk about detecting a "rancid unction of piety" in this and other poems of Coleridge is most unjust. Of the absolute sincerity of his belief and his awe-struck sense of eternal things there cannot be the least doubt in any fair mind.

Many of the pieces written at this period it is quite impossible to classify in order of dates. "The Pains of Sleep" (written in 1803) has a sad autobiographical interest, especially in the light of his own subsequent confession. The beautiful verses called "A Day Dream" (not to be confounded with a poem of the same name already mentioned) contain some charming imaginative pictures, and are exquisitely melodious throughout. There are several poems in the ballad form, especially "Alice du Clos," and the fragment called "The Three Graves," both worthy of study. Another fragmentary piece is "The Blossoming of the Solitary Date Tree"—a lamentation, or so it seems, for unrequited affection. "Fancy in Nubibus" may be regarded as Coleridge's finest sonnet, though fashioned after the loose Shaksperean model. Nor should we pass by the graceful Italian pictures in the *Garden of Boccaccio.*

Of the poems of declining life the most famous is certainly the piece called "Youth and Age." Though each of its three

stanzas was written at a different period (the first probably in 1824, the last in 1827, and the second many years before), the several parts form a completely-harmonious whole. Had Coleridge left behind him nothing in verse but this perfect little piece, it should have preserved his fame as a poet. The "Improvisatore" is devoted to a charming exposition (partly in prose, partly in verse) of the passion of love. The piece called "Love, Hope, and Patience in Education" is both exquisite in itself and full of instruction to the teacher of children:

> When overtaxed at length
> Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way;
> Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
> Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
> And, both supporting, does the work of both.

Even more beautiful, and perhaps less known, is "Love's Apparition and Evanishment: an Allegoric Romance."

Youth, Love, and Hope—these abstractions were clothed, to Coleridge's mind, in the fair forms and bright colours of imagination; and so attired, they blended in the old man's thought with the contemplation of those unseen realities, the belief in which was a part of his very nature. Love was the first thought of Coleridge's awaking soul, as shown in the beautiful lines on her first advent, which are his earliest recorded verses. Love, too, seen as the unity in trinity of that graceful sisterhood, was the last. In the "Table Talk" (under date July 10, 1834—a fortnight before Coleridge's death), we find some lines which, though of course in prose, have all the rhythm of poetry, and may perhaps be regarded in a sense as the swan-song of the dying bard: "Is it not strange that very recently bygone images, and scenes of early life, have stolen into my mind, like breezes blown from the spice-islands of Youth and Hope—those twin realities of this phantom-world! I do not add Love—for what is Love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as *one?*"

As a preliminary to the masterly criticism of Wordsworth's poetry, to which the latter part of the *Biographia Literaria* is mainly devoted, Coleridge discusses, in the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of that work, the nature of poetry in general, and decides upon the following as his final definition of a poem: "A poem is that species of composition, which is opposed to works of science by proposing for its *immediate* object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having *this* object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the *whole*, as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component *part*." He then proceeds, from a consideration of Shakspere's "Venus and Adonis," to lay down the following marks or characteristics of poetic genius in general: 1. Perfect sweetness of versification, and its adaptation to the subject. 2. The power of entering into, and portraying, by the aid of imagination, characters, scenes, and circumstances remote from the poet's own. 3. The use of natural imagery, not as a mere description or copying of nature, but as transformed by passion or emotion, or transfused with a human and intellectual life from the poet's own spirit. 4. Depth, and energy of thought. Of this last characteristic he speaks as in itself proving little, except as taken conjointly with the former; and then enlarges on the subject in a magnificent passage.

Now, if we turn from Coleridge's views on the nature of poetry to his own poems, and from these again to Mr. Traill's criticism of them, we shall find, I think, not only that the poet has on the whole admirably carried out his own ideas, but likewise that his conceptions of poetry have more validity than those of his latest critic. Mr. Traill says:

In spite of his theory as to the twofold function of poetry we must finally judge that of Coleridge, as of any other poet, by its relation to the actual. Ancient Mariners and Christabels—the people, the scenery, and the incidents of an imaginary world—may be handled by poetry once and again to the wonder and delight of man; but feats of this kind cannot—or cannot in the Western

world, at any rate—be repeated indefinitely, and the ultimate test of poetry, at least for the modern European reader, is its treatment of actualities—its relations to the world of human action, passion, sensation, thought. And when we try Coleridge's poetry in any one of these four regions of life, we seem forced to admit that, despite all its power and beauty, it at no moment succeeds in convincing us, as at their best moments Wordsworth's and even Byron's continually does, that the poet has found his true poetic vocation—that he is interpreting that aspect of life which he can interpret better than he can any other, and which no other poet, save the one who has vanquished all poets in their own special fields of achievement, can interpret as well as he.

And then he goes on to complain of "a tentativeness of manner which seems to come from a conscious aptitude for many poetic styles, and an incapacity to determine which should be definitely adopted and cultivated to perfection."

Now, in the first place, no one wants Ancient Mariners and Christabels to be repeated indefinitely. We already possess, from Coleridge's hand, perfect examples of that kind, and these, as Mr. Traill admits, have aroused in men both wonder and delight. A poet must be judged by what he has done, not by what he has failed to do; and there was a place in modern poetry for these exquisite creations—a place which no other poet has or could have exactly filled. Both forms of poetry—the idealistic and the realistic—are equally valid, because they equally answer to special needs of the human spirit. According to Mr. Traill, Shakspere ought not to be judged by his fairy creations in the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but by his imaginative grasp of human nature in its most various phases. It will hardly be denied, however, that the purely ideal side of his genius is of considerable account in an estimate of his greatness. At present, science, life, and actuality are the order of the day, and skilful portraiture, psychological subtlety, loftiness of moral teaching, are often accepted as actual substitutes for poetic beauty and charm. "Pleasure," says Coleridge in his lectures on Shakspere, "is the magic circle out of which the poet must not dare to tread." Many

modern poets, and some modern critics (Mr. Traill not altogether excepted), seem to be of a different opinion, and to treat the pleasure proper to poetry, if not altogether as unworthy of consideration, yet as a very subordinate matter. One fancies that Mr. Traill has accepted too submissively and too literally Matthew Arnold's misleading definition of poetry as "a criticism of life." Again, as for the tentativeness of manner, which Mr. Traill professes to discover in Coleridge's poetry, that seems a strange charge to bring against a poet who, at one bound, achieved in "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner" the height of artistic excellence. All that can be fairly considered matter of regret is that we have so little of this consummate work.

As to the general features of Coleridge's poetry, the following points may be noted:

1. Its melody of versification. The poet, as we have seen, gave this the first place when discussing the characteristics of his art, and he might well do so, for no English poet had a finer gift of musical expression than he. Spenser, perhaps, alone (and that only occasionally) can be considered altogether his equal for sweetness of versification. Take, *e.g.*, the opening stanza of the fragmentary "Dark Ladie:"

> Beneath yon birch with silver bark,
> And boughs so pendulous and fair,
> The brook falls scatter'd down the rock,
> And all is mossy there!

Apart from the great beauty of these lines as a picture in words, their effect on the ear is one of sweet, sustained, and satisfying sound. We see here how a great poet produces his effects. Not a single unusual word or expression is used, the language is simple in the extreme, and yet the impression left both on the mind and the ear is that of the highest poetry. The little piece called "Love," extracted from the introduction to this fragment of a ballad, might not unfitly

test a reader's possession of an ear for the music of verse. Of the melody of "Christabel," and of some of the means by which that melody is produced, something has already been said. Nor is it only sweetness, bewitching sweetness, that is noticeable in this verse. Sergeant Talfourd said of Coleridge, that he possessed "a facile power of melody, varying from the solemn stops of the organ to a bird-like flutter of airy sound." We certainly cannot claim for Coleridge that he was master of that depth and volume of sound which swells like organ-music through the poetry of Milton; but something analogous—something far more than mere rhetorical sonority—pervades such lines as these from the "Chamouni:"

> Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
> Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
> Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
> And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
> Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
> Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
> Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
> Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
> Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

2. Imaginative power. We see Coleridge's imagination both in the choice and treatment of his subjects as wholes, and in his use of natural imagery. Shakspere's "Venus and Adonis" (says Coleridge in the *Biographia Literaria*) "seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of these characters by consummate actors. You seem to be told nothing but to see and hear everything." In "The Ancient Mariner," Coleridge not only chose a subject remote from his own private interests and circumstances, but infused into it so much dramatic power that it has for us—for the time—all the force of reality, and we seem to be ourselves witnesses of the strange events which transpire. In "Christabel" we are not so completely under the spell.

Perhaps to have made the scenes and characters more vivid would have interfered with the impression of perfect beauty which the poem was intended to produce. Coleridge again, like every true poet, gives us no mere descriptions of nature. The beauty which he sees in the external world passes through his own nature and is transformed by his imagination before being reproduced in his verse. Thus we get from him something of the charm and movement of nature herself, not the mere dry cataloguing of its details.

How finely imaginative is the address in the "Dejection" to the wind rising towards midnight!

> Thou Wind that ravest without,
> Bare craig, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,
> Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
> Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
> Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
> Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,
> Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
> Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
> The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

A multitude of instances might be given of Coleridge's unique gift of interpreting nature. I will only mention the lines on a cataract falling over a mountain precipice, in a poem expanded from Stolberg, which begins:

> There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil,
> At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing—

and the exquisite imaginative picture contained in two lines of the little piece called "Work without Hope"—

> . . winter slumbering in the open air
> Wears on her smiling face a dream of spring!

3. Spontaneity. Though the language which Coleridge often uses is extremely simple, and such as any man might have employed, it has almost always this mark of true poetry, that it leaves on the mind the effect of something perfect, something of which you could not alter a word

without breaking the charm. There is no appearance of effort about the best of Coleridge's work—poetry and song seem to have flowed from him as naturally as a brook from its source or melody from a nightingale's throat. Mr. Swinburne says well of "The Ancient Mariner:" "here is not the speckless and elaborate finish which shows everywhere the fresh rasp of file or chisel on its smooth and spruce excellence; this is faultless after the fashion of a flower or a tree. Thus it has grown; not thus has it been carved."

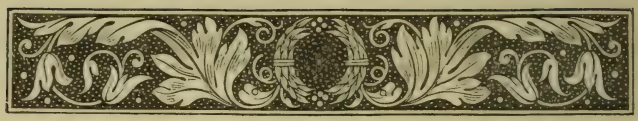
Coleridge is the most poetical of poets. "If you could see his poetry in a phial (says Leigh Hunt), like a distillation of roses (taking it, I mean, at its best), it would be found without a speck." But then, as Hunt admits, the best is, comparatively speaking, small in amount. If we compare Coleridge with Keats (as having together given the highest expression to beautiful conceptions), we shall see that while the former at his best is the more poetical, Keats preserves more uniformly the element of true poetry. The latter never descends to prose. His earlier poems, though often weak and wordy, have some of the bard's genuine inspiration. The eloquent rhetoric of such a piece as the "Religious Musings" would have been impossible to him. To Shelley, Coleridge has an affinity in this respect, that both aspired to be philosophers as well as poets. But the former early resigned metaphysics in favour of poetry, though in his poems the artistic effect was often somewhat subordinated in his own mind to the presentation of those views about man and the universe, which he held to be of such importance to the welfare of mankind. Coleridge, on the other hand, cultivated poetry and philosophy, on the whole, independently—the former perhaps engaged more deeply the affection of his earlier years, the latter of his mature life—but both of them he loved and worshipped with a disin-

terested affection. That his poetry reveals much of that "depth and energy of thought," which he considered so essential for a great poet's equipment, cannot be doubted, and yet his special metaphysical and religious views betray themselves rarely, except in a very few of the earlier poems. To poetry Coleridge seems to have fled as a refuge from his mental and spiritual perplexities, and certainly few men have ever praised her more generously or more gracefully than he has done in an oft-quoted passage; "Poetry has been to me its own 'exceedingly great reward;' it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

The remains which Coleridge left behind him as the result of his various intellectual activities are, on the whole, fragmentary in character, and we may regret, not unnaturally that a man of such splendid endowments should, through a defect of will or a too great dispersion of energy, have done so little. "So gifted," says Sergeant Talfourd in his *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, "Coleridge glided from youth into manhood, as a fairy voyager on a summer sea, to eddy round and round in dazzling circles, and to make little progress, at last, towards any of those thousand mountain-summits which, glorified by aërial tints, rose before him at the extreme verge of the vast horizon of his genius." And yet we have much to be grateful for. Apart from the influence of his spiritual teaching on a few chosen minds, and the inspiring eloquence of his conversation, he tried no field of literary work in which he did not achieve a very considerable degree of success. Poetry, the drama, criticism, journalism—in all he has distinguished himself; and in two departments, as a poet and a literary critic, his place is eminent and assured. We may fitly address him in some

words of his own, extracted from a piece which he meant perhaps as a sort of *apologia pro vitâ suâ*, and thus take our farewell of one who (spite of his faults) was both great and good:

> O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
> O studious poet, eloquent for truth!
> Philosopher! condemning wealth and death,
> Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love!



A VENETIAN SKETCH.

BY THOMAS KAY.

> The minstrel was infirm and old;
> The withered cheek and tresses grey
> Seemed to have known a better day.—SCOTT.

I HAD slept with the window open, and the sounds from "out-of-door" Venice had awakened me. The cry of the gondoliers at the corner of the little canal, the confused murmur from ships loading and unloading in the Giudecca, the soft throb of the little steamers which ply about; the tink, tink, tink on a vessel, perhaps miles away, undergoing repair, and the dull hammering with wooden mallets of dried fish on the mooring posts of the Riva, were heard clearly through the morning air.

Arising, I looked outside; the morning was a pale grey, with undefined low-hanging clouds. San Giorgio, with its ruddy campanile and white-marble façade, was reflected in the calm sea and haziness dimmed the distant Liddo, the Giudecca and Grand Canals. Suddenly a slight breath of wind passed across the water, marking a ripple line sharp as the wake of a wild fowl on a mere. The grey clouds began at once to move, and they descended in vapour, enveloping the Salute and the palaces of the Grand Canal in their embrace. The sun as quickly gleamed on the figure of Fortune holding high the sail of commerce above the mundane globe upon which she pirouettes to the breeze; and as

VENICE.

Drawn by Thomas Kay. Engraved by H. Watkinson.

(See p. 240.)

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tenderly as a bridegroom takes off the veil from his beloved, so did the sun lift up the fog from Venice, changing the colour of the water from an ashen grey to a delicate turquoise, and flashing on the wavelets sparkling coruscations of light to environ and adorn her elegance. Beautiful Venice! Bride of the sea! thou art as charming this spring morning to me as thou couldst have been in those past times when wedded to the Adriatic, although the pomp and vanity of paltry show are absent.

A thin tinkle, tinkle sound from a weedy guitar was heard from below, and an ancient minstrel, blind and bent with age, was led forward by a woman. He faintly preluded with the strings; and the woman, with anxious gaze, scanned the windows above. She, like other Venetian women, was bareheaded, and wore the savate,* in the usual slipshod fashion. The old man at first began to sing in a feeble, quivering voice; but gaining strength as he proceeded, he trolled forth the Italian song as one who had gained triumphs on a higher stage than this.

His song being ended and meeting with no response, the woman in a melancholy manner took him again by the hand to lead him onwards. He looked weaker and more aged than before, and his knees seemed to tremble under him. He was singing, perhaps with an unbroken fast, or was humbled with the thought that his voice could no longer obtain largesse. At the sight of such silent misery, a shower of coins descended upon the pavement and the good-natured bystanders helped the woman to gather them. Revived by the tribute, as Scott's last minstrel by the stoup of wine, the troubadour fingered again his guitar, and with renewed vigour poured forth his thanks in song. The couple returned the way they

* High-heeled slipper with only a toepiece.

had come, it being evident that he had earned their breakfast, and when, shortly afterwards, they again passed my window, they were eating polenta, and wore a more contented mien.

Poor players of the streets, with only the Rialto for your stage, the heavenly orbs for your lights, and the darkness of night for your curtain. You approach the "second childishness and mere oblivion" which must close your mortal career, and the curtain of death must shut out the fairy scene of to-day, "the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherits" of human hopes and joys, triumphs and failures, despair and weariness; yet it will rise again for you on another stage that eye has not seen nor ear heard, and of which man cannot conceive the glory.

Play on, poor player! Shine on, good sun! Help still, ye generous! Measure not your charity, consider not your gain; but as kindly as this southern sun cheers his decaying powers, give the mite to dissipate the few remaining clouds between him and his awakening. Let holy pity envelope him "who gives and him who takes" in the loving kindness which makes the whole world kin in the name of that "gentle dew from heaven" *Mercy*, "the attribute of God."

A PORTRAIT.

BY A. STANSFIELD.

A SPRIGHTLY maiden, with a sprightly name—
A lithesome maiden, and so very tall
For sixteen years you would her woman call
That's girlishly inclined to romp and game—
A frolic wilding that 'twere sweet to tame,
But hard ; yet not too hard for him that counts
No *easy* pleasure "pleasure," and that mounts,
Fighting his way, up to the heights of Fame.
A maid so full of provocations sweet,
And words and ways which, while they pique you, please,
That though you vow revenge when next you meet,
And lay such plans as she shall *not* defeat,
And think of all contrivances to tease,
You still must end by falling at her feet !

AN ARTIST'S TRIP TO THE RIVIERA.

BY WILLIAM ROBINSON.

ON a Wednesday morning, about the middle of January, 1883, from a roadside station near Manchester, I set out for the south of France. And as finances were not very flourishing, and the trip was somewhat speculative, I chose that route from London to Paris which is mostly patronized by economical Frenchmen, and went *via* Newhaven and Dieppe. Among the occupants of the compartment of the carriage in which I took my seat was a somewhat demonstrative and characteristic Frenchwoman, who kept searching her pockets, basket, and purse for a missing half-sovereign. However, at last she gave it up, and, taking off her bonnet, thrust her hand into bundle and basket and produced two handkerchiefs, a green one and a white one; then, with the help of a nondescript cap, bound round by the said handkerchiefs (giving to her a somewhat striking appearance), she tried occasionally to have a little nap. A couple in a corner by-and-by produced a large loaf and a ham-shank—then, alternatively cutting and carving, they certainly put a good deal of it out of sight. However, at last we arrived at Newhaven. A young Frenchman in the train having previously told me that we might go on board at once and take a berth (or cushion) by paying an additional two shillings, I proceeded at once to prepare myself for the avoidance of

sea-sickness, if possible, by lying down flat upon my back. This position I maintained most stoically until we were within less than an hour of our destination. On board the boat there seemed to be a number of one party, for an elderly Irish gentleman coming from the first-class cabin paid the extra shillings for some twelve or fourteen of them. One of these, also an Irishman, was eagerly looking towards the approaching land, and said to me: "And is that France?" "Sure I never thought I should have lived to see France!" "I have come all the way from the north of Ireland!" Now, I have myself heard of people coming from even greater distances. I am not sure that the visit of some of the people on board had not some connection with either political or socialistic matters—perhaps there was a contingent of the "International." Certainly the journey from Dieppe to Paris in a most miserable third-class carriage tended to confirm my suspicions. Nay, I did not even feel very safe in the midst of them. There was the "boss," as he appeared, a sort of dressed-up rough, and a miserable, slouching, nothing-to-lose Italian, occasionally gnawing a piece of bread. A sort of understanding seemed kept up amongst them. And by such words as "they will land at Naples by such a date," or "they would leave New York at such a time," they seemed to refer to some other detachment which they were expecting to meet. Surely, I thought, the "rights of man" would be in strange hands if they had to be manipulated by such as they! But I must proceed with my journey. I may say, once for all, that I had no trouble with my baggage. I had merely to say that I was "artiste-peintre" and they passed me without more ado. Perhaps they thought that one whose wealth lay in earth, sea, and sky was not likely to busy himself with contraband articles. But I have heard of artists who were addicted to smoking! The road from Dieppe to Paris

is interesting and beautiful. From Dieppe to Rouen an Englishman in praising it might say it reminded him strongly of many parts of rural England. From Rouen to Paris, however, the Seine was out; and flood and fog reigned with dreary sway. Far as the eye could see a waste of waters! It is sad to gaze on such a muddy waste as this. Though extensive as vast lakes, it has none of their beauty. Hedgerows are indicated, but without their banks. Rootless trees sway to and fro in sea-girt misery, and boatless islands stand out here and there in chilling isolation. The fog increased as we neared Paris. After leaving the station at St. Lazare I was somewhat bewildered, scarcely knowing my bearings, as it was some sixteen years since I had visited Paris, and even then I had not been in the neighbourhood of the Bastille. A cabby asked me some five francs to drive to the Gare de Lyon, so I looked out for an omnibus, and managed to convey myself and luggage for threepence. Having deposited my bag and parcel at the station for the modest sum of one penny (!)—(this is one of the things they manage better in France)—I rambled a little in the neighbourhood of the Pont d'Austerlitz and the Jardin des Plantes. Then, returning to the station, although very tired, I was anxious to continue my journey, and whilst waiting about, uncertain what class or train to take, I recognized a young man whom I had seen on the boat. He was going to Geneva, I believe. He had with him, however, a dark-looking foreigner, who also nodded to me as I recognized the other young man. And, as I was looking after the times and fares of the various trains, the dark young man seemed anxious to advise me in the matter; and with an affected solicitude for my financial welfare—which, alas for human nature, was in itself a suspicious circumstance in a perfect stranger—he pointed out to me that it would be much better to go to an hotel for the night. He knew of one close by, a

very good hotel, where we could get a good bedroom for two francs ; nay, he even hinted that we might share the room (!), which made me stare and keep off—or we could each have a room, and then, after a good night's rest, go by a morning special train for Nice, for forty-two francs the return journey. Less than half the single fare! And it would be so much nicer, he said, to have company on the way. However, I did not fall in with the plan, feeling a strong repugnance to the fellow. The other young man said very little, though urged repeatedly by the dark one to speak with me, he being English and the dark one not very fluent with the language. I left them, and went to get a cup of tea at the refreshment room ; then returning towards the booking-office I saw them again. The Englishman was going on by the 9-40 p.m., which I also purposed going by, when the dark one again renewed his advances, saying he had taken his lodging, and I could have one also at the same hotel. The advertisement of the trip was before one's eyes—"we could take our tickets at once." But saying I thought of going on by the 9-40, and finding he prevailed nothing, I noticed, casually, a dreadful expression on his face, which settled me at once to get out of his presence at any rate—sleepy as I was ; so I at once went and asked for my baggage. As it was being handed to me, an interpreter of Messrs. Cook, I believe, whispered to me :—"Excuse me, do you know that young man?" I said "No, but the light-complexioned one came over in the boat when I did." "Oh, indeed," he said, "I do not know anything of him ; he looks right enough ; but I do not like the dark one. He wants to get you to himself that he may rob you of your money. I would have nothing to do with him. But do not let him know that I have advised you." I thanked him, and told him I was just going to take my ticket for Lyons, or Marseilles, and would go second-class. "That is right," he said,

"there are so many of these suspects about, that one has to be very careful." I then waited and saw the Englishman take a third-class ticket, when, letting them clear away, I took a second-class for Lyons, and saw no more of them.

I have mentioned this incident to show one of the risks which unsuspecting and solitary travellers run in strange towns, when their track is marked by the artful and ill-disposed. Knowing that I was going out was itself sufficient to say that I had a considerable sum of money with me. When looking back upon this and similar dangers through which I have passed, I realize more fully the ever-watchful care of a Divine Father. I obtained an apology for sleep on the road to Lyons; although, looking out during the night and at grey dawn, I saw the Saone was, like the Seine, flooding all the land for many miles. Having half an hour to wait at Lyons, I refreshed myself with a "café au lait," and re-booked third class to Marseilles. Two young fellows occupied the same compartment, and settled themselves for sleep by putting one of the long foot-warmers across the seats, under the cushions, by way of pillows, and wrapping themselves over with a sort of shawl. I was greatly interested in the country as we went along towards Marseilles. The rapid Rhone flows through the broad and fertile valley, which is covered with entirely new vegetation, vines, olives, &c.; and there was a change, too, in the general colour and character of the dwellings. More light and warmth prevailed; and it seemed as if the gray film of mist which veiled the northern light was being cleared away, while burnished sunlight gilded the distant hill tops with a new glory. To the right of the valley was that chain of mountain fastnesses which, in times of religious persecution, formed hiding-places for the hunted Huguenots. A grand range they seemed, with many a castle frowning over the entrance to the mountain defiles. Far away in the south-east the heights which

overlook and guard the Riviera were glorious with the light of the setting sun, looking in the distance like golden gates to a land of promise, the rain, fog, and mist, which had accompanied one hitherto, seeming fading away. The pines, acacias, aloes, and other large-leaved exotics which grow around Marseilles told that here was the passage birds' wintry home. And yet the weather began again to be not quite what one could have desired, for as we reached Marseilles it was raining heavily and quite dark.

I put up for the night near the station, and had my first hap-hazard experience of a French hotel-restaurant. Following a dark mulatto servant up a winding stone staircase of a somewhat "star chamber" pattern, and along dark corridors, I entered my "chambre." A mixture of bareness and faded sumptuousness seemed to be the style of it. However, I found a good bed, and slept well upon it, for I was worn out. I found here, and had it abundantly confirmed elsewhere, that those places of convenience which our boards of health are supposed to look well after were sadly deficient in light and air. And the general back-of-behind habits of the people are by no means cleanly. The ordinary run of English tourists see very little of the French at home. Travelling first-class "rapide," and always putting up at the regulation hotels, where everything is kept as much as possible *à la Anglaise*, they are simply foreigners with foreign surroundings. I found the people generally obliging and polite. Officialism, however, holds a tight rein, especially in travelling. You have just to keep to the regulations of the road and you get along all right. I was up in the morning in time for the 7-30 train for Mentone. It seemed to go upon the principle that a day's work might be done any time in the course of a day. Resting an unconscionable time at every roadside station, and giving twenty-five minutes for lunch, it seemed as if the journey was to be

taken in "numbers." Then we were shunted into a siding for a long time, just as if we had been "cheap-trippers," waiting for a "rapide" or two to pass, until we finally reached Nice just in time for the train after the one we should have caught. It was not a favourable time for seeing the beauties of Nice, being dark, and English wintry weather following hard after one—rain—rain—rain! From succeeding journeys to and fro in the daylight, I found the whole route a very enjoyable and picturesque one. Outside Marseilles there are some grand heights crowned with fortifications, whence one might get a wonderful *coup d'œil.* And I noticed that the vegetation grew more luxurious as we advanced. The olives especially, which had been mere bushes or scrubby little trees on the other side Marseilles, now became more like forest trees.

At Frèjus, there are evidently considerable records of the Romans, who for a long time held sway over this district. A fine amphitheatre seemed as if it would make a capital subject for a painter; and several old-world fragments of buildings also. And then the glorious range of volcanic-looking hills, called Les Estrelles, with their grand rocks of porphyry, and peculiarly rugged and picturesque little inlets—wild enough for Salvator, and lonely enough for brigands—the railway cuts straight through them; then opens out into that grand sweeping bay, at the other side of which stands the town of Cannes, with the Bocca, or wooded district, between. Cannes owes much of its reputation as an English place of winter resort to the late Lord Brougham, who frequented it and died there. The Cannois have expressed their indebtedness to him and respect for his memory by the erection of a marble statue placed in the centre of a square named after him. His monument in the beautiful little English cemetery is an immense plain stone cross. When staying at Cannes last season, I was much interested in

comparing the two cemeteries — English and French — separated only by a wall. The French or Catholic cemetery was furnished to death with all sorts of showy forms of grief—some rich, others tawdry, but all strikingly demonstrative. And on the tombstones the repeated wail of the mourners, or the despairing cry of the departed, who even on his tomb says "pray for me"—all combine to intensify the pangs of separation without the loftier sentiment of a risen and emancipated soul. In the English cemetery, on the other hand, one walks quietly round among the neatly-arranged and chastely-designed memorials of affectionate regard, and the inscriptions are generally such passages of scripture as ring with the sound of victory—an onward and hopeful call — breathing a spirit of love and trust, or recording the virtues of a well-spent life. The contemplation of it all left a healthy feeling in the mind, elevating manhood and the spiritual in man. Two years ago Cannes received as a visitor—shall I say "a nobler Roman than they all"—one whom the French papers called "Lord" Gladstone; but last season Cannes was regarded with a mournful interest. The sad event will be in the memory of you all. I will not detain you with the pleasant little trips to the isles of St. Marguerite and St. Honorât, in the former of which Marshal Bazaine was confined, and from which he escaped to more pleasant quarters, I presume, in Spain.

Let us return to Nice, where we had arrived in the dark and wet, ready for the train for "Menton." Though Nice is the favourite town for gaiety and pleasure, we must leave its seventy thousand inhabitants and hurry on past those immense rocky bulwarks surrounding the quaint mountain village of Eza, and surmounted by that old Saracenic ruin called Turbia. As I hear them call out "Monaco," then "Monte Carlo," what ideas arise in one's mind of splendour shielding vice—the world, the flesh, and the devil in seduc-

tive guise. It is eight p.m. as we reach the last town on the French frontier—Menton. I alight in the dark and wet, a stranger to the land and people, unknowing and unknown. A sense of loneliness comes over me. I wait until the long array of omnibuses has vanished. Then depositing my "bagage" I sally forth towards the town. I enter a large boulevard or street, with rows of immense plane trees, and which in the daylight proves to be the "Avenue de la Gare." Passing some imposing-looking buildings, I come to an hotel and restaurant of neat and modest appearance, suited, as I think, to my purpose and purse. On the window I read "On prend des pensionnaires," so in I go, and with the polite and straightforward host soon make arrangements to stop awhile. The window of my room has a south-western aspect, and commands a beautiful view from Cap Martin to the grand pile of mountains behind which descends the setting sun. The little hotel is quiet and well regulated, managed and mainly waited upon by the indefatigable host, his wife and daughter. As I awoke and looked out of the window the beautiful southern sun was flinging his glorious light over groves of olives, lighting up the villas embosomed in them, and bringing out the fine features of the craggy heights which rose behind. Out to the left is the gleaming of the lovely sea. And this was the depth of winter! Truly a new world to me! Need I say that eyes and feet were busy admiring and exploring on that beautiful Sunday?

With the Monday morning I was up the Carrei valley ere the hoar frost had been chased by the rising sun. A grand subject to begin with! Olives, oranges, cypresses, and firs filling up a great part of the narrowing valley—two or three nice little arches spanning the stream which flowed through it, and leading to a house on its banks. The banks themselves were clothed with bamboos and various wild shrubs. Above and behind was the little church and village of Monti,

whilst the rugged Roulabra and other heights built up the background. I pitched my easel on the road side. Various were the incidents which passed. The people are abroad early, and this is the road to Turin. First a drove of bullocks coming down—those great, mild-looking, large-horned brown beasts. Then a woman with a herd of goats of various shades. Then mules with their trappings and bells, drawing their long narrow carts, with great loads piled upon them. And the patient asses frequently passing to and fro; laden often with a keg of wine on each side and another on the back, or the driver in place of the third. Sometimes they are almost buried in a load of greenstuff or sticks, and urged on by the strange sounds of issa, ee-a or animo, with the occasional accompaniment of a stick. The ass and mule are the true mountaineers' friends. Without them, life in those apparently inaccessible heights would be impossible. Lower down the valley, nearer the town, the broad bed of the river, dry for the most part, is lively with groups of washerwomen kneeling by the little running stream, soaping and batting—scrubbing, dipping, and wringing their piles of linen. As I return down the valley the sun is shining through a lovely atmosphere, colouring everything. The effect and scene are irresistible. Down go my traps and I am at work again. In the distance may be seen the "town mill," consisting of a series of four or five mills and wheels piled one above another. Near me, on the road, stands a small deep cart which two women are filling with oranges and lemons. A shepherd, with his great picturesque cloak over his shoulders, is lingering on the road while his flock ramble up and down nibbling at anything they can find. Like the shepherds of the Scriptures these southern ones lead, not drive, their flocks, and as they have no fields to put them in, they lead them about all the day—by the beds of the streams, along the road sides, under the

olives, or over the hills—wherever they are likely to find anything to eat. After lunch I go up the Borrigo valley and then turn off up a narrow valley, along what is by turns a road and a stream. At the head stand the grand rocky heights of St. Agnes. But the sun soon leaves these deep valleys, and the paper grows damper instead of drying before four o'clock.

Mentone is a capital centre for subjects for the pencil. Its surroundings are wonderfully fine. So many valleys and roads leading up into the midst of the mountains, and the old town, harbour, bay, and sea, the groves of olives and pines, the beautiful Cap Martin, the grandeur of the rocks at the Gorge St. Louis, &c., &c., make it hard to quit. But how human nature clings to old things and traditions. In these southern towns into what holes and dens do the miserable inhabitants creep, and with a magnificent country surrounding them! In olden times, when the Moors and Saracens were continually making descents upon them, one can quite understand their huddling together on some bold defiant promontory; and with forts, walls, and gates building upwards rather than spreading out laterally, and binding the houses with arches across the narrow streets to resist the shocks of earthquake to which they are liable. But that they should still cling to and root in these dark unwholesome dens is surely the force of habit. It is similar in our own large towns. I remember one Whit-week, among the crowds of people filling the carriages to Bowdon, hearing a woman say, as she looked out of the window and saw the fields between Old Trafford and Stretford, "Eh! I shouldn't like to live in the country (!) it looks so lonesome!"

These southern towns are very thickly populated. But once out of the towns you are in the open country. Very few straggling suburbs, excepting fashionable visiting quarters, where villas are built for winter residence. One

morning I went over the Pont St. Louis to see Dr. Bennett's garden, which is terraced on the slopes of the rock on the Italian side of the bridge. As I came near to the first building, having with me, as a parcel, a piece of milled board with paper stretched upon it for sketching, two Italian gendarmes pounced upon me and took me at once into the building, which I found was the Italian Douane, to have my parcel examined. The official inside opened it, looked somewhat suspiciously at it, and seeing a little crack where the paper was beginning to come off slightly, he was going to have loosened it rather more, I thought if I had not stopped him, telling him what it was for in my broken French. He just peeped into the crack, and, finding nothing, melted into politeness itself; and the gendarmes volunteered every information as to the way into the garden. They had evidently precious little to do. There was another path by the shore, under the Roches Rouges, by which you can climb up into the main road again. So there is another officer stationed close by the stream coming out of the "Gorge." The stream itself is utilized, as it runs into the bay, by several washerwomen, and the shore itself becomes a drying ground. I will not trouble you to go with me to all my sketching spots, as you are not all used to the exposure, and might get a chill, but the beauty and interest of the Corniche Road are inexhaustible. What lovely scenes one gazes upon from the turn leading down to Monti Carlo! But if we keep along the Nice road instead of turning down, we come to Roccabruna, with its old tradition respecting its singular position, which is attributed to the malevolence of the Evil One, who, it is said, was pushing the place down from its high position one night, when either the striking of the church bells, or the earnestness of the prayers of the monks, caused him to desist and flee away, leaving it as it now stands. Suburban Mentone is divided into east and

west bays, with the old town of "Menton" or "the chin" standing up between. If I were an Irishman, I might say the east bay was the "West End," being principally affected by the English. It is particularly mild and warm from its completely sheltered position.

After leaving Mentone I went on to Ventimiglia, the first Italian town built on another promontory. Here the French line ends and the Italian begins; and you have to advance your watch some thirty-five minutes, and get your luggage inspected. I found good lodging and Italian fare at Hotel Baptiste, near the bridge. With the exception of the hostess, who spoke French, everything was Italian, and I was consequently rather lonely during the long evenings. I stayed seven days, and got through a good deal of work. Looking up the valley of the Royât, you have here a view of the snow mountains, from which a violent flood must come sometime or other, judging from the width of the river's bed. But the shepherds were using it for pasturage during the winter.* Ventimiglia is an old fortified town, the fortifications being "ancient and modern." And the dark, tortuous, and narrow passages or streets are some of the most mysterious I have seen. Having found my way somehow to the Cathedral Square, in the midst of everything thoroughly Italian, I saw in a little confectioner's shop the well-known features of an English biscuit canister, with Peak Frean's biscuits upon it—the only bit of English, I think, in the place. My next resting-place was San Remo, much frequented by the English, and a considerable town. Of course I ought to have stayed at Bordighéra, with its splendid palm trees and magnificent coast views, but I did not. You may be pretty sure you are in the English quarter at San Remo when you see

* I see from an article in the *Art Journal* that Hannibal and his Carthaginians are supposed to have passed along the Royât valley on their way to the memorable "crossing of the Alps and invasion of Italy."

"London Hotel" and "West End Hotel." The old town, however, though picturesque, is old and dirty enough. Whilst at San Remo the weather was unusually wet and miserable. But mine host assured me it was by no means the weather of the country. "No, indeed," said Signor Bonetti, a native artist who dined with us regularly, "clear, cloudless sunshine for three months together—that is San Remo." However, I had very comfortable quarters and was well cared for by M. Molinari, who, at my departure, kindly gave me addresses of all hotels I might need on my route. We were a nice little party at table. The artist and his mother—also an Italian lieutenant and another Italian gentleman of decided radical views. An argument was sometimes started between them, and I had an opportunity of witnessing the violent gesticulation and energetic action which accompanied the flow of oratory. I began sometimes to think it was well the lieutenant—a very pleasant and genial soul—had put his sword on the side table before sitting down to dinner! But it was all a friendly conversation. I found the little street children of San Remo very troublesome in their importunity for the "little sous."

One morning, standing on the edge of an aqueduct outside the town, with the little river flowing below, under bridges, and beside an olive mill, a girl came to me with her little bunches of wild flowers, thrusting them under my nose almost to make me take them. I could not send her away, but from the position of my easel she could not stop me from gazing at the olive woods above and beyond. Finding that her impertinent persistence availed nothing, nor that of her brother, who also came, they went away a few yards, when presently I felt a slight sprinkling on my face and neck, and, turning round, I beheld the young monkeys in the act—the girl of dipping a long bamboo into the aqueduct and giving it to the boy who stood on the road

above, and he shook it at my drawing or myself. My wrath was poured forth in English, French, and any broken word of Italian I could lay hold of, in such vigour as caused their retreat, and I was left in peace. On my recounting the experience to Bonetti, he told me of certain encounters he had had with them himself, and said he believed they were the most troublesome children of any place he had been in. The Italian gentleman was greatly incensed at the maliciousness of the urchins, and said it would be necessary to take a policeman with me next time—"yes, indeed, it is shocking to think of spoiling the drawing." But just fancy an artist sketching with an escort of police! However, as it was "carnival" a day or two after, perhaps they were worse than usual on that account. I am not going to describe the ingenious or outrageous nonsense, drollery, and display which characterized the processions, but there were certain special performances at the theatre, one of which I attended, the opera being "Faust." There were certain fireworks and a good band in the "Jardins de l'Imperatrice." I observed that both here and in other towns on my route the numerous street and wayside shrines were mostly suffering from neglect, abuse, or decay. They remind me of the dolls and other images which might be found in some nursery which the former inmates had outgrown—relics which had been the objects of infantile affection and reverence. But, too often when emerged from this stage of existence, proud, impassioned youth, regarding these things with a somewhat self-satisfied feeling of contempt, rushes into the whirlpool of pleasure and dissipation—looking upon these as the ends of life. In the words of the *Journal de Menton*, he says: "Le plaisir, c'est la santé, alors vive le plaisir!" But ere the true dignity of humanity can be attained either in individual or national life there must be the birth and growth of a deeper and holier reverence for that Eternal and Divine Humanity

after which we are to pattern. To go back to the nursery of childhood is neither possible nor desirable. The ardent and impulsive children of the "land of the Madonna" can only reach their true glory and dignity by the worship of, and true reverence for, the living principles, and not dead imagery of purity, holiness, and self-sacrifice.

From San Remo I passed on to Oneglia, a by no means fashionable place of resort, but a very good centre for subjects either for the figure or landscape painters. Though a town somewhat afflicted with poverty, it possesses one noble street, straight as an arrow, a great part of it flanked by colonnades, and crossing the mouth of the river by a grand suspension bridge, with lofty, white marble supports. Here I may say I was more completely isolated from all social intercourse than during any part of my journey. The host of the "Hotel Victoria"—the only hotel in the place—spoke French, but was always busily occupied. For the rest I was just a worker by day and an observer by night. Here I first made acquaintance with musquitoes, and had my face considerably altered in contour by their attentions. However, I treated them with the severity of lynch law, and afterwards made better use of the muslin curtains round my bed. One wet morning I went along the quay past the fisherfolks' dwellings and rooms, and entered into one of the workshops amongst a number of men, youths, and children, some of whom were clearing and arranging lines. There was no window in the place. It was just a receptacle for baskets, nets, &c. Sitting down in the far end of the room, and stooping to catch light enough from the door to work by, I made a drawing of them whilst they continued their labours. Of course they thought I was "Francesa," and I did not care to undeceive them. Several of my subjects being some distance up the valley, I was one day anxious to continue the afternoon's theme without returning to

luncheon; and in the little village where I had been occupied with a wonderfully picturesque street, I noticed a shop with bread, wine, &c., in it. So I went inside, and taking up a couple of large rolls asked how much? "Decie centissimi" (one penny). Then pointing to the wine, and signifying the quantity by a glass measure, I again asked how much? "Decie centissimi." Thus for twopence I satisfied my wants and proceeded with my work, returning in time for dinner at half-past six.

On Sunday morning I had a grand walk along the Corniche road to Diana Marina. It was a beautiful morning, though somewhat grey and cloudy. But as I reached the highest point of the road, and gazed out over the boundless expanse—or bounded only by my powers of vision—my breast was full of emotions such as are rarely felt. I do not think I ever saw such a wonderful distance. The sea was calm; the canopy of cloud was partly broken here and there by the descending rays of sunlight, and the alternations of reflected shades and gleams of light—brightest in the far off distance—carried the eye over an immense track of sea till one seemed to reach a far off Eden where golden cumuli rolled over imaginary hills of fairyland! And with the contemplation of all this mingled thoughts of home and the dear ones there! It felt as if the heavens were one great dome, under whose sunlit arch we were all gathered, and the separation was only seeming, or real only from the limitations of sense. Turning to the vast amphitheatre of hills surrounding the bay, I saw a number of interesting towns and villages, some by the shore, others on the slopes or crowning the crests of the hills behind. In the afternoon I tried to reach a town or village on a hillside covered with olive trees, and turned up a road which seemed the only possible way of access. The road went through a dense wood of olives, and wound about

until it rose up a hill, whence at last I could get a glimpse round about me. However, I was not where I expected to be, but was nearing a village on the top of the hill. Coming from it was a person of respectable appearance, of whom I inquired if by pursuing the road through the village I could wind round to Oneglia again. Like most of the respectably-dressed people I met in Italy, I found he understood French, and so he told me that if I passed through the main street, and turned round by the church, I could find my way down to the high road. I found it quite a populous little place, having a large important-looking church, with lofty spire; but I saw no possible way of approach to the place except by mules and asses, for the way down was a series of wide steps for the most part. I thought of the amount of labour it must have cost to erect such structures at such an elevation. Even now I have no idea of the way to the village I was trying to reach.

After spending some eight days in this state of isolation, I went on to Alassio, and at the Hotel de Londres took my seat at a little dining-table exclusively surrounded by English people—five ladies and a gentleman. My power of speech quickly returned, and I spent a pleasant time in this thoroughly Italian town, with one long narrow street running straight through it. It is entirely enclosed by hills, so that the railway both enters and leaves the bay by a tunnel at each end. There is a town, as you enter the bay, called Laiguela, whence you have a good view of Alassio. And here, at Alassio, there are a number of English residents and a nice little English church. It also possesses a good sandy beach, some two-and-a-half miles in length — the only bathing-place along the coast. Consequently it is much frequented by the Italians during summer time, booths, &c., being erected along the shore, giving it quite a gay appearance. Among the varieties of foliage here, which included

olives, citrons, oranges, palms, pines, &c., I noticed a good number of fine caroba trees, of one of which I made a careful study. They cause a nice variation in the colour of the foliage, being of a richer green and less like an evergreen than olives or firs. The forms of the branches are most complicated. The elderly gentleman who was my companion at the hotel said, as I was speaking of the time the caroba tree had taken me to draw—"I saw one to-day, and if you can draw it in three days I'll eat it." I told him I would have mercy on his stomach and not attempt to draw it, as I was so busy with other things. Here I experienced a violent change of weather such as had not occurred for some thirty years. For a length of time it had been clear, almost cloudless, and very hot in the daytime—so much so, that, though sitting just above the sea with its bluish-green waves almost at my feet, I was obliged to cover my hat with a white handkerchief, and turn it round occasionally, to modify the heat. But in the course of two or three days a very wild storm came from seaward, with snow and sleet the whole day and night, and what had been a hot sandy beach was covered with snow, even to the edge of the waves! During the storm a boat, which was at anchor in the bay taking in its cargo of olive oil, rolled about a good deal, its hull being often out of sight. It would have made a very uncomfortable cradle for me! One night I saw from my friend's room, whose window overlooked the sea, a wonderful moonrise. A large disc of quite a ruddy appearance rose slowly above the surface of the water, but there was no shimmer of light from it until it had attained some height above the water. The reason, I presume, was because the light shone upon the side of the waves which was turned away from the spectator. In colour it looked almost like a sunsetting without radiation of light. I paid several visits to, and made a couple of drawings at, Albenga, an old Roman town a few miles further

on. It is a remarkable place, with a grand view of the distant snow mountains. But it is by no means a healthy place to stay in, from its situation and defective drainage. The site of the present town was formerly a marsh, I should suppose, as the old town, which has been unearthed, is some four or five miles inland. On the high road leading from the present town, and running alongside it, is an old Roman bridge of many arches, with vineyards and fields on either side, some parts of which are very little below the top of the arches. There are some very quaint and picturesque towers or spires in Albenga, which "tell" very well in a view of the town.

From Alassio I took a run over to Genoa for three days as a holiday, and was delighted with the city. Its situation is magnificent; many of its buildings and streets are very fine. But I will not attempt a description of "Genova la Superba," as the Italians fondly call it. After a survey of some of the palaces and picture galleries, &c., an ascent of the spire of Santa Maria, in Carignano, whence the finest panorama of the city and country is obtained, a visit to the Campo Santo (the finest in the world, I believe), and a general exploration of the city—its harbour, fortifications, streets, arcades, monuments, &c., &c., I returned to Alassio. Then, after a bitterly cold day's work at Albenga, and a little sketch of a double aqueduct up a little valley covered with maiden-hair ferns, primroses, and violets, I prepared for my return. Calling at Mentone for about three days, I waited upon a gentleman to whom a mutual friend in Bowdon had arranged a kind introduction. In conversation he said, "Were you out sketching beyond the Roches Rouges, and looking up towards Grimaldi, on that very cold day when the snow came?" I said "Yes, I was." "Ah," he said, "I thought it must have been you;" and, laughingly, he added, "When my friend from Bowdon

wrote me that you had been here, I said I was sure I had seen you, for I had seen some one out sketching who must either be a lunatic or a stranger to be out on such a day." However, I may say that with the true spirit of a Christian gentleman, he so successfully interested himself in my welfare that, whilst I was adding a couple of sketches to my repertoire, he was insuring the financial success of my trip. Consequently I was able to avail myself of the "rapide" first class only from Marseilles to Paris. Though considerably out of health on my way to Marseilles, I continued my journey the same evening, and was very much better on my arrival in Paris—hungry enough, in all conscience. Miserably wet and dirty it was in Paris; so I pushed on to Boulogne, went to an hotel in time for dinner about seven o'clock, then to bed, rose between one and two o'clock, took the night boat at 2-30 a.m., and was in London in time for breakfast. However, the power of the home magnet increased the nearer I approached it, so I greeted my family with lively satisfaction in the after part of the day, taking tea in mine own little nest near our old familiar town.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ITALIAN NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. W. A. O'CONOR, B.A.

SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE,
Festa of Immaculate Conception,
December 8th, 1884.

ALL the seats are full. People are constantly coming and going. The priests are chanting at the altar or behind it. The organ is playing, and a row of children and a few grown people are kneeling at the altar steps. I sit on the front seat in the right transept, near the Bardi Chapel, where Ruskin's favourite St. Louis is to be seen—but not without much effort. A man with a great black dog held by a chain sits near me. The dog is not awed or astonished, but wags his tail and looks about with a mild curiosity. His master is the only object of his worship, and he looks to him for sympathy now and again. A priest in a black cassock has just passed on his way to the sacristy. He put on his biretta as he went. At that moment the chant recommenced, and he struck in as he walked, taking off his biretta in a half mechanical, half self-indulgent manner. He evidently enjoys taking his part in the chant. I am writing, and no one takes the least notice of me. A priest in front of the altar now reads in a monotone. The people keep moving and replacing each other; yet you cannot say there

is interruption or inattention. Small children trot in front of the altar rails. The priests also are constantly moving. The white marble statues alone are motionless on their pedestals, some musing, some as if suddenly arrested in an attitude of activity, others giving all their thoughts to the tombs over which they stand. But none of them are listening. They live wholly apart in a world of their own. A poor-looking man has seated himself near me, and glances at me occasionally. I suspect he means to ask me for a soldo. A little boy three or four years old is busily and smilingly arranging a shawl around the neck of a little girl at the other end of the bench. He is now lifting her up on the seat, and a somewhat older girl comes from before the altar and helps him. A single priest commences a service at one of the side altars, with a small group around him. They seem in no degree disturbed by the ceremonial at the great altar. Why should they be? If a man is addressing his God, any other address, however louder and grander, should aid, not interrupt him. If I am doing a small good thing, a great heroic act of another should be an encouragement and a help. Now the great bell of the tower is tolling and outsounding everything. The priests begin to unrobe and go away one by one. The poor man has moved a little nearer to me. As I imagined he meant to ask for a soldo I am expecting and wishing him to do so. I hope he wont for the honour of human nature, but in a fugitive kind of way I wish he may for the honour of my suspicion. A new service commences. The man has gone away without asking for the soldo. Hurra! A party of ladies and gentlemen have gone into and gone out of the Bardi Chapel without looking at St. Louis. I hope Mr. Ruskin may never read this. A young man swings a censer. The priests sing in loud, solemn tones, and again the great bells of the tower peal. Now nothing is heard but the peal of the great bells

and the sweet tones of the organ blending in strange harmony. A cloud of incense rises and a small bell tingles. Now nothing is heard but the organ. Now there is silence. A priest begins a chant. Another blows his nose rather loudly. A poor woman kneeling at the altar rails takes courage and does the same. Several priests now kneel close to the altar. They are dressed in long black robes and short white surplices. Each of them puts his hands behind and arranges the folds of his black dress as he kneels. They have now risen and gone away. A little boy, similarly clad, passes by with two decanters in a basket. They jingle as he goes. Four or five priests, in rich yellow robes, stand before the altar. Four boys take enormous candlesticks, with lighted candles in them of proportionate size, and file away, and the priests follow. Two servitors come with long extinguishers and begin to put out the lights. A woman has all this time been kneeling in the Bardi Chapel close to the altar, but with her back towards it, as if she wished to be near, but did not dare to confront it. There is a general movement of departure through the building, but she does not move. She is reading. At the ring of a bell a boy comes from the sacristy carrying a large book, and a priest richly attired follows with the elements. A new service commences. The woman leaves the Bardi Chapel and kneels at the extreme corner of the great altar rail. I am getting cold, and rise.

PENSIONE LUCCHESI.

I walked quickly along the Piazza to get warm, and passed a gentleman with two dogs. They were little black dogs, with collars and bells; one of them was hunchbacked, with unpleasant, jealous eyes, as if he resented being looked at. I never saw a hunchbacked dog before. His owner seemed to bestow particular attention on him, and took special care that he was not left too far behind.

VIEUSSEUX' LIBRARY.

I have come here for a book after lunch and feel in an idle mood. Our company at the Pensione is increasing. Two fresh visitors—Italians—have appeared at table. In speaking of Italians and Germans, we can scarcely avoid using the term foreigners. They are such, of course, to our little English coteries, and one gets into that state of puzzlement exemplified by the Irishman, who asked which is the other side of the street? "That, of course," said the interrogated one, pointing to the opposite side. "Yes," said the Irishman, "but a man told me when I was there that this was it." So when we were on the other side of the water we were told that this was a foreign country, and we can't get rid of the idea. This would not much matter if we could omit the ideas that are commonly associated with it. Two Americans, a lady and a gentleman, have also just come. The gentleman's father was an Italian Jew; he was born in America, educated in England, and wears a wig. His face is made up of all those incongruities, and presents neither dignity nor beauty. It is a very ugly mosaic. The lady with him is not his wife, but a near relative. When this question arose among us, some one told a story. An American couple, newly married, were on their honeymoon travels. The gentleman, undesirous of being stared at, charged his servant not to mention to any one the fact of the recent marriage. After awhile he perceived that he and his wife were objects of universal curiosity. Every one stopped and stared at them. He called his servant, and said, "I hope you have not been telling that we are newly married." "Sure, no," was the answer; "I put them all on the wrong tack, for faith I told them ye were not married at all."

CHURCH OF SANTA TRINITA,
Four o'clock.

I have come in here for a moment or two. Most of the seats are occupied. A fat old official has just gone inside the rails, and is slowly and methodically lighting the candles. As I see the old man patiently and with difficulty reaching his long staff to the higher lights and succeeding at last in increasing the illumination, I begin to wish that some people in our Church, who are bent on enlightening the world, were as innocently employed. Another official in a light-coloured woollen robe has made his appearance. He soon made his office known by shaking a money-box. In order to shake a money-box with proper effect it must have some money in it, while what the action is meant to convey is that there is a want of money. So a little water is required to set a pump successfully going. The collector paused before me as if in doubt. I put my hand in my pocket. This is a ceremony that is understood equally in church or out of church, in Italy and in England. He handed me a little card with a photograph of the virgin on it, and I gave him a small coin.

PENSIONE LUCCHESI,
Six o'clock.

As I passed through the Piazzi degli Strozzi, on my way to the Duomo, a crowd caught my attention. It was gathered round a dog seated upright, very gravely and in a business-like way, on his haunches, and a man declaiming on his merits and accomplishments. It was the poorest entertainment of the kind I ever saw, saving for the spirit with which the dog entered into it. He was very small, not very handsome, and could do very little, but he was quite in earnest in what he could do. Sitting on his hind legs was to him the most important concern in life. A non-performing dog soon ran up, and with that hail-fellow-well-met manner

that distinguishes dogs and some others wanted to strike an immediate acquaintance. The performing animal resented the attempt as an intrusion on business hours, flung himself on all his feet, and rushed with an angry yelp on the idler, who immediately took to flight. The other then at once, without waiting for orders, resumed his former position with as much gravity as if he were a magistrate taking his place on the Bench, and as much earnestness as if he were going back to his dinner. This dog confirmed the lesson that it is not the things we do, but the spirit in which we do them that shows and forms character. Were we as much in earnest in standing upright in our duty as he was in his, what heroes we should be!

I went on to the Duomo, and as I entered at the Campanile end, the vast interior seemed empty. A light or two on the side walls at long intervals made the gloomy expanse partially visible. But as I moved on I perceived that there were lights and sounds at the east end. When I arrived there I saw that the transepts and the space between them were crowded, the right transept closely packed, with people. A preacher was addressing this dense audience, and at the same time some twenty or thirty candelabra, all of great size, some of enormous proportions, were being successively lowered, lighted, and drawn up, even in the immediate vicinity of the pulpit. The preacher was not in the least disturbed, nor did any of the audience seem diverted from the discourse. I cannot account for the immense difference that exists in this respect between our churches at home and Roman Catholic Churches in Italy. One day in Rome I was distracted during more than half a sermon which I could not understand, but to which from the force of habit I felt compelled to appear to be listening, by the ineffectual efforts of an official to light a candle at the high altar. Does this difference resolve itself into that between outward and

inward order? With us all is outward order. Only one thing must be done at a time. Any other movement or sound would be a fatal and profane interruption. If the Italians have order it must be internal.

PENSIONE LUCCHESI,
December 9th.

We have several Italians amongst us here. A Contessa and her two daughters have lately arrived. I notice that the English—that is the Irish, Welsh, and English,—for such is the arrangement of numerical proportions, keep aloof from them. The Contessa resembles ladies of equivalent rank whom I have seen at home. She is somewhat robust in person, and her manner corresponds. The two girls are pleasant and well mannered. But our people positively speak of them as foreigners—foreigners, with a sneer, and never speak to them, though the Italians speak English and the English Italian. It is said by our ladies that their ways are different and disagreeable. What those ways are I don't know and don't mean to inquire. It may be some real or imagined want of refinement or delicacy. But the matter must not be allowed to rest here. The true difference between the two nations is, I believe, this, that while in England the separation of classes founded on difference of property has widened and deepened into one of dress, character, and minor morals, in Italy the same separation has had no such consequences. There are rich and poor in Italy as there are here; but the difference between them in manners and customs, that is so visible here, does not exist in Italy. The two classes have never been severed from each other historically by claims of haughty superiority and ways of artificial refinement exclusively on one side. They resemble each in almost all particulars, except that of some being rich and some being poor. That

difference suggests a hundred other inevitable differences to us: nevertheless, they have been escaped in Italy. As a fact, the poor there partake of such refinements as is possible to their condition, and the rich retain those habits of coarseness or indelicacy, or naturalness which the poor cannot get rid of, because of their circumstances. Now let us reflect that well-bred manners amongst us demand that we should seem to be totally free from all the requirements and infirmities of nature, except eating and drinking, which processes must be performed with certain formalities as important as the processes themselves. We must not spit; we must not use the word stomach. A rich, idle, exclusive caste may arrive in the course of time at perfection in this ethereal pretence: it is wholly beyond the reach of the man who earns his livelihood by the sweat of his brow. The very sweat of his brow or even the name of it cuts him from what is called good society. In Italy, all alike, rich and poor, spit without fear and without reproach. I give that merely as an illustration. We must not disparage refinement; neither need we enter on the question whether it is better to refine the labouring man up, or to unrefine the idle man down—that would involve a discussion on what refinement really is; all that is meant to be advanced is that in Italy, instead of a deep gulf fixed, there is a neutral zone of common usages between the rich and the poor. Our people do not like this. There are other sources of prejudice operating. In the large Italian cities there is a class of English, Irish, and Scotch, who are busily engaged in what they call charitable or philanthropic work. There is no necessity whatever for this. There is no human want that has not a national institution amply providing for it. The Italian hospitals are the finest in the world. Our people establish these charitable enterprises merely as stalking-horses for making converts. Every material help that is

given is accompanied with singing a hymn or hearing a portion of Scripture read. The good ladies engaged in those works, which are absolutely unsuccessful in their main purpose, regard the Italians, as persons of the same description in Ireland regard the Roman Catholics in that country. They look on them, that is, as sunk in ignorance and superstition or infidelity, and their priests as men of such immoral habits that they cannot be admitted into any house in which there is a young girl. Such are the exact terms in which the opinion has been expressed to me. They who hold those views will not associate with those of whom they think so ill, and the result is that they know nothing whatever of Italian life. They live for twenty or thirty years here, and only grow stronger in their antagonism to the country and more incapable of forming a correct judgment of its people. When they come together at hotels and pensioni their eyes are open only for grounds of offence, and they find in them some habits which they call vulgar. On the other hand, persons of rank and wealth, but without the proselytizing spirit, English or Americans and Italians, meet on friendly terms, and intermarriages are frequent. I asked the two young ladies why there was not more intercourse between our people and theirs, and they implied that both parties were answerable; but they laid the chief blame on the English, who live they said in a colony of their own and mix only with each other. I questioned the Contessa on the character of the priests, and she described them as holy, self-denying men. When I quoted this it was sneered at as a "woman's description"—by women.

THE DUOMO,
December 10*th.*

Within a minute's walk from here is the Ghetto. I fell into it unawares, and wandered through it unnoticed. It is in

itself like a small city or a small world. Riches and poverty, work and idleness, seriousness and vanity, with all other human contrasts, are to be found there. Next door to a vile entry, whose fœtid breath kindly warns you not to enter—yet I did enter, and found at the end a decent-looking artizan mending shoes at his shop door, conscious only, to all appearance, of the smell of leather—is a clean thriving-looking warehouse, where healthy, well-dressed men follow some wholesome occupation. Amidst squalor and filth, and passages leading to worse than nothing, and stairs that ascend to the depths, are neat vegetable stalls and some of the best butchers' shops I have seen in Florence. In the Piazza di Fonte stands a very old double pump, with ponderous handles on each side, so contrived that a slight application of force brings up the water. Old men and women, with copper cans, kept the stream constantly flowing. The houses are very high in this Piazza; I counted nine storeys. Many of the windows are without frames; but from the highest or the lowest heads might be seen gazing on the outer world, and finding matter for contemplation in the narrow square underneath. Dogs, too, with pricked-up ears, may be seen looking out, like the Athenians, for something new. Individuals and groups are here as elsewhere. One man stood in a reverie; another, in a coat with cuffs and collar of fur, with his hands in his trousers pockets, was laying down the law to two or three others. Young men were chaffing each other, and boys were playing. One pale, shabbily-attired young man, carrying a poor, decrepit, deformed dwarf of nearly his own age on his shoulders, was moving amid the throng of his companions and sharing their sport. He and his burthen had smiles of enjoyment on their thin, pallid countenances. Is it the settled occupation of this poor boy to carry his helpless brother? It looked like it. He seemed to be quite unconscious that he was doing a

duty or suffering hardship; and the cripple was also free from any painful sense of oppressing the life of another. I wonder what those feelings are like! May they not be some unknown blessedness?

PENSIONE L.

What a resource the churches are in Italy! If you are tired or jaded, or irritable and out of sorts, you have always a church near at hand where you may enter and be at peace. When I was writing in the Duomo, close to Michel Angelo's unfinished Pieta—unfinished not because of the badness of the marble, as it is said, but because great artists rarely can finish forth their conceptions—it occurred to me that the doors might be closed and I shut in, for the Duomo closes for a short time in the afternoon. I made for the door, and found I was not a moment too soon. I had half an hour before dinner, so I resolved to ascend the Campanile. This is always closed except to the owner of a lira, who is willing to cease to be its owner. In no building of the kind have I seen such evidence of solid strength, arising from the staircase being narrow and low and cut as it were out of rocks. There is no handrail or banister, and the ascent is steep. At first it is made in quadrangular flights, then towards the summit you go around a corkscrew stairs, and, reaching the top, see Florence at your feet—no! hundreds of feet below yours. In all directions it spreads and surges until its waves are stayed by the surrounding hills, on whose sides villas, like spray from the ocean city, are scattered. The whole of the balustrade is ornamented with the names of visitors. I endeavoured to express to the guide my disgust at this practice. He misunderstood me to mean that I wanted to add my name to the others, and produced a lead pencil from his waistcoat pocket. The distant view is dreamy and vague. To think on the past or future, or gaze on the remote, is to be absent minded. I did not come here to dream. Let me

gain a definite idea if I can. But how is it possible when the hills are far, far away, and Florence seems still farther below! Out of the roof of the great dome, which is much higher than the tower, glided a hawk; he wheeled on unmoving pinions and settled again among the tiles. His colour is exactly that of the tiles. Here he has his nest and brings up his young. How strange, how suggestive of comparisons, the thought that this wild bird of prey should traverse the country and come back here daily to find sanctuary after his crimes, in the church!

San Salvi,
December 11th.

I have walked here to see a cenacolo by Andrea del Sarto in the refectory of the convent. I am now sitting in front of it. It ranks as one of the three best, the other two being by Leonardo di Vinci and Raphael respectively. We are so accustomed to think of poor Andrea only in his unhappy domestic relations and his miserable end, that we are brought before his pictures with a kind of unwillingness—the artificial shrinking from the misfortunes of others which selfish and exclusive regard to happiness has begotten in the priests and Levites of this world, among whom I am chief. The biographers of the painter are to blame for not writing more about his works and less about his wife. This fresco is in an alcove at the end of the refectory. Christ sits with Judas Iscariot on His right hand and St. John on His left. He holds a piece of bread in His hand, and apparently declares the coming treason. He lovingly soothes the excited feelings of John by laying His left hand on that of the beloved apostle. Judas puts his hand to his heart in affected horror, and all the apostles exhibit marks of sorrow and alarm. There is no general indignation directed to Judas: each is fearful and conscience-stricken for himself. Even Peter looks straight before him and ponders silently.

The thought of betraying their Master was manifestly one that had more than once passed through the mind of each one present. The gesture of Christ reassures and encourages the startled and terrified consciousness of St. John. Some gaze sadly at each other with a mutual sense of shame. Others start up as if in astonishment at the discovery of their secret thoughts. But they soon reflect that it was only a fugitive and unwelcomed temptation. Their awakening to self-knowledge shows the stage to which the evil suggestion had gone. Judas alone denies the fully-formed intention. The picture is very beautiful, and as we gaze we think of the painter and forget the hapless husband. In an open balcony above the supper chamber, in the central one of three windows, are the figures of a man and a woman. The man is leaning on the balustrade, and had been looking down on the scene below. The woman passes bearing some vessel or other article in her hands. The man turns from the supper chamber and addresses her. The incident enhances the impression of the fresco. The glimpse of the outer world relieves the too great intensity of feeling which is apt to weary itself when religious topics are regarded apart from ordinary life. Did Andrea think of himself as thus drawn aside from the contemplation of the great topic of his art by a woman!

PENSIONE L.

I learn that Mrs. Jameson has given a different arrangement of the apostles, and I suppose a different explanation of Andrea del Sarto's picture from mine. I mean to read her account.

As I went to San Salvi and returned—the church and convent are some half mile outside the gates—I met several bands of soldiers, chiefly Bersaglieri. Those Italian soldiers have not the rollicking reckless air that distinguishes our redcoats. Even a common soldier in England walks the

street with his cap suspended on one ear, and with a gaît and demeanour that intentionally aim at distinguishing the privileged idler and pleasure seeker from the sons of toil. There is no trace of this in the Italian soldier. The Bersagliero, with his ample crest of floating cock's feathers, looks nevertheless a citizen. He never thinks himself in any way different from the people he meets in the highways, or, if he does, he does not show it. At the gates, where tolls are collected from every person who brings any commodity for sale, the collectors, who wear a military dress, are on terms of perfect amity and good-humoured familiarity with the people. Regiments are to be seen in the streets of Florence at all hours, but even in full march and with bands playing before them they do not look soldiers in the idea that the word presents to us. This is not the result of lax discipline, for I have the word of several English officers that the Italian soldiers are well drilled, and show it. It is the feeling of the men that is different. They do not think themselves masters. They were tilling the fields a year or two ago, and will be again a year or two hence. In England regiments are, I may say, not often seen marching through a town. What the appearance of a regiment would be and would suggest is displayed in the demeanour of the individual soldier. In Ireland regiments with bayonets fixed are continually seen in the public ways. In Italy the soldiers are of the people and with the people. In England the appearance of military power is carefully concealed; in Ireland it is ostentatiously displayed. In England the soldier is the most thorough soldier, but he is the soldier of a class. In England manners are the most refined in the world, but it is the refinement of a caste. In England the music in our cathedrals is indescribably more beautiful than any in the Italian churches, but it is the music of the social elect.

PENSIONE L.,
December 12th.

Mrs. Jameson's description of Andrea's cenacolo is as follows: "The cenacolo of Andrea del Sarto, in the convent of the Salvi, near Florence, takes, I believe, the third rank after those of Leonardo and Raphael. He has chosen the self-same moment, 'One of you shall betray me.' The figures are as usual ranged on one side of a long table; Christ, in the centre, holds a piece of bread in His hand; on His left is St. John, and on the right St. James major, both seen in profile. The face of St. John expresses interrogation and a start of amazement. Next to St. James are Peter, Thomas, Andrew, then Philip, who has a small cross upon his breast. After St. John come James minor, Simon, Jude, Judas Iscariot, and Bartholomew. Judas, with his hands folded together, leans forward, and looks down, with a round mean face, in which there is no power of any kind, not even of malignity. In passing almost immediately from the cenacolo in the St. Onofreo to that in the Salvi, we feel strongly all the difference between the mental and moral superiority of Raphael at the age of twenty, and the artistic greatness of Andrea in the maturity of his life and talent. This fresco deserves its high celebrity; it is impossible to look on it without admiration, considered as a work of art."—*Sacred and Legendary Art*, Vol. I., p. 272.

I have just come from the Church del Carmine, where I have been examining a cenacolo by Christofano Allori. It is in a fragment of the refectory, the remaining portion having been walled off, and is entered by a small door on the left side of the cloisters as you go in to them from the church. This work, of which I have seen no description anywhere, is remarkable beyond all other reasons for being almost a facsimile of that of Andrea del Sarto. The important feature in it for my purpose is that the figure on

Christ's right hand, resembling the corresponding one of Andrea del Sarto in all other particulars, has this addition that it holds the purse. There can be no question therefore but that the figure on the right hand of Christ in Andrea's fresco was meant for Judas, and on this identification hangs the interpretation of the painter's idea. The face of Judas is neither mean nor malignant. In both frescoes it is dark and storm-tossed, the hair dishevelled, and the features marked with deep emotion, as befitted the character of a man who could not endure the reflection of his crime. The figure of the traitor is perhaps the most dignified of the twelve. Why should it not be? All the others at this time were weak and vacillating, on the eve of flight and desertion. He alone was determined. Poetic imagination can rise to heights of heroism from which guilt seems a moral monstrosity, and the wretch who practices it crawls like a serpent in the dust. But the artist does not stray from nature who sometimes paints the villain as a fallen angel, and the good man as showing traces of human infirmity. The perfect in evil has greater dignity than the imperfect in good. There is no real moral superiority in Raphael's fresco, and Andrea exhibits truth to nature as well as artistic greatness. In arranging the apostles at table in pictures we must remember the customs of the period. The Passover was first eaten standing as by men in haste. Afterwards it was ordered that it should be partaken of reclining to indicate the security enjoyed from the Egyptian bondage. This explains the meaning of John's position and attitude, and requires that Judas must have been next to Christ on the other side in order to receive the sop. Besides, Judas as the treasurer would hold a foremost place, just as an Ecclesiastical Commissioner would now. A rational estimate of Judas is in course of formation. When he was abhorred and looked down upon

as something grovelling in the lowest pit of sin, there were popes and others who out-Judased Judas a thousand fold. For we must recollect that Judas sold Christ in the same region of misconception and ignorance in which Peter denied him. It was the political Christ not the spiritual Saviour whom Judas betrayed. Some notion of the manner in which the middle ages held Judas aloof from them as inimitable in his guilt at the very time when it was exaggerated and multiplied in new forms of daring profanity never conceived by Judas by their civil and ecclesiastical rulers, may be gathered from the legends invented and circulated concerning him. He was of the tribe of Reuben. Before his birth his mother dreamed that the son she was about to bring forth would murder his father, commit incest with his mother, and sell his God. On his birth his parents enclosed him in a chest and cast him into the sea. He was found and fostered by a king and queen, whose son he killed in a quarrel over a game of chess. He fled to Judea and entered into the service of Pontius Pilate as a page. He afterwards committed the crimes foreshadowed of him, and, learning the secret of his birth, was filled with horror and fled for pardon to Christ, who received him as an apostle. After the betrayal he hanged himself, and burst asunder in the midst that his soul might escape by some other channel than the lips that betrayed his Master. In a poem Lucifer is described as rising from his burning throne to welcome a greater sinner than himself:

> Then in his arms he chained the trembling wretch,
> And with his black and fiery mouth on stretch
> Gave back the kiss that he had given to Christ.

Artists have ascribed to Judas an exterior corresponding to this conception. The Italians represent him with an evil expression, the Germans and Spanish as the embodiment of ugliness. In the legend he is described as beautiful in

person. We are never in such danger of doing wrong as when we picture some other wrong as remote, repugnant, and unapproachable. It is better, with a more correct judgment, to raise Judas to his true place, and to keep apart from him by rising above him, not by sinking him below us in an imaginary and inaccessible abyss of guilt.

SAN ONOFREO.

Here is a cenacolo said to be by Raphael. On the walls are more than sixty photographs, engravings, and other copies of different last suppers. In most of them Judas sits on the side of the table next the spectator, by himself. He is generally distinguished by a dog picking a bone at his feet. In that by Leonardo, St. John is on Christ's right hand, and Judas next to him. In Raphael's—not that here ascribed to him, but an incomplete design—John is on Christ's left hand, and a figure closely resembling the figure on the right in Andrea's fresco occupies the same place.

TRAMCAR.

The Italians work and buy and sell to live. English and Americans work and buy and sell to get rich. This is the fruit of a wide induction.

THE UFFIZZI,
December 14th.

I have ascended to the gallery by one hundred and twenty-six steps. I notice that in all battles between centaurs and men the man-part of the centaur alone fights; the horse-part, through some sense of honour, never kicks. It would be well if all who have some of the brute in them—and who is without?—bore this in mind.

PENSIONE LUCCHESI.

I went to the Uffizzi intending to go through the covered passage to the Pitti, partly to have a quiet solitary inspec-

tion of the pictures, and partly to form an opinion of the Sunday visitors. The galleries are open to the public on Sundays. Just after I had mounted the stairs I met with some friends, who disturbed my plans. I also found that the covered way between the two galleries is not open on the free days. I walked with one of my friends through the town to the Pitti, and for a few moments got by myself between Michael Angelo's Parchi and Titian's Baccanale. This latter picture represents a man, who follows a female Baccante, as wrapped in the coils of a serpent, from which, with gestures and aspect of despair, he is endeavouring to liberate himself. He is full of self-condemnation, and fiercely tugs at his living chain; but he continues to move on in self-indulgence. He is impatient of a yoke which his actions press and bind upon him. He desires to pursue pleasure but not to be her slave, to wind the links of sinful habit around mind and body and not to feel their pressure, to transgress and not to suffer, to indulge passion and gather no fever and entail no remorse. If he stood still, the serpent would relax its grasp and soon drop off. But he will not stand still. A young satyr goes by his side, a little in advance, dragging a calf's head by a cord. There, again, he may see himself. While I was looking at this picture an Italian woman, dressed, as the poorer Italian women generally dress, in her house clothes merely, but looking, as they all manage to do, not at all in undress, came up and began to look at it also. She was radiant with simple pleasure, and as eager to communicate her happy spirits as to satisfy her child-like ignorance and curiosity. She pointed to the picture and asked its meaning. I knew what she meant to convey more by her smiles and the expression of her countenance than by her words. How was I to explain the deep abstraction of the painter's moral not knowing how to speak a single Italian sentence? Yet I think we understood

each other, and that this poor woman went away with some notion of how vice entangles in evil habit that cannot be torn off, because it is more powerful than the vice itself. The innocent interest with which she referred to the various particulars—the satyr-child, the head of the calf, and all the rest—was almost touching. A custodian, who saw or heard the colloquy, came near to take his share in what was going on. He did not contribute much in favour of my interpretation, for he insisted—though I should not use the word "insist" in reference to his modest suggestion—that the serpent meant "l'amore." Perhaps this was the most direct, certainly it was the most intelligible and popular way of putting it. The woman seemed to incline to it, for love solves all riddles to a woman. Her manner towards me was beyond expression pleasing. Had she been my sister she could not have been more easily on equal terms; and yet she was deferential and respectful. She was not servile, because she was a woman and I was but a man; she was not forward or free, for she considered that I had some advantage in information; she took a manifest pleasure in speaking with me, and I most certainly took a pleasure in stammering and mispronouncing a few vilely ungrammatical Italian words to her. The custodian went away and came back with a catalogue to throw further light on the subject. The manner of the Italians, high and low, official and unofficial, with each other is that of kindness and mutual consideration. This is their equality.

A few well-informed men or women—gentle, kindly, considerate, sympathetic—going through a picture gallery, and falling into incidental conversation with unlearned individual spectators would convey much instruction and do much good, in the best, if not the only possible way. It would not answer to gather a group around an object of art and give a lecture on it. Anything but that. Conversation,

interchange of ideas, mutual confidence are brought out only when two or three are met together. A beautiful picture or work of art of any kind is seen to most advantage when associated with a human voice and a glance of brotherhood. What can or should a picture teach better than these, and why should these not recommend and hallow it? It may seem as though I imagined that I captivated this poor woman by my condescension. Not at all: it was the woman bewitched me. I shall always remember Titian's picture in the light of this little incident. She was a poor woman, very plainly, almost thinly, dressed, and she was not young; but she was bright and altogether at her ease, and talked and listened as if she considered me her friend. I shall not forget her.

I went to the English church this morning. About thirty people got up and went out before the sermon. In the Italian churches no notice would be taken of this if it occurred. People are continually coming in and going out during the whole service. It would be better if the same thing were done in our churches. This would remove all false feeling on the subject. At present those who go away pride themselves on their exalted courage and pity those who stay: and those who stay regard themselves as truly pious, and the others as little better than pagans.

PORTA ROMANA,
December 15th.

I have come here in an omnibus from the Piazza Signoria for one penny, and am waiting for the vehicle to start that will take me to the Certosa or Carthusian monastery. The charge is threepence. The car is a sort of covered drag drawn by two horses. I am sitting in it. Three country girls in their hair and cloakless walk past. They have an air and grace fit for a palace. Now two friars in long brown

cloaks pass. A poor man smoking a pipe comes to the door of the car, looks at me, touches his hat, and goes on. We start.

PENSIONE LUCCHESI.

There is not much to say on my journey to the Certosa. The road is not interesting, being much of it enclosed within high walls, and the day was what a friar at the monastery afterwards described as "Inglese." We stopped once for a minute or two, when a mule, drawing a cart which followed us, put his head into our car. I reached my hand to fondle him; but, while allowing the caress, he intimated a preference for conversation by commencing to bray. A lad who was near replied in the same language, and several sentences were interchanged. The mule then turned to a greengrocer's shop which was near, and, having deliberately surveyed several articles, began to eat a head of cabbage. He then smelt at potatoes, beans, artichokes, and other things, and finally decided to regale himself on the chestnuts. After a while the owner of the shop appeared, and the owner of the animal also came up and led him to the centre of the road, where he ate his chestnut, no one reproving him.

The monastery is on a high hill, and resembles a fortress in the height and strength of the surrounding walls. The friar who came to conduct me crossed himself when he saw me. He showed me through innumerable chapels, all very beautiful, cloisters small and great, cells, dining-room, salon. There are two spots from which extended views may be had, but the day was unfavourable. The number of brothers who lived here was fifty. The monastery is under suppression, and the number is now reduced to eighteen. They will die out and another kind of men will succeed them. It is very well to call monks drones; but the question remains, are wasps better? The religious system of the middle ages was Christian in one respect—that it afforded the ease and plenty

of life to the lowly born as well as to those of noble descent. Granting all that is true of monkish indolence and immorality, what comes of it is that the things considered the good things of earth were attainable by all on equal terms. The monk could lead an idle and lazy life as well as the baron. The suppression of convents and monasteries has merely restricted the privilege of leading easy, indulgent lives to the comparatively few powerful ones of earth. Lazarus had escaped for awhile from the dunghill and the dogs, and has been driven back. On grounds of natural justice I cannot see why peasants should not be allowed to live in monasteries—I will not add, and to be immoral—seeing that lords are allowed to live in grand houses and to be immoral to any extent. I am taking very low ground, if the ground of natural justice can be called low. Christ, in the parable of Lazarus and Dives, took very nearly similar ground. Monks *may* become corrupt and no doubt often did, but is it not the almost invariable characteristic of great and wealthy laymen to become corrupt? The offences of what is called the upper class are condoned because they are "pretty Fanny's way." Rich men in this respect resemble the man who, having been brought before a judge several times and fined for being drunk, proposed that he should be taken by the year at a reduced rate.

The friar did not cross himself when I gave him a lira at parting.

SOME NOTES ON PREFACES.

BY C. T. TALLENT-BATEMAN.

THE following notes are the outcome of a recent investigation, instituted for a special purpose, among the books on my own shelves. They may—I hope they do—contain something of interest; they will at any rate form an introduction to the suggestion I make at the end of my paper.

Isaac D'Israeli has told us that ordinary book readers skip those what he calls "little elaborate compositions," which form, as he says, the "entrances" to books; whereas he, for his part, "always gathered amusement from a preface, be it awkwardly or skilfully written; for dulness or impertinence may raise a laugh for a page or two. . . . The Italians call the preface 'La Salsa del libro,' the *sauce* of the book, and if well seasoned it creates an appetite in the reader to devour the book itself," while "a preface badly composed prejudices the reader against the work."

If prefaces are but apologies for books, how often are they but apologies for apologies, commencing, as they generally do, with elaborate justifications for their own introduction. One of my books—Dr. Cheevers' *Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp*—is introduced by a preface which opens in the following strain:—

A preface is a thing of inconsistencies. Though it comes first in the book, it is last in the author's thoughts; the first thing with the reader, it is the last with the writer and the printer. Though it is the shortest part of the book, it is by far the most difficult. And, though it is no part of the book, it is sometimes the only part read and the longest remembered.

It is always demanded by custom, though oftentimes wholly unnecessary. It is like a visit of ceremony with half an excuse for not calling sooner and half an apology for calling at all.

It is like the title "Esq.," which is no part of any man's name, and yet every man writes it on a letter to his neighbour. It is like notes at the bottom of a page, which, if they contain anything important, had better be put in the body of the work. Finally, it is like standing at the door in a rainstorm and sending in the servant to announce your name.

A preface in the present case might have been spared. . . . But perhaps it may be set down as one of those graces in book life like the touch of your hat to a friend across the street, which softens the manners and does not permit men to be brutes. This doubtless is the philosophy of it, though the etymology intimates that it is simply the art of putting the best face foremost.

Apropos of Cheevers' opening remarks, I would remind you of Dickens' preface to the original edition of *Dombey and Son*, where he says: "Preface. I cannot forego my usual opportunity of saying *farewell* to my readers in this *greeting place*."

Another reverend gentleman (John Clubbe)—part of whose preface to his mock *Antiquities of Wheatfield* I quote hereafter—thus treats of prefaces in general:—

Of all things in the world, says an eminent writer, I hate long prefaces; and afterwards gives us two and forty of large quarto pages in his own. The impetuosity of his genius ran away with him, and if it seems a little contradictory, his excellent observations make us ample amends for his prolixity.

Prefaces as well as dedications are of modern invention; and their first use was rather laudable, as they served, like a bill of fare, to give us previous notice of our entertainment.

But now-a-days they consist chiefly of apologies for the cook (the author). One tells us that he hath neither leisure nor abilities; another that he is in great haste. But of what service are these apologies to us when we have paid for a tasteless ordinary. One talks of his pains and labour, and another of the intolerable heat of the kitchen, &c.

But, if authors think their works really want so much apology, why do they write at all? for though to beg pardon when we have offended is ingenuous and praiseworthy, yet it is much more so not to offend at all.

Books that stand in need of long prefaces are seldom worth reading, for they generally undertake to explain passages in the work which should there have been correct, or such as are really inexplicable, and sometimes to make plain what is too plain and dunstable already.

Prefaces are sometimes written for the benefit of the booksellers, who often complain of the length of a work without one; for some men will not buy a book because there is not a short way to come at some knowledge of it; for how, as Mr. Prior says, can men give their "opinion of twenty books, yet never look in one?" For we must take the poet in this sense, that they look into prefaces, which is next to not reading at all.

Prefaces make apparently many *general* scholars, as a close application to indexes makes *universal.*

Most prefaces begin with courteous, gentle, or candid reader; but few men are caught by such flattering appellations. Some, out of good nature, may perhaps purchase the book, but no one will think himself thereby bound to read it.

The younger Hazlitt, in his preface to the rare and valuable book printed (in 1874) at the expense of Mr. Henry Huth, and known as *Prefaces, Dedications and Epistles selected from Early English Books, 1540-1701* (of which work only fifty copies were printed, and those only for private circulation), says:

A series of these "fore-words," as it is now the fashion to term them, bear somewhat the same relation to a series of the entire tracts as a portico bears to a dwelling; we survey the one, and form our judgment of the interior and its inmates; while, after a perusal of the preface, we get at some knowledge of the book and its author, tempting us to go farther, or else leading us to retrace our steps.

Again—

Prefaces, dedications, and the like generally constitute the only portions of a book where the author, or more especially the mere editor, has an opportunity of casting aside his (so to speak) official reserve, and admitting us to a glimpse of his individuality.

It will be remembered that the following *jeu d'esprit* is recorded in *Curiosities of Literature*:—

On a very elegant preface, prefixed to an ill-written book, it was observed that they ought never to have come together; but a sarcastic wit remarked that he considered such marriages were allowable, for they were not of kin!

I have met with several metrical prefaces, the most

charming, in my opinion, of which is a Manchester one—that prefixed to our own Charles Swain's *Beauties of the Mind*:—

> Voice of the human heart! Thou voice divine!—
> Firstborn of love and beauty—Poesy!
> Once more I bend, a votary at thy shrine;
> My wild-flower wreaths I dedicate to thee:
> And all ungraced and simple as they be,
> Embalm their leaves and they shall ne'er decay;
> But live, a token and a memory,
> With those I love, when I am far away,
> And set—for ever set—my young life's fleeting day!

Ben Jonson prefaces his translation of Mateo Aleman's *Spanish Rogue* (1623) with verses beginning—

> Who tracks this author's or translator's pen
> Shall finde that either hath read bookes and men;

and ending—the person addressed being the original author—

> When you beholde me wish myselfe the man
> That would have done that which you only can.
>
> BEN JONSON.

A Lancashire lady, Miss Emily S. Holt, begins one of her books, *Ye Olden Time*, as follows:—

> Introductions and prefaces, while sometimes very necessary and valuable to those who know how to appreciate them, are often very dry in the eyes of the general reader. Some writers, however, have shown themselves able to enliven even a dry subject, as Dr. Arbuthnot, in his *Table of Ancient Coins, Weights and Measures*, amused his readers by remarking that "the polite Augustus, the emperor of the world, had neither any glass in his windows nor a shirt to his back."

Perhaps the driest of all books are law books, and yet I find among the prefaces to the ancient legal works on my bookshelves many a touch of humour, and of pathos, and of eloquence. One of the driest of these dry books is undoubtedly that extremely technical work known as *Sheppard's Touchstone*, the full title of which is *The Touchstone of Common Assurances; or, a Plain and Familiar Treatise Opening the Learning of the Common Assurances or*

Conveyances of the Kingdom, written by an eminent conveyancer of the Middle Temple during the reign of Charles the First and the Commonwealth.

To the original edition (dated 1651), a copy of which I possess, of this important book is a preface or address to the reader, which contains several interesting passages. The author begins by confiding to us his having, before publishing, consulted his "more judicious (!) friends" and of his having been "encouraged by some and not discouraged by others." He then proceeds as follows:—

> And considering withall the mischief arising everywhere by the rash adventures of sundry ignorant men that meddle so much in these weighty matters [the law and practice of conveyancing], there being now almost in every parish an unlearned, and yet confident pragmaticall atturney (not that I thinke them all to be such) or a lawless Scrivener, that may perhaps have some law books in their houses, but never read more law then is on the backside of *Littleton;* or an ignorant Vicar, or it may be a Blacksmith, Carpenter, or Weaver, that have no more bookes of law in their houses then they have law in their heads, and yet as apt and able (if you will beleeve themselves) either to Judge of a Conveyance and by the rules of law (of all which they are utterly ignorant) to determine of the strength and goodness of a title . . . or to make a Conveyance . . . as the most learned and best Counsellor of them all, and therefore undertake with great confidence and despatch without any scruple any business whatsoever offered to their hands.

Later in his long preface he uses the following sayings, which he prints as quotations:—

> Let them alone the blind leaders of the blind.
> To abide in the calling wherein they are called.
> *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—Let not the cobler go beyond his last.

Our author further says:

> For the more men know the less they think they know, and the more they doubt; and nothing moves men to be so bold and confident in these matters as their ignorance, according to the proverb—"Who so bold as blind Bayard?"

He winds up with a blow at his anticipated critics—

> And if any man have anything else to object and except (for there are that wil neither put forth their own strength to do good, nor bear with others that do so) I wish them to undertake the same subject, and to perfect and supply my defects.

Charles Lamb *(Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading)* says:

> I can read anything which I call *a book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of *books which are no books*—biblia a-biblia—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught-Boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large: the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame, Jenyns, and generally all those volumes which no gentleman's library should be without.

Yet it is from two works on one of these subjects—Statutes at Large—that I propose to quote a couple of prefaces.

Ferdinando Pulton, of Lincoln's Inn, a law writer, *temp.* Elizabeth and James I., is credited (or debited) with the publication of numerous law books, but only one of which, according to Lowndes, is known to be extant, viz., *Kalendar or Table comprehending the Effect of all the Statutes*, &c.—a black-letter work, of which I have a beautifully-printed copy, printed in 1606 for "the Company of Stationers," in which he introduces his "unbookly" subject by a reference to "Almightie God" having "with divers miraculous Plagues punished the land of Aegypt, for his people of Israel's sake, carried them through the red sea, drowned therein King *Pharaoh* and his Hoast, sweetned the bitter waters for them to drinke, and sent them food from Heaven, and brought them by a cloudie Pillar in the day, and a fierie pillar in the night, untill they came to Mount Sinai: Hee there gave them divers commaundments;" and, continuing in a very eloquent and classical strain, concludes by a grandiloquent metaphor in which, after picturing the earthly Judge being brought before the "omnipotent censor . . . by whom Kings doe raigne, and Law-makers discerne that is just . . . for he at whose presence the pillars of heaven will tremble and the foundation of the earthe will quake . . . will summon another Parliament, appoint a new Tribunall, and sit upon the Rainebow in judgment himselfe . . . and

there in the presence of God, of angels and men, will pronounce a most just and upright sentence and irrepealable Decree, of the validitie of all Lawes and of the intention of each Law-maker, and assigne to them Judgment in weight, and Justice in measure whose Judgment no writ of error will reverse, nor whose verdict any Attainder can undoe."

Before leaving Pulton I would introduce what is—if Lowndes and others are right—a unique copy of Pulton's work on a slightly different subject. The copy is dated 1581, and has a portion of an old illuminated parchment MS. of the New Testament interleaved as part of the binding. The preface to this book begins with a learned history of the law institutions of the early classical nations of Europe, and also contains many rather flowery passages. In my copy of the original authoritative edition of Hale's famous *Pleas of the Crown* is a MS. reference to another of Pulton's works of which I can find no trace of an existing copy.

Another law writer (the compiler or editor of *Termes de la Ley*, 1667) concludes his preface in the following appropriate words, which might form the introduction to any book: "That I intended well, I can give you but my word; how I have performed I make my Reader Judge."

A quaint preface I find in a book printed in London in 1641, Skene's *De verborum significatione: The Exposition of the Termes and Difficill Wordes conteined in the foure Buiks of Regiam Majestatem.* I will only give you the concluding sentence:—

> Reade therefore and make thy profite of gud thinges. Correct modestlie al errours quhilks are ignorant, and nocht wilfull. Eik al necessaries omitted. Cut awaie al superfluities adjected. And quhateuer thou doe esteeme of me, as I doe of thee and of al, to quhais knowledge, this my little labour sal happen to cum.

While on the subject of law books, I would refer you to the remarkable preface to a continental work on the law of

the separate rights of women, published in 1685; the eccentricity of the preface being chiefly typographical, for instance, the type is so large and the pages so narrow that in some cases a line is not sufficient to contain even one complete word.

The Rev. John Clubbe thus prefaces his mock *History and Antiquities of the Ancient Villa of Wheatfield in the County of Suffolk*, written (it will be remembered) during the last century:—

> It is a customary respect generally paid to the reader to give him by way of preface some account of the book he has been at the expense of purchasing and purposes to be at the trouble of reading. I call it respect, in concert with my fellow-writers, but I do not in the least desire him to entertain a more favourable opinion either of my manners or of my regard for him from this circumstance; for I must confess we durst not hazard our works into the world absolutely upon their own bottom, but are obliged previously to point out the beauties, &c., lest they should not strike the reader so forcibly as perhaps they have us, the author or editor.

In Greene's *Vision* (date 1593), of which only one copy is known (see Collier's *Bibliographical Catalogue*, i. 337-9), the poet gives us a preface full of quaint humour. The following may give you some slight idea of his style:—

> Hee that commeth in Print setteth himselfe up as a common marke for every one to shoote at: I have shotte at many abuses, over shotte myselfe in describing of some: when truth failed, my invention hath stood my friend.

In conclusion, may I make a suggestion?

Mr. Hazlitt, in his preface before cited, after pointing out the scarcity of reprint collections of old prefaces, insists that "a benefit may be conferred on literature, and even on biography and history, by rendering somewhat more accessible a tolerably copious selection of Introductory Notices and other prolegomena attached to the rarer old English books published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries." The material of the book he thus introduces was derived almost exclusively from one library. What could not almost every book lover do to extend the collection of

separately republished prefaces, especially of those which are valuable and interesting by reason of their richness in personal record, or homely wisdom, or of their quaintness, humour, or eloquence? Is it not worth the while of each bookworm to ransack at leisure his library, and to make notes of those books which contain the more important prefaces?

THE FUNCTIONS OF A LITERARY CLUB.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

[An address at the Manchester Literary Club Closing Conversazione, March 30th, 1885.]

IN accordance with recent custom, I have to ask your attention to an address which will be very brief, and which is only intended as an introduction to the proceedings of this closing conversazione of our session 1884-5. That session may be described as one of varied character and of ample interest. Hardly any province of thought has been left unrepresented. Art and music; literature in all its forms critical, historical, poetical; even science, though supposed to be a little outside our proper boundary, has not been entirely neglected. We have not allowed ourselves to overlook those subjects of local interest which have an undoubted claim upon us; nor, on the other hand, have these been permitted to divert our attention from that wider region of letters in which all Englishmen, whether so-called provincials or not, have common rights and equal privileges.

It is only necessary to allude in more special terms to one class of subject. I do this because it is comparatively

novel among us, and is especially worthy of further cultivation. I refer to the subject of foreign literature, which has been ably represented by Mr. Hindle's paper on Amiel (a writer who has hitherto been little known to Englishmen) and by Mr. Gannon's translation from Brinckmann.

It may not be out of place to add a few words on what seem to me to be the proper functions of a literary club in Manchester. Undoubtedly our first object is to stimulate a real love of literature for its own sake, and a willingness to undertake literary work among our own members. That being done, we may hope to influence those who are outside. Nothing astonishes one more in what is called society—I mean the class of people who have money, and who are supposed to have education—than the blank ignorance of nearly all that is best and most familiar in our literature; or than, what is still more irritating, the shallow pretence of knowledge which finds expression in feeble and totally unmeaning chatter about half-a-dozen well-known names. That caricature in *Punch* a few weeks ago, which represented a male and female booby of the upper classes expressing astonishment at discovering from a playbill that *As You Like It* "was written, then, by Shakspere" was not at all exaggerated. A short time ago, a person in the garb of a gentleman asked a Manchester bookseller for Shakspere's *Christmas Carol.* On being shown a book of that name by Charles Dickens, he said, with great simplicity, "He thought that couldn't be it, but he would go and ask." To induce a little wider study of literature would not, therefore, be entirely a work of supererogation.

Two other objects which should be kept before us, and to which I think we might give more systematic attention, are the preservation of good, contemporary local work, and the rescue from oblivion of forgotten or ill-remembered authors

of merit by the republication of their books. The issue of the *Manchester Quarterly*, which is now in its fourth year, is undoubtedly helping forward the first of these objects, and I should like to ask for greater interest and encouragement with regard to that journal. Nothing can be more in harmony with the professed aims and principles of a literary club, or more honourable to Manchester, on the literary side, than the successful maintenance of a magazine of this kind, the more so as all previous similar efforts have resulted in failure. In illustration of the second point, I will only mention, as one among many instances, that we have had living amongst us probably for twenty years a really fine poet and thinker, Mr. Henry Septimus Sutton, whose works, published more than thirty years ago, are almost totally unknown in Manchester, and are among the rarest treasures of the book-hunter; and yet Mr. Sutton is a man whom Emerson valued very highly, and whom he thought not unworthy of a special pilgrimage on the occasion of his second visit to England.

Another subject to which greater attention might be given is that connected with the special interests of authors and journalists, and I am glad to say that some of our legal members have promised for next session papers on copyright and kindred topics.

I will only add that notwithstanding the seriousness of these suggestions, I am still of opinion that our work here should continue to be, what it always has been, recreative in its character. I should put good fellowship and the promotion of kindly feeling among those interested in literature, not second, but first. The best intellectual workers are not, as is often supposed, so vain and irritable as to be incapable of generous friendship. A literary club, at any rate, should be a harbour of refuge, a place where piques and paltry animosities should find no foothold. As

our own Lancashire poet has put it, "There is always fighting enough to be done out of doors." Here we come, once a week, to find rest and geniality. And this leads me to say that, although the debating society idea is good enough in its place, it should be banished entirely from a literary club. Men of intelligence always enjoy the healthy shock of contending opinions, but this is not the same as that carping criticism which is intended neither to controvert nor to change opinion, but rather to wound by inferring intellectual inferiority. Ben Jonson, who knew what a literary club should be, laid down the right rule—"Argumentationis totius strepitus abesto"—

> Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
> Nor jars interpose sacred friendship to grieve;

or, to quote again, within the precincts of this Club, we should have the spirit of that golden age—

> Which without hardness will be sage
> And gay without frivolity.

CONCORD AND ITS WORTHIES.

BY JAMES GOODEN.

THE history of Concord, Massachusetts, and the famous men of letters who have lived there, cannot but be of especial interest to lovers of literature. The town or village in question is the oldest about Boston, the literary metropolis of the New World, and is peculiarly rich in historical and other associations—a fact all the more remarkable when we consider that not more than two and a half centuries have elapsed since its foundation. Oliver Wendell Holmes affectionately speaks of the place as having long been an intellectual centre such as no other country town of his own land, if of any other, can boast; and says that its groves, its streams, its houses are haunted by undying memories, and its hill sides and hollows are made holy by the dust that is covered by their turf. Concord was settled in 1635 by Nonconformists from Great Britain, who had been driven thence by the persecutions originated by Archbishop Laud. Amongst their ministers affected by the severities practised was the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, a man of learning, virtue, and piety, earnest and eloquent as a preacher. He was a Bachelor of Divinity and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and has been described as a genuine Puritan, courteous and kind in manner, dressing with rigid plainness,

wearing his hair very short, and devoutly faithful in the discharge of all the duties of his profession. Being possessed of considerable means, he joined with others in the promotion of emigration to New England, and he arrived in Boston in 1634. The new comers obtained a grant of land from the General Council, with leave to begin a plantation at Musketaquid, or Grassy Brook, an Indian town in the wilderness. This place, about twenty miles from Boston, was reached by the colonists after much hardship and suffering by the way, and "Old Johnson," in his quaint treatise, *Wonder-Working Providence*, says that the accommodation there was at first a burrow in the hill side, when casting the soil aloft on timber they made a smoky fire against the earth at the highest side, and that they did not provide them houses till the earth, by the Lord's blessing, brought forth bread to feed them, and they were forced to cut their bread thin for a long time. Great suffering was their lot; but tearing up the roots, bushes, and shrubs, they hoe the ground and find but a scanty reward for their labour, the land being poor and the harvest small. However, fish being plentiful, using it both for food and manure for their land, they managed to exist, the flesh of animals being sometimes bartered for with the Indians. No doubt their religious spirit bore them through their trials; they had suffered at home, and were willing to suffer longer, their pious minister probably often comparing their journey to that of the Israelites through the wilderness to the promised land flowing with milk and honey. Their reception by the Indians was cordial in the extreme. "When you came over the morning waters," said one of the Sachems, "we took you into our arms. We fed you with our best meat. Never went white man cold and hungry from Indian wigwam." About six square miles of land were bought from the friendly Indians, who received, in exchange for same, hatchets, hoes, cotton

cloth, and shirts. The chief was also presented with a suit of clothes, a hat, a white linen band, shoes, stockings, and a great coat. The Puritan settlers, in remembrance of their faithfulness to each other, their unity, and their peaceful compact with the Indians, named the first settlement "Concord."

It is specially to be noticed that a large portion of the land was reserved by these early settlers to the public use, and that the public charity was bestowed in a simple, primitive, kindly manner refreshing to read about in these days of charity commissioners and elaborate Acts of Parliament for administration of charitable trusts.

It would be interesting to trace the progress in Concord of local self-government—a striking feature of the New England towns—and the development of the colony, in which development Concord with the other towns had its fair share ; but, considering the many other matters with which I have to deal, I must refrain from so doing. In 1647 the General Council, "to the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, ordered that every township, after the Lord had increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall appoint one to teach all children to write and read ; and where any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families they shall set up a grammar school, the masters thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university." With these requirements Concord not only complied, but from 1653 subscribed a sum for several years to the support of Harvard College, so that in this respect New England was far in advance of the mother country, and did not wait for the latter half of the nineteenth century to promote the cause of popular education. The subsequent history of Concord must be glanced at without entering into much detail. In 1654 the war with the Indians commenced, into which Con-

cord (and, indeed, Massachusetts) reluctantly entered, insomuch as Major Willard, of Concord, incurred the censure of the Commissioners for non-attendance to his commission. This war was the prelude to the war with King Philip, in which the before-mentioned Major Willard and the men of Concord took their fair share of fighting. The Indians, however, did not attack the town; they said the Great Spirit loved the Concord people, for Mr. Bulkeley was a "great pray." Concord therefore suffered little. But one black spot will ever disfigure Concord—the outrage on the friendly Indians within its limits, a painful incident the townsmen would no doubt gladly forget. The Indian settlement was nearly destroyed and never flourished again. In 1738 the Rev. Daniel Bliss became minister, and three years later the celebrated Whitfield preached and some dissension was caused, but in 1764 Whitfield again preached at Concord; Mr. Bliss preaching in the morning and Whitfield in the afternoon, and it is said that the Concord people thought their minister gave them the better sermon of the two. It was the last Mr. Bliss ever preached. Concord is noted for its ministers, and it is worth mentioning that Emerson traces his descent from the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the founder of Concord. And now we come to the time when the colonists threw off the yoke of the mother country.

In 1775, a meeting held in the town was addressed by the Rev. William Emerson (grandfather of Emerson). Sixty men at once enlisted, and in a few days many more; and on the 19th April, 1775, troops were sent by General Gage to Concord, to destroy the military stores deposited in the town by order of the Provincial Committee of Safety, and eight hundred British soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, marched to Concord, having at Lexington, a few miles off, met and fired upon a handful of

militia there. At Concord, the militia retreated, as the enemy advanced, to the high land on the other side the river to wait for reinforcements. The troops were ordered not to fire unless fired upon by the British. The British followed across the bridge, posting two companies to secure the return of the plundering party. The Concord men were soon reinforced from the neighbouring towns, and superior in numbers; and when the smoke began to rise from the village where the British were burning the military stores, they resolved to force their way into the town. The British plucking up some of the planks from the bridge, the Americans quickened their pace and were met by a volley (preceded by one or two single shots), two Americans being killed, and two wounded. Then the Concord commander gave the word to the Americans to fire, which they did, and killed two men. This spot is now commemorated by a headstone and a footstone. The British retreated, and were joined by two companies of grenadiers. The Americans dissolved, and rushed across the fields to the east of the town to annoy the retreat of their enemy, who, as soon as they were reinforced by the return of the plundering party, began their retreat to Boston, now so famous. Hence it was at Concord that the first organized resistance was made to the British arms. In reference to the Concord fight, Emerson has written a poem now very well known. It was composed for the celebration of the completion of the monument at Concord on the 19th April, 1836, and is known as the "Concord Hymn:"

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps,
And time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
  To die and leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.

The embattled farmers referred to in the poem are some of the worthies of Concord. I can only mention one or two families, the Hosmers, who settled in Concord in 1635, and the Barretts, who came in 1639. Joseph Hosmer, one of the former family, was present at the Concord fight, and he was one of the promoters of the Revolution. Many stories are told about Humphrey Barrett, a descendant of the latter family, which show him to be a man of unusual talent and ability. In 1778 the famous Dr. Ezra Ripley became pastor of Concord, and in 1780 married the widow of William Emerson, the former pastor, and grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The early days of Waldo and his brother were spent in the old manse, where Dr. Ripley lived until 1841, having been pastor of Concord sixty-three years. The manse is an old-fashioned gambrel-roofed house, close to the scene of Concord fight. In a room of this famous old house Emerson wrote his *Nature*, and some years later Hawthorne in the same room wrote *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Of Ripley, Emerson, in an admirable essay read before the Social Club of Concord, says: He was a man so kind and sympathetic, his character was so transparent, and his merits so intelligible to all observers, that he was very justly appreciated. He was a natural gentleman, no dandy, but courtly, hospitable, manly, and public spirited. His nature was social; his house open to all men. One old farmer said: "No horse from the eastern country would go by the doctor's gate." Many anecdotes are told about Dr.

Ripley, and he is one of the best remembered persons who have died in Concord for a century. One of Emerson's stories relating to him is as follows:—

One August afternoon, when I was in his hayfield helping him with his man to rake up his hay, I well remember his pleading, almost reproachful, looks at the sky when the thunder gust was coming up to spoil his hay. He raked very fast, then looked at the cloud, and said: "We are in the Lord's hand; mind your rake, George. We are in the Lord's hand," and seemed to say, "You know me. This field is mine, Dr. Ripley's, thine own servant."

Here I may give a short description of the town and the scenery around, derived from Hawthorne's descriptions and those of others. Concord, an ideal New England town, consists of a few streets bordered with pleasant houses and gardens, built almost entirely of wood, painted white, with green venetian blinds. The streets converge to a large central square, where stand the inn, courthouse, market, and a square Unitarian church. There are weeping elms, sycamores, and maples, which in all times make the place peculiarly beautiful. Then in autumn the elms droop down their golden boughs, and the maples are brilliant with scarlet. Hawthorne, in one of the beautiful passages in which his notebooks abound, thus describes the vicinity of Concord:

The scenery of Concord, as I beheld it from the summit of the hill, has no very marked characteristics, but it has a great deal of quiet beauty in keeping with the river. There are broad and peaceful meadows, which I think are among the most satisfying objects in natural scenery. The heart reposes on them with a feeling that few things else can give, because almost all other objects are abrupt and clearly defined; but a meadow stretches out like a small infinity, yet with a secure homeliness which we do not find either in an expanse of water or air. The hills, which border these meadows, are wide swells of land, or long and gradual ridges, some of them densely covered with wood. The white village, at a distance on the left, seems to be embosomed among wooded hills.

And speaking of the river, he says:

This river of ours is the most sluggish stream that I ever was acquainted with. I had spent three weeks by its side, and swam across it every day, before I could determine which way the current ran, and then I was compelled

to decide the question by the testimony of others and not by my own observation. Owing to the torpor of the stream, it has nowhere a bright, pebbly shore, nor is there so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand in any part of its course, but it slumbers along between broad meadows, or kisses the tangled grass of mowing fields and pastures, or bathes the over-hanging boughs of elder bushes and other water-loving plants. Flags and rushes grow along its shallow margin. The yellow water lily spreads its broad, flat leaves upon its surface, and the fragrant white pond lily occurs in many a favored situation. I bathe once and often twice a day in our river, but one dip in the salt sea would be worth more than a whole week's soaking in such a lifeless tide.

I may mention here that there is a delightful sketch of Concord, as it is at the present time, in the charming paper, "A Summer Day at Concord," read to the Manchester Literary Club by a talented member thereof—the Rev. Stuart J. Reid—and printed in the volume of the Club papers for 1882. Concord has numerous advantages connected with it as a residence for men of literary and retired tastes; and Emerson, Thoreau, A. B. Alcott, W. Ellery Channing, Hawthorne, G. W. Curtis, and others have resided there. The town itself has many attractions. Lectures are given regularly in the autumn and winter months by some of the most famous American writers and orators. A free library has been established. There is in course of formation a collection of the works of the various authors who have resided there. The town is within a reasonable distance of Boston and of Harvard, and is a combination of town and country. And one writer says that society there is "intellectual without stiffness, simple yet not provincial." I will now pass on to the men of letters who have made the town so famous in the annals of literature, first giving an account of Emerson, the literary sun around which the literary planets of New England revolved.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born at Boston on the 25th day of May, 1803. His father, who was born in the old manse at Concord, was a minister at Boston, and was descended from what Dr. Holmes calls "one of the

families of New England who constitute the Academic Races," and is stated to have been highly acceptable as a preacher. In personal appearance he was attractive; his voice was melodious, his utterance distinct, and his manner agreeable. Emerson's mother was one Ruth Hoskins, a lady of refined culture and of a gracious and religious nature. Emerson himself described his mother as "the whitest, mildest, most conservative of ladies, whose only exception to her universal preference for old things is her son." Emerson was descended from the founder of Concord, Peter Bulkeley; one of the Emersons having married one of the Bulkeleys. More than fifty of the Emerson family have graduated at New England colleges, and twenty have been ministers.

Emerson's second name, "Waldo," was derived from an ancestor, Rebecca Waldo, who, it is said, came of a family which had in times past fled from the Waldensian valleys from the persecutions they endured there.

John Morley says: "Every tributary that made Emerson what he was, flowed, not only from Protestantism, but from the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." Emerson was the second of five brothers, all of whom are credited with more than usual intellect. They all died comparatively young. His mother had but narrow means, and she was assisted in bringing up the children by her sister-in-law, Mary Emerson, a most remarkable woman, who was passionately fond of philosophical studies, and Emerson said of her that her influence on him had been as great as that of Greece or Rome. Mary Emerson used to say that she was in arms at the fight at Concord, being at that time two years old, and her mother having held her up in her arms to watch the fight. There was another woman, a Concord worthy, whose influence on Emerson was very great, as fine a Greek scholar as America has produced, an

accomplished mathematician, and possessed of such scientific attainments that the professors were glad to ask aid of her. This was Sarah Bradford, who afterwards married Samuel Ripley and lived at the old manse, after Hawthorne left it, for upwards of twenty years. Moncure D. Conway, in his interesting book on Emerson, speaking of the latter days, says:—

> Nothing could have been more admirable than the conversations between these two, some of which I heard in the old manse. I had heard at Cambridge a story that Audubon called once to consult this lady on the lichens of her neighbourhood, and found her hearing at once the lesson of a Harvard student in the differential calculus, correcting the translation of another from Sophocles, at the same time shelling peas and working her grandchild's cradle with her foot—a story not incredible, and quite characteristic of the New England women who were most alive to the intellectual movements of their time. The old manse, while Mrs. Ripley and her lovely daughters lived there, and the Emerson house were intellectually related, and co-operated in the hospitalities of Concord. Mrs. Ripley and her friend Elizabeth Hoar [the biographer of Mrs. Ripley] appeared to me especially in accord with the intellectual opinions of Emerson. Once I mentioned to Mrs. Ripley a heated discussion we had in Divinity College on miracles. She said with her soft solemnity, "I cannot believe in miracles, because I believe in God."

Emerson entered Harvard University in 1817, being then fourteen years old. He had a successful, but not very distinguished career there, and after leaving taught in his brother's school, and then became a pastor of the second (Unitarian) church, Boston, and also took an active part in the affairs of Boston. In 1829 he married Helen L. Tucker, who died of consumption in February, 1832. To her were addressed his verses, "To Helen at the South." Owing to differences with his congregation on the administration of the sacrament of holy communion, he resigned his pastorate. The sermon he preached on this occasion will be found in full in O. B. Frothingham's *Transcendentalism in New England*, a copy of which is in the Manchester Reference Library. Emerson's nerves were a good deal strained by the trouble with his Church. His health suffered, and he

resolved to visit Europe. So early in the spring of 1833 he arrived in England; made his famous visit to Carlyle; saw also Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, and many others. He visited France, Sicily, and Italy, and in Florence saw Landor. It was on this visit, more than fifty years ago, that he made the acquaintance of our townsman, Mr. Alexander Ireland, who has written a bright sketch of Emerson, and whom Carlyle has described as "full of energy and broad sagacity and practicality, infinitely well affected to the man Emerson too, and full, moreover, of that intellectual enthusiasm, which in his Scotch countrymen goes so often with their practicalities." Mr. Ireland has since had opportunities to render many services to Emerson, as will be seen later on. In a letter to Mr. Ireland, Emerson wrote: "I enjoyed my visits greatly, and shall always esteem your Britain very highly in love for its wise and good men's sake. I remember with pleasure my visit to Edinburgh and your good parents. It will give me very great pleasure to hear from you to know your thoughts. Every man that ever was born has some that are peculiar." Emerson's interview with Carlyle led to the publication in America, through Emerson's influence, of *Sartor Resartus*. In the *Athenæum* of November 8th, 1884, will be found a letter from Mr. Ireland, showing how much Carlyle was indebted to Emerson for the pecuniary help he so much at that time needed.

After his return from England, Emerson gave lectures in Boston; and in the summer of 1834 settled in Concord, where he found a home in the old manse with Dr. Ripley. Of himself at this period he said, "I am a poet by nature, and therefore must live in the country." In September of this year (1834) he married Lydia Jackson, a descendant of the earliest of the Plymouth settlers, and soon after they went to live on the eastern outskirt of the village, at a house

built in 1828 by a Boston merchant—a simple, wooden residence on the Cambridge turnpike, opposite the point where it divides from the Lexington Road. It is a plain, unpretentious house of a goodly size, with horse-chestnuts planted round it. It comprised then a house, barn and two acres of land, but nine or ten acres have been added by Emerson since. The garden is rich in fruits. Beautiful firs adorn the front of the dwelling, which seems to nestle among them, and on the sward that stretches between it and the barn is a summer-house, the handiwork of Amos Bronson Alcott, the transcendental philosopher, so widely known, and of whom I shall shortly give some account. Surrounded by all the resources of happiness, Emerson wrote Carlyle to come to Concord, offering him his home, and saying, among other things: "Here I sit and read and write with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result, paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellant particle."

It was in 1836 that Emerson published *Nature*, which has the same relation to himself that *Sartor Resartus* has to Carlyle. Dr. Holmes says of *Nature* that it is a reflective prose poem, and that it has proved for many, I will not say a *pons asinorum*, but a very narrow bridge, which made their heads swim to attempt crossing, and yet they must cross it or one domain of Emerson's intellect will not be reached. Mr. Cooke has summarized Emerson's essay on *Nature* as follows:—

> Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Nature becomes a means of expression for these spiritual truths and experiences which could not otherwise be interpreted. Its laws, too, are moral laws, which are applicable to man, and so they become to man the language of the Divine will. Because the physical laws become moral laws the moment they are related to human conduct. Nature has a much higher purpose than that of beauty or language, in that it is a Discipline.

It is to be noticed that Emerson in *Nature* foreshadowed

the theory of Evolution, afterwards so ably demonstrated by Darwin independently. Tyndall says:

> The first time I ever met Waldo Emerson was when, years ago, I picked up at a stall a copy of his *Nature.* I read it with much delight, and I have never ceased to read it; and if anyone can be said to have given the impulse to my mind it is Emerson; whatever I have done the world owes to him.

Although *Nature* was a revelation to a select few, there was only a small sale for it, five hundred copies being sold in twelve years. It met with a better reception, however, in England. In 1837, Emerson gave an oration, "The American Scholar," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard; next an address on "Literary Ethics," to the Literary Societies of Dartmouth. It was on the fifteenth day of July, 1838, he delivered before the senior class in Divinity College, Harvard, that address which created a sensation amongst the moralists and philosophers of America, and indeed throughout the world; and it was after this discourse that the Unitarians gave up all hope of him. But with regard to this disagreement, it was remarked by an eminent divine that it was of no use, henceforth the young men would have a fifth gospel in their Testaments. In 1836, the religious influence of Dr. Channing in New England was first shown, and he may be said to have first introduced "Transcendentalism into Unitarianism." "I have felt for years," he wrote, "that it must undergo important developments. It began as a protest against the rejection of reason. It pledged itself to progress as its life and end, but it has gradually grown stationary, and now we have a Unitarian orthodoxy." It was at this time that the "Friends of Progress," as they were called, formed their symposium, afterwards known as the "Transcendental Club." In course of time Channing was left behind; and he at last, in 1840, said, "I see and feel the harm done by this crude speculation, whilst I also see much nobleness to bind me to

its advocates. In its opinions generally I see nothing to give me hope." The organ of the new light, *The Dial*, was founded in 1840, and published until 1844. Many of the authors mentioned here wrote for that publication, and therefore a few words about it will be within the scope of this paper.

In the first number Emerson wrote: "And so with diligent hands and good intent we set down our *Dial* upon the earth. We wish it may resemble that instrument in its celebrated happiness, that of measuring no hours but those of sunshine." "*The Dial*," says Mr. Cooke, "was a most notable effort towards a truer life and a fresher expression of thought, and its influence has been very great. It is a memorial of an intellectual influence which the national life of America has never lost." Mr. Morley, on the other hand, says: "When Emerson's contributions are taken out, and say a dozen besides" (referring probably to Margaret Fuller's), "the residuum is in the main very poor stuff, and some of it has a droll resemblance to the talks between Mrs. Hominy and the Literary Ladies and the Honourable Elijah Pogram. *The Dial* now finds itself far away from the sunshine of human intellect." Carlyle said of *The Dial:* "It is all good and very good as a soul wants only a body, which want means a great deal." "It is all spirit-like, aëriform, aurora borealis-like." Between these opinions we shall possibly be able to take a middle position, and judge of the production from an independent standpoint. It may be remarked that different temperaments look at the same thing in different ways; and, whatever unsympathetic critics may say, many writers quite capable of judging consider that the journal served its purpose, and certainly most of the early writers have since became famous. *The Dial* for the first two years was edited by Margaret Fuller, who contributed vivid prose and sonnets remarkable for fine feeling.

About this time Margaret Fuller was a constant visitor of Emerson's at Concord. She has variously been called the Sibyl, the Circe, and the Hypatia of the western world. Another writer called her the Miranda, Zenobia, Hypatia, Minerva of her time, and a truly remarkable figure in the gallery of intellectual women. Emerson is said to have been repelled at first by her "extreme plainness," but he afterwards had exceeding admiration for her, and has said of her in that part of her memoirs, written by him, that she was an active, inspiring companion and correspondent, and all the art, the thought, and the nobleness in New England seemed at that moment related to her and she to it. She was everywhere a welcome guest. He makes special mention of her conversational powers, which seem to have been of the highest order, saying that she put her whole character into her conversation, and had the power to inspire. The companion was made a thinker, and went away quite other than he came. And of Emerson, it was by her remarked that his influence had been more beneficial to her than that of any American, and that from him she first learned what was meant by an inward life. Here I must just briefly refer to the tragic end of this gifted woman. She went to Europe, and, though very poor, married an Italian nobleman worth little more of this world's goods than herself. Then with her husband and child she embarked to return to her own country, and was lost at sea in a terrible storm within sight of the coast. The thrilling story is told in the memoirs by Dr. W. H. Channing, and its perusal cannot but create sympathy for the ill-fated woman. And it was the same spirit that brought *The Dial* into the world which animated the minds of the men and women (many of whom had been contributors to *The Dial* and partakers in the so-called Transcendental movement) who founded the society, afterwards so celebrated, under the name of "The Brook Farm

Community." This society had great influence on the minds of many of those to whom this paper relates. Some of them joined it, and others sympathized more or less with the movement. Among the former were Hawthorne, Curtis, and others, and among the latter Emerson, Alcott, and Miss Fuller. Speaking of the foundation of the community, one writer said:

> In Boston and its vicinity were men and women earnestly considering the possibility of making such industrial, sociàl, and educational arrangements as would simplify economies, combine leisure for study with healthful and honest toil, avert unjust collisions of caste, equalize refinements, awaken generous affections, diffuse courtesy, and sweeten and sanctify life as a whole.

Henry James, jun., thus writes concerning it:

> I find that an observer from another clime and society would have been more struck with their spirit of uniformity than with their *dérèglements*. Their ardour was a moral ardour, and the lightest breath of scandal never rested upon them or upon any other phase of Transcendentalism.

Amongst other members of the community, besides those before mentioned, were J. D. Dwight, William Henry Channing, Charles A. Dana, and Elizabeth Peabody, all since famous in American literary circles. Referring to Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, in which, no doubt, Hawthorne used the materials he found at Brook Farm for creation of his characters, Emerson has said—

> He drew some sketches not happily, I think. I should say, unworthy of his genius. No friend who knew Margaret Fuller could recognise her rich and brilliant genius under the dismal mask which the public fancied was meant for her in that disagreeable story.

No doubt Hawthorne took Margaret Fuller for his Zenobia, but only as an outline, filling in details from other subjects and from his fertile imagination. For instance, it is well known that the narrative of the suicide of Zenobia was taken from a story he heard at Concord, and had nothing to do with the untimely end of Miss Fuller. Emerson's own opinion of the scheme was given in one of his addresses. He said that farming and scholarship would

not go well together, and that the ladies took cold on washing days, and it was ordained that the gentlemen shepherds should hang out the clothes, which they punctually did ; but a great anachronism followed in the evening, for, when they began to dance, the clothes-pins dropped plentifully from their pockets. One hears the frequent statement of the country members that one man was ploughing all day and another was looking out of the window all day (perhaps drawing his picture), and they both received the same wages. Hawthorne's own note-books give most amusing passages relative to his work:—

> I shall make an excellent husbandman. I feel the original Adam reviving in me.
>
> I have milked a cow.
>
> A colony of wasps was discovered in my chamber.

And there are many other remarks of a similar character.

Before dealing with Emerson's later life I proceed to give an account of his Concord friends, with many of whom he was at this time particularly intimate, commencing with Amos Bronson Alcott, who was born in 1799, at Walcott, Connecticut. In early life he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, or, as one author says, he perambulated Eastern Virginia and North Carolina peddling silks and jewellery—a pedlar picturesque enough to have been a model for Wordsworth. In 1834, he commenced a school in Boston, and his original views on the subject of education attracted considerable attention in Europe and America. In Alcott's school he opened the day with an instruction in behaviour and manners, which was so interesting to the children that they stood waiting at the door of the school for it to open lest they should lose any portion of the lesson. Another peculiarity was his mode of punishment. The rod being ineffectual for discipline when used to pupils, he discontinued using it to

them, and made the pupils inflict on the master the blows merited for the offence. The plan turned out a success, and the rod was not needed. In 1836, he published at Boston, in two volumes, *Conversations with Children on Gospels.* And while in Boston he was a member of the conversation clubs where Margaret Fuller, Emerson, Dr. Channing, and others discussed philosophy, which conversations led to the founding of *The Dial*, and the Brook Farm Community and other movements.

In 1840 Alcott left his school and went to Concord at Emerson's request, and was living by manual labour; and Emerson shortly afterwards gave lectures in New York in order that he might assist Alcott in going to England to establish a school on the lines laid down by him. This disciple of Emerson arrived in England in 1842. An advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle* on July 5, 1842, ran as follows:—

> Public Invitation. An open meeting of the friends of human progress will be held to-morrow, July 6th, at Mr. Wright's, Alcott House School, Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey, for the purpose of considering and adopting means for the promotion of the great end, when all who are interested in human destiny are earnestly urged to attend. The chair taken at three o'clock, and again at seven, by A. Bronson Alcott, Esq., now on a visit from America.

After lecturing for some time Alcott returned from England with Mr. Charles Lane, and in May, 1843, they purchased a plot in Harvard of ninety acres, which they called Fruitlands, intending to establish there that garden of Eden mentioned in his addresses. The original intention was to establish it near Concord. This paradise was, however, held by Mr. Lane and Mr. Alcott for less than a year, and the latter returned to his pleasant little cottage on the skirt of Concord. He contributed the well-known "Orphic Sayings" and "Days from a Diary" to *The Dial*, the title of which publication was suggested by Alcott.

Alcott was, of course, a butt for the humorists. It is

stated that to one of his announcements of a "Conversation" some one added "Ladies invited without distinction of sex." A Harvard student was reported to have asked the philosopher's opinion "of the late theory of Verdantius Grün, that the moon is a mass of sweitzerocaseous matter congealed from the uberous glands of the lacteal nebula;" and a Western host once in his invitations to some friends wrote to them as follows: "Come up this evening, I have a philosopher on tap."

With regard to this, however, a recent visitor of his says:

> It is well enough to joke about Mr. Alcott till you see him. Then to come face to face with this white-haired, benign, gracious old man makes levity seem irreverent. He is over six feet tall, but a great deal stooped. His long, grey hair falls scantily around a face beautified by the placidity and dignity of old age. He is a perfect counterpart of the pictures of venerable curés one sees in French story-books. Vegetables and conversation are his forte, and he reared his family on a diet of both, apparently with great success judging from appearances.

In 1868 he published *Tablets*, in 1872 *Concord Days*, and in 1882 *An Essay on Emerson in Prose and Verse.*

Mr. Alcott is still living, and has founded a "School of Philosophy" at Concord—a long-cherished ambition, but for an account of it I must refer you to Mr. Stuart J. Reid's paper before mentioned and to Mr. Ireland's book.

Alcott's picturesque house has been described as

> The queerest little cottage in the world. The house is a dull brown color, with peaked roof and many a gable end, in one of which, hooded by the jutting roof and festooned by some airy sprays of woodbine, is the window, whence "Aunt Jo" looks out on the sunny meadows. On each side of the front walk there is a huge elm, with rustic seat built around its roots, and among the branches tame squirrels hold high revelry. Yonder a hammock swings under some apple trees, and round the whole runs a rustic fence built by Mr. Alcott himself. It is made entirely of pine boughs, knotted, gnarled, and twisted into every conceivable shape; no two pieces are alike. The gates are wonderful, and they alone would make credible the story that he spent years collecting the branches.

The "Aunt Jo" referred to in the preceding paragraph is Louisa Alcott, the elder daughter of Mr. Alcott, and known

to fame as the authoress of *Little Women*, and a dozen or more other stories. She is described as amiable, interesting, and sociable like her sister, Miss May Alcott—a clever artist, who was married to a French nobleman and died in 1880. Ruskin has said of her that she was the only successful copyist of Turner. *Little Women* is drawn chiefly from Miss Alcott's home life. Louisa Alcott was delicate and stooped slightly, and was infinitely amused at the unmistakable disappointment of her young admirers, who came to Concord from all parts of the country soon after the publication of *Little Women*, when they saw how much she differed from the rollicking, nimble, romping Jo they had pictured her.

It was in 1842, after leaving Brook Farm, that Hawthorne went to live in Concord, having previously married Sophia Peabody, a sister of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, already mentioned, who was distinguished in the literary circles of Boston, and of whom it was said by Emerson that her recollections and correspondence would comprise the spiritual history of her time. Mrs. Hawthorne had considerable personal attractions, and afterwards proved herself a charming writer. She also had more than common ability as an artist, and, in a word, was just the woman to marry a man of genius like Hawthorne. They settled down at the old manse so frequently referred to. No doubt Hawthorne was attracted to Concord from its numerous advantages as a place of residence and the fact of his being acquainted with most of the leaders of society there.

His figure at this time is described as erect, full, and shapely, and one that might have belonged to an athlete were it not for the grace and reserve which rendered the strength of frame unobtrusive. The massive forehead and brow, with dark locks on either side, the strong nose and mouth, with another soul beneath them, might be the

physiognomy of a military man or political leader, or some man impelled by powerful public passions; but with this man there came through the large soft eyes a gentle glow, which suffused the face and spiritualized the form. His prospects were not at the time very bright. The newly-married couple were very poor, and he was, as he has described himself, the obscurest man of letters in America. He liked to style himself and wife the new Adam and Eve, and it was, perhaps, there he found, notwithstanding his poverty, a true garden of Eden without the forbidden fruit. His notebooks show the extreme pleasure and interest he felt in his new home and its surroundings, and the same notes are beautifully worked out in the sketch or preface of his *Mosses from an Old Manse.* Hawthorne was very happy, and perhaps some of the charm of outside society was somewhat lost on him during this prolonged honey-moon of his. Of Emerson he said:

> I admired him as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but thought nothing of him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the woodpaths or sometimes in our avenue with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one, and he so simple, so without pretension; encountering each man alive, as if expecting to receive more than he could impart.

It seems that G. W. Curtis, now editor of *Harper*, and distinguished among American men of letters, met Hawthorne some time after his settlement at Concord, and has described the interview in a passage I shall shortly quote. Curtis and his brother had then hired themselves out to a farmer, doing manual labour in the daytime, and at all favourable opportunities enjoying the intellectual intercourse the village afforded. The passage I have mentioned is also interesting as showing what an evening at Emerson's was like, and runs as follows:—

> I had driven up with some friends to an æsthetic tea at Mr. Emerson's. It was in the winter, and a great wood fire blazed upon the hospitable hearth.

There were various men and women of note assembled, and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man who sat upon the edge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his black eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me as Webster might have looked had he been a poet—a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood there quietly for a long time watching the dead white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him, the conversation flowed steadily on as if everyone understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed æsthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson, with the slow wise smile that breaks over his face like day over the sky, said, "Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night."

There are many passages in Hawthorne's notebooks descriptive of his life and work at Concord for the three years he stayed there. In one he says:

Every day I trudge through snow and sludge to the village, look into the post-office and spend an hour at the reading room, and then return home, generally without having spoken to any human being.

Of the village itself he says:

Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom look upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of an intense character. . . . People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought they fancied new, came to Emerson as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value.

Hawthorne left Concord in 1846, but returned in 1852, when he bought Mr. Alcott's house, then called The Hillside, which he afterwards renamed "The Wayside." After returning from England, where, as is well known, he was consul at Liverpool, he again went to live at Concord, after having added to the house and built a small tower. He wrote to Curtis a description which I must not quote at

length. In it, however, he says that Thoreau told him that it was inhabited a generation or two before by a man who believed he should never die. This is the first intimation of Hawthorne's projected romance of *Septimus Felton*, in which he intended to work up a story (though modified somewhat) told him by Lowell, concerning the Concord fight. The scenery of the tale was laid there. The Dolliver Romance was also commenced there, but he had no heart to go on with it. A very complete description of Hawthorne's life at "The Wayside" is given by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in *Scribner*, of July, 1884, the article being very charmingly illustrated. He wrote *Our Old Home* there, a book full of interest, which, however, I cannot do more than just refer to. It is said Concord is one of the coldest, as well as one of the hottest, places in New England; and his son says: "Hawthorne never had his health there, and regretted *Our Old Home*, England." He died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, 18th April, 1864, whilst on a tour with General Pierce, and was buried at Concord, in Sleepy Hollow, close by the grave of Thoreau. Many distinguished Americans attended his funeral.

One of Hawthorne's companions in his rambles and sailings on the river, and his woodland walks, was William Ellery Channing, a nephew of the celebrated Dr. W. E. Channing before mentioned, who married a sister of Margaret Fuller, so often quoted in this paper. He came to live in Concord in 1841, and his friend Emerson spoke of him as having written "poetry for poets," an expression which reminds one of Leigh Hunt's to the same effect in reference to Spencer. As an appropriate specimen of his poetic capability, I may quote his lovingly descriptive lines on Hawthorne:

> There in the old gray house whose end we see
> Half peeping through the golden willow's veil,

Whose graceful twigs make foliage through the year,
My Hawthorne dwelt, a scholar of rare worth,
The gentlest man that kindly nature drew.
New England's Chaucer Hawthorne fitly lives,
His tall compacted figure ably strung
To urge the Indian chase or guide the way,
Softly reclining 'neath the aged elm,
Like some still rock, looked out upon the scene,
As much a part of nature as itself.

In *The Mosses* Hawthorne refers to his friend in a passage of great beauty:

It might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue to join me in a fishing excursion on the river, and then amid sunshine and shadow, rustling leaves and sighing waters, up gushed our talk like the bubble of a fountain. The evanescent spray was Ellery's, and his too the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed, and brightened both our faces by the reflection. Could he have drawn out that virgin gold, and stamped it with the mint mark that alone gives currency, the world might have had the profit and he the fame. My mind was the richer merely by the knowledge that it was there.

Ellery Channing has written what is in some respects the best biography of Thoreau, that peculiar genius of whom I must now give some account.

Henry David Thoreau was one of the most remarkable men of letters America has yet produced. None of the authors I have previously mentioned were born at Concord. Thoreau was born there in 1817, and he was the last male descendant of a native of Jersey in the Channel Islands who emigrated to New England. Thoreau had Scotch blood in his veins on the maternal side. His father was a pencil-maker, and at intervals he followed his father's trade in order to aid his relations who carried on the business. He entered Harvard University in 1833, having previously been at the "Academy" in Concord, which was noted for the study of Greek. He was not unsocial at college, but he did not make very many friends. He graduated in 1837, but is said to have imbibed some notions as to college discipline which lessened his zeal for study and caused him to hold

colleges in small esteem. Thoreau afterwards taught at the schools in Concord, 1837-8, and lectured at the Concord Lyceum every year. He early became a student of English literature downwards or rather backwards to Chaucer, and his early work, mostly unpublished, shows that poetic power he afterwards developed, and in his prose work he soon manifested that love of paradox which is a prevailing characteristic of his. His early poetry, which showed the influence of the Elizabethan poets, was published from time to time in *The Dial*, and in its later years he helped Emerson to edit that journal. Of natural history he was an indefatigable student, not however taking his knowledge from books and specimens, but from the book of nature itself. He cared little for textual or technical science. His skill as a handicraftsman and his mathematical knowledge was very great indeed, and served him in very good stead. He had a natural aptitude for mensuration, which made him drift into the profession (in which he practised irregularly) of a land surveyor. He never married, lived alone, never went to church, never voted, refused to pay taxes, ate no flesh, drank no wine, nor did he use tobacco; as a naturalist he had little use for trap or gun. As Emerson says, "He chose to be rich by making his wants few and supplying them himself." Moncure D. Conway thus describes the resemblance between Emerson and Thoreau:

> His features, tone of voice, and expression were more like those of Emerson than any likeness between brothers. He once said to me that he had found in Emerson a world where truths existed with the same perfection as the objects he studied in external nature: his ideas real and exact as antennæ and stamina. It was nature spiritualized. . . . Thoreau was, however, quite as original as Emerson; his thoughts and expressions are suggestions of a Thoreau principle at work in the universe.

Thoreau was extremely fortunate in his friends and companions. His earliest was his brother John, who died in 1842, at an early age, and Thoreau felt his death very keenly.

It was in the garden of W. E. Channing's house that Thoreau kept that famous boat, which afterwards became the property of Hawthorne. To Thoreau, Channing once wrote:

> Come, my neighbour, thou hast now a new occupation, the setting up as a poet and literary man one who loves old books, old garrets, old wines, old pipes, and (last, not least) Cowper. We might pass the winter in comparing variorum editions of our favourite authors, and the summer in walking and horticulture.

Thoreau frequented the conversations held at Emerson's. In Hawthorne's notebooks are frequent references to Thoreau, one or two of which I quote:

> He is a keen and delicate observer of nature—a genuine observer, which I suspect is almost as rare a character as an original poet; and Nature in return for his love seems to adopt him for her special child, and shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness. He is familiar with beast, fish, fowl, and reptile, and has strange stories to tell of adventures and friendly passages with these lower brethren of mortality. Herb and flower likewise, wherever they grow, in garden or wildwood, are his familiar friends. He is also on intimate terms with the clouds, and can tell the portents of storms. . . . With all this he has more than a tincture of literature, a deep and true taste for poetry, and especially for the elder poets, and is a good writer. . . . I find him a healthy and wholesome man to know. . . . With all this wild freedom there is a high and classic cultivation in him too.

Thoreau has been described by Emerson as of short stature, firmly built, with a light complexion, strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect. He, as would be expected, wore a beard. His senses were acute, his frame well knit and hardy by outdoor exercise. He could find his paths in the woods by night better by his feet than his eyes. He was a good swimwer, runner, and skater; Hawthorne has testified to his cleverness at boating, and he was an uncommonly good walker. His townsmen, who at first looked upon him as an oddity, afterwards revered and esteemed him for his comprehensive knowledge. His eye was always open to beauty, and he was a great lover of music and himself a player on the flute.

Alcott said of him—

He was a man once more come into Nature who knew what Nature meant him to do with her. He was Virgil, Izaak Walton, White of Selborne, and Yankee settler all in one.

Emerson describes his poetry as "rude and defective; it might be good or bad. He, no doubt, wanted a lyric facility and technical skill, but he had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception. He was a good reader and writer, and his judgment in poetry was the ground of it." He further says—"His poem entitled 'Sympathy' reveals the tenderness under that triple shield of stoicism, and the intellectual subtility it could animate. His biography is in his verses." He was sincerity itself, but his virtues run sometimes into extremes, and he was almost devoid of ambition. In a humorous letter, dated 5th March, 1845, from his friend Ellery Channing, occurs the following passage:—

Build yourself a hut and there begin the grand process of devouring yourself alive. I see no alternative, no other hope for you. Eat yourself up; you will eat nobody else nor anything else.

In the latter part of the same month Thoreau borrowed Mr. Alcott's axe, and went across the fields to cut wood for his cabin to be erected on a plot of land belonging to Emerson near the side of Walden Pond. This little lake is a perennial spring, framed in a wood of oak or pine, and is one and three-quarter miles in circumference. It has no visible inlet or outlet, and is extremely transparent. The house he built cost him 28 dollars 12½ cents, and he lived there from July 4th to March 1st for 62 dollars. He himself says he went to the woods because he wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if he could not learn what it had to teach, and not when he came to die discover that he had not lived.

Again, "I went to Walden to transact some private business," and so he did. He prepared his first book for the

press, viz., *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers;* and also some essays, one on Carlyle, afterwards published through the help of his friend, Horace Greely. Four years after *A Week* was published he said to a friend that the entire edition was on the publisher's hands, with the exception of copies he had given to his friends. This book is now a favourite, and has gone through more than one edition. Emerson says: "He is the writer of some of the best books which have been written in America," and anyone who reads *A Week* must look upon Thoreau as a prose poet of no mean order. He lived a life of work and study at his hut near Walden, and, as soon as he had exhausted the advantages of that solitude, he abandoned it. On the spot where the hut stands there is now a cairn of stones, which is visited yearly by hundreds, and is, Mr. Sanborn says, growing gradually, each visitor contributing his stone from the beach of Walden Pond. Some persons have supposed Thoreau to be churlish, cynical, ascetic, severe, and unsociable. Most of those who knew the man would protest against such supposition. One of his friends says of him: "A more original man never lived, nor one more thoroughly a personification of civility." His friends testify to his love of children, always ready to amuse them he romped and played games with them, and took them huckleberrying. The conversations in his hut also show him to be anything but unsociable. No doubt he preferred the conversation of those who had something to say worth listening to, for he had no small talk, no compliments, no commonplace. He had visitors at the hut like Emerson, Alcott, Channing; and he was not an unusual visitor in the town. The following is an epitome of his theory, which he claimed to have worked out. It is from *Walden:*—

For more than five years I maintained myself solely by the labour of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in the year I could meet

all the expenses of living; the whole of my winters, as well as much of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I found that the occupation of day labour was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days' work in the year to support me.

As Sanborn, almost repeating Emerson, says: "His greatest skill had been to want but little."

The book *Walden* gives an extremely detailed account of his life there, which will be of peculiar interest to those who will read it. "It was a protest against society, but probably as ineffectual as were the communities at Fruitlands and Brook Farm." However, Emerson says: "He himself was a practical answer to the Socialists. He required no phalanx, no government, no society, almost no money."

Mr. John Morley, who evidently is not an admirer of Thoreau, says in his essay prefixed to Macmillan's edition of Emerson's *Works*, that

If he had not written some things with a considerable charm of style, Thoreau might have been wisely neglected as one of the crazy. . . . The world has room for every type, so that it may not be actively noxious, and this whimsical egotist may well have his place in the catalogue. He was after all in his life only a compendium on a scale large enough to show their absurdity of all those unsocial notions which Emerson in other manifestations found it needful to rebuke. Yet we may agree that many of his paradoxes strike home with Socratic force to the heart of a civilization that wise men know to be too purely material, too artificial, and too capriciously diffused.

Let us turn to a somewhat more genial critic, I refer to Mr. Henry James, jun., who has written of Thoreau as follows:—

Whatever question there may be of the talent of the author of *Walden*, there can be none, I think, of his genius. It was a slim and crooked one, but it was eminently personal. He was imperfect, unfinished, inartistic; he was worse than provincial, he was parochial. It is only at his best that he is readable. But at his best he has an extreme natural charm, and he must be always mentioned after those Americans—Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley—who have written originally. He was Emerson's independent moral man made flesh, and living for the ages and not for Saturday or Sunday, for the universe and not for Concord.

Lowell has written an essay to some extent unsym-

pathetic on Thoreau, and I should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Morley has been influenced by Mr. Lowell's essay. I may here mention that Thoreau contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, when Lowell was editing it, and, having submitted a paper, it was altered by Lowell, and for some time afterwards Thoreau would not contribute anything further. I am astonished to find Lowell stating that Thoreau had no humour. I assert that *Walden* and some of his other books are full of humour of a quiet kind, though not of such humour as that of the *Biglow Papers*, and as to this I may say that Mr. Burroughs commences an article by referring to the semi-humour of Thoreau. This article appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* of July, 1882, and is extremely deserving of perusal, as it is a study of the man by one possessing many of his tastes, though not his temperament. The ordinary rules of criticism should not be applied to Thoreau. Emerson, I think, says: "He was a true genius, and so great was his mastery of the phenomena of nature that it would need another Linnæus as well as a poet to properly edit his writings." As to the dictum of Mr. Henry James, jun., that Thoreau is provincial, nay parochial, well, so he is; so were Izaak Walton, White of Selborne, and many English and classical writers. The following are a few characteristic bits from Thoreau:—

The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or a temple on the earth; and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood shed with them.

The blue bird carries the sky on his back.

If I wish for a hair for my compass sight, I must go to the stable, but the hair bird with her sharp eyes goes to the road.

Fire is the most tolerable third party.

Nature made ferns for pure leaves to show what she could do in that line.

The man who goes alone can start to-day; but he who travels with another must wait till that other is ready, and it may be a long time before they get off.

How did those beautiful rainbow tints get into the shell of the fresh-water clam buried in the mud at the bottom of our dark river?

Thoreau took an exceedingly prominent part in the anti-slavery agitation, he championed John Brown, and also worked in various other movements. He died in 1862, at the early age of forty-five, of consumption; and Mr. Sanborn, his latest biographer, says: "He is buried in the village cemetery, quaintly named 'Sleepy Hollow,' with his family and friends about him, one of whom surviving him for a few years said, as she looked at his low headstone on the hill side, 'Concord is Henry's monument, covered by suitable inscriptions by his own hands.'"

Thoreau is such an interesting subject that I have treated of him at greater length than I perhaps ought. My excuse must be that he seems to have been almost unknown, or at any rate unread in England unless by a few. However, his books *Walden* and *Summer*, a posthumous collection from his journals, have been lately issued by English publishers, and possibly he may now be attracting more attention than has appeared to be the case.

The names of George P. Lathrop, Frank B. Sanborn, and Julian Hawthorne may also be mentioned as authors who have lived at Concord. I cannot do more than just mention their names.

I must now return to Emerson, and give some further account of the life, characteristics, personality, and surroundings of the sage of Concord, which place has been fitly described as the "Transcendental Mecca." It was for many years Mr. Emerson's custom to pass his mornings in his library, and his afternoons in the open air. His walks were usually through the meadows already referred to into the woods. About one and a half miles through the woods is Walden Pond; and in 1845 Emerson bought a wood lot there, on which plot, as has already been stated, Thoreau built his hut. His favourite walk was to Walden and round about it, and he used to keep his boat in a cove near the

site of Thoreau's hut, which was cleared away when he left it. At one time Emerson proposed to build a summer-house there, in which he might study and enjoy the beautiful prospect.

It was in 1845 that a club was formed, the members of which met in Emerson's library on Monday evenings, and I cannot do better than again quote Mr. Curtis, who was a frequent attendant there. The quotation is a fair example of the felicity of that writer's style:

> The library is a simple, square room, not walled with books like the den of a literary grub, nor merely elegant like the ornamental retreat of a *dilettante*. The books are arranged upon plain shelves, not in architectural bookcases, and the room is hung with a few choice engravings of the greatest men. There was a fair copy of Michael Angelo's "Fates," which properly enough imparted that grave severity to the ornament of the room which is always apparent in what is written there. . . . Here the scholars met at their symposium. "Plato" (Alcott) was perpetually putting apples of gold into pictures of silver, for such was the rich ore of his thoughts coined by the deep melody of his voice; "Orson" (Thoreau) charmed us with secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods; while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wide flying embroidery of discourse in a web of clear sense. . . . "Miles Coverdale" (Hawthorne), a statue of night and silence, sat a little removed under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group, and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sable made him in that society the black thread of mystery he weaves into his stories.

Frederika Bremer thus describes Emerson in 1849:

> He is in a high degree pure, noble, and severe; demanding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are severe, his judgments often keen and merciless, but his demeanour is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful. One may quarrel with Emerson's thoughts, with his judgments, but not with himself. That which struck me most as distinguishing him from most other human beings is his nobility. He is a born gentleman. . . . I believe myself to have become greater through his greatness, stronger through his strength, and I breathe the air of a higher sphere in this world, which is indescribably refreshing to me. . . . I am under the influence of his magical power.

In 1841 Emerson published his essays, which were republished in England with a characteristic preface by Carlyle, and the second series appeared in 1844. Next

year he lost a most lovable and promising son, Waldo, and it was after this bereavement that he wrote his fine poem "Threnody," and later he wrote "Weepest Thou?" a second part. The *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* was founded in 1847, but in it he wrote the editor's address only.

Mr. Ireland says that after the publication of his essays in England his fame increased in this country, and after some hesitation he agreed to visit England again. A fact of which I am sure we are all proud is that Emerson (no doubt through our friend's influence) took up his residence in Manchester, and made this city his head quarters. I find the address on a letter to Carlyle, November 5th, 1847, as Mrs. Massey's, 2, Fenny Place, Fenny Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester, and in the letter he describes himself as a citizen of Manchester. It is not within the scope of my paper to dwell upon this visit, but it will be found detailed in Mr. Ireland's interesting *Recollections. English Traits* was the outcome. I may mention that Emerson referred to a Manchester worthy, De Quincey, and said of Leigh Hunt that he had the finest manners of any literary man he ever knew. Strange to say, Hawthorne has also said the same thing of Leigh Hunt in *Our Old Home*, and added more.

On Emerson's return to America, he procured the republication there of Arthur H. Clough's *Tober-na-Voilich*, and Clough visited New England in 1852, and has left recollections of that pleasant visit. *Representative Men* was published in 1850, and that portion of the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller* written by him he published in 1852, and in succeeding years his pen was busy; and he also gave many orations, lectures, and addresses.

In 1852, also, Kossuth visited Concord, receiving the enthusiastic reception he deserved.

Up to 1867 Emerson published various works: *The Conduct of Life* (one of the most successful of his books, as regards circulation, on its first appearance), *May Day, and other Poems*, lectures afterwards published as *Letters and Social Aims*. In 1866, Harvard made him LL.D. "His critics had become his admirers; his heresies were forgotten; only his genius, his rare merits, and his pure and noble life were remembered." *Society and Solitude* appeared in 1870, and in 1875 that collection of poetry compiled by him entitled *Parnassus*. In 1872, he again visited Europe, with his daughter Ellen, who had now become almost indispensable to him. During his absence his house, which had prior to his leaving been accidentally burnt down, was rebuilt by his admirers. On his return, he received a most flattering reception. His health gradually broke up, for some years before his death, which took place in April, 1882, and on the thirtieth of that month he was buried at Concord, the funeral ceremonies being most impressive, in reference to which Julian Hawthorne writes:

> His body was followed to the grave by the population of the town in which he had so long lived. It seemed as if they had assembled to witness the interment not only of the philosopher and poet, but of Concord itself. The grave was made beneath a tall pine tree upon the hill top to the east of Sleepy Hollow, not far from his friends Thoreau and Hawthorne.

It has not been my intention, nor is it within my province, to give any review of Emerson's writings, nor those of his friends, nor any estimate of Emerson either as poet, philosopher, or moralist. I must leave that to more disciplined and abler pens. My idea has been to give some account of the personal history of the distinguished men and women who have lived at Concord, and made the place eminently remarkable. In the books on Emerson, by Mr. Cooke, Mr. Ireland, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, Dr. O. W. Holmes, and others, will be found comprehensive criticism of the man and his work, and a pithy but very interesting

essay is given by Julian Hawthorne, in *Harper's Magazine*, of July, 1882, which is accompanied by a capital portrait; and in the same number is a short paper by G. W. Curtis. *Scribner*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other American and also English magazines can also be referred to for more detailed accounts of the men of letters I have treated of in this paper, which is a sketch in outline rather than in detail of Concord and its worthies.

NÆRÖDALEN.

BY C. E. TYRER.

THE cataracts fall—the cataracts fall and shine
Down the dim hollow flashing far and near:
Firm and undaunted, up these crags of fear
Climb the dark ranks of the rock-loving pine.
Snows gleam above, 'gainst summer's heav'n divine;
And yon scarr'd precipice, those rock-heaps drear,
Mark the grim avalanche's path: while here
Flows, alder-fringed, a streamlet crystalline.

But thou, unvext by every storm that blows,
Lord of the vale! mine eye still turns to thee.
That calm heav'n-piercing brow to man foreshows
The changeless life he seeks: once too shall he
In th' infinite Being find more deep repose
Than thou in thy serene eternity.

Stalheim, Voss, Norway, July 24th, 1885.

REID'S "LIFE OF SYDNEY SMITH."

BY R. LANGTON.

THE work before us is, as the author (a member of the Manchester Literary Club) very modestly says in his preface, "an attempt to paint the figure of Sydney Smith against the background of his times, and to describe the men with whom he mingled, and the movements in which he took part."

In the execution of his task Mr. Reid has had not only the help of the relatives and few surviving friends of his hero, but he has been fortunate in having a large mass of original papers and letters placed in his hands, from which he has printed many very interesting facts, which are now seen by the public for the first time.

In our friend's book, the early part of the career of Sydney Smith, his trials and struggles, are set forth with a completeness and force which has certainly not been brought to bear on this interesting life before.

I have taken some pains to ascertain what is the prevailing impression entertained of Sydney Smith by the rising generation, the young men and young women of the present day, and I find that a vague idea predominates that he was a clever clerical joker, whose witticisms were not always marked by either propriety or reverence. I have tried to account for the growth of so erroneous

an opinion, and it appears to me that somehow or other the lives of Sheridan and Smith have become amalgamated with that of Barham in the minds of people who have not read or thoroughly studied the *Life of Sydney Smith*, so delightfully, so filially written by Lady Holland; and that, on the whole, there was not only room for this new revelation of Mr. Stuart Reid's, but that full justice has not hitherto been done to a man who, while a staunch friend of toleration, was a great reformer and a high-spirited Christian gentleman.

My own opinion is that hereafter Sydney Smith will live in the grateful remembrances of the thoughtful, not so much as a brilliant conversationalist, but as a man whose sterling common sense was far in advance of his age. He will probably be known also—as Thomas Hood, who died in the same year, is now known—more by what are called his *serious poems* than by his works of wit and humour.

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1771; but, according to Mr. Reid, "local tradition is even unable to point out the house in which the great wit was born." This is to be regretted, because I have a distinct recollection of being shown the house by my grandfather, David Langton, when accompanying him in some never-to-be-forgotten drives through Woodford, Wanstead, Chingford, and Chigwell more than fifty years ago.

It is related of Sydney Smith that when pressed by a lady of title as to his parentage, and particularly as to his grandfather, he gravely informed her that "he disappeared about the time of the assizes,——and we asked no questions."

Of his father he was heard to say that "he was one of the few people he had ever seen improved by age;" he had been unsettled, capricious, and even selfish in his earlier days, but towards the close of life he became more gentle and considerate; he died in Devonshire in 1827.

Of his (Sydney's) life at New College, Oxford, nothing is known, although he held a fellowship there for nine years; and, adds our author, "it is not at all probable that any fresh information will ever come to light."

In 1794, at the age of twenty-three, Sydney Smith was ordained and appointed curate in charge to the parish of Nether Avon, in Wiltshire, on the borders of Salisbury Plain. Much new and interesting light is thrown on this stage of his life by the publication of his letters to Michael Hicks Beach, Esq., M.P., his patron and life-long friend.

In one of these letters, dated April 2, 1795, he says: "Nothing can equal the profound, the immeasurable, the awful dulness of this place in the which I lie, dead and buried, in hopes of a joyful resurrection in the year 1796." Then comes the change of life when, in 1798, he arrived in Edinburgh with his pupil, Mr. Michael Beach, the eldest son of his friend.

The whole of the Edinburgh doings and experiences will, I think, be admitted to be the most telling part of the book. The reader is at once admitted to a circle of men whose names will live in history, and who form the "background" before mentioned of the times he lived in.

The launching of the *Edinburgh Review* is now a thrice-told tale, but I think Mr. Reid's account of the men who professed to "cultivate literature on a little oatmeal" will be read with great interest. These original "reviewers" were Sydney Smith, Brougham, Jeffrey, F. Horner, Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Murray, and others of fully equal weight.

While still residing in Edinburgh, Sydney Smith married in June, 1800, Miss Catherine Pybus, of Cheam, in Surrey, and the real battle of life began at once. The young couple shortly afterwards left Edinburgh for London, and here Sydney first began to make his mark as a preacher.

There appears to be something contradictory in the fol-

lowing paragraphs touching his introduction to the brilliant circle at Holland House:—"When Sydney Smith was first ushered into the drawing-room of Holland House, he was diffident in speech and embarrassed in manner, and it needed all Lord Holland's social tact to set the young clergyman at his ease." And then immediately afterwards, on the same page, our author says: "Into whatever company Sydney Smith was thrown, the force of his character immediately asserted itself; and, whilst genial to a degree, he never for a moment surrendered his independence, or was afraid to utter exactly what he thought." This latter statement is precisely what we should have expected of a man so frank and manly in all his actions.

After acting for more than a year as evening preacher at the Foundling Hospital, preferment came in the shape of a presentation to the rectory of Foston in Yorkshire. The living was worth £500 a year, but there was no parsonage, and one had to be built at the rector's own expense; so that for some time Sydney Smith lived at Heslington, a suburb of York, and used to drive over to his parish (ten miles) to officiate on Sundays.

To my mind this chapter of the middle life of the great man is most originally and brilliantly told. The picture it gives of the struggles of a worthy and conscientious clergyman at that time, in that part of Yorkshire, will well repay a careful reading. At the end of 1827 Sydney Smith was appointed to a canonry of Bristol Cathedral, and he shortly afterwards exchanged his living of Foston for that of Combe-Florey (the flowery valley), in Somersetshire, which he held to his death.

During the early part of his residence at Combe-Florey he witnessed with great interest the struggle for the great Reform Bill, which, after being repeatedly thrown out by the Lords, was finally passed 7th June, 1832. It was

during this great fight that Sydney Smith, himself an ardent reformer, made his celebrated speech at Taunton, which speech introduced the now historic Mrs. Partington with her mop trying to keep back the advancing tide of the Atlantic Ocean.

Sydney Smith, after passing many happy years alternately at Combe-Florey and in London, where he lived occasionally in residence, having in 1831 been appointed by Earl Grey to a canonry at St. Paul's, and after seeing his children's children about him in numbers, died at his town house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, February 22nd, 1845.

In his latter years he was much exercised by the rise of what was then known as Puseyism, and the following is his definition of a Puseyite, now first printed by Mr. Reid (page 361).

WHAT IS A PUSEYITE?

At a recent trial, Lord Justice Knight Bruce asked if any of the learned counsel could define a Puseyite, but none of the learned gentlemen attempted a definition (*vide Morning Herald*).

I.

Pray tell me what's a Puseyite? 'Tis puzzling to describe
This ecclesiastic genus of a pious, hybrid tribe.
At Lambeth and the Vatican he's equally at home,
Altho' 'tis said he rather gives the preference to Rome.

II.

Voracious as a book-worm is his antiquarian maw,
The "Fathers" are his text-book, the "Canons" are his law,
He's mighty in the Rubrics, and well up in the Creeds,
But he only quotes the "Articles" just as they suit his needs.

III.

The Bible is to him almost a sealèd book,
Reserve is on his lips and mystery in his look;
The sacramental system is the torch to illumine his night,
He loves the earthly candlestick more than the heavenly light.

IV.

He's great in punctilios, where he bows and where he stands,
In the cutting of his surplice, and the hemming of his bands;
Each saint upon the Calendar he knows by heart at least,
He always dates his letters on a "Vigil" or a "Feast."

V.

But hark ! with what a nasal twang, betwixt a whine and groan,
He doth our noble liturgy most murderously intone ;
Cold are his prayers and praises, his preaching colder still,
Inanimate and passionless ; his very look does chill.

VI.

He talketh much of discipline, yet when the shoe doth pinch,
This most obedient, duteous son will not give way an inch ;
Pliant and obstinate by turns, whate'er may be the whim,
He's only for the Bishop when the Bishop is for him.

VII.

Others as weak, but more sincere, who rather feel than think,
Encouraging he leads to Popery's dizzy brink,
And when they take the fatal plunge, he walks back quite content
To his snug berth at Mother Church, and wonders why they went.

VIII.

Such, and much worse, aye, worse ! had I time to write,
Is a faint sketch, your worship, of a thorough Puseyite,
Whom even Rome repudiates, as she laughs within her sleeve,
At the sacerdotal mimic, the solemn would-Believe.

IX.

Oh, well it were for England if her Church were rid of those
Half-Protestant, half-Papist, who are less her friends than foes.
Give me the open enemy, not the hollow friend ;
With God, and with our Bible, we will the Truth defend.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Of other original matter in this interesting book I may give an extract (page 112).

A LITTLE MORAL ADVICE.

A FRAGMENT ON THE CULTIVATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE ANIMAL SPIRITS.

It is surprising to see for what foolish causes men hang themselves. The most silly repulse, the most trifling ruffle of temper, or derangement of stomach, anything seems to justify an appeal to the razor or the cord. I have a contempt for persons who destroy themselves. Live on, and look evil in the face; walk up to it, and you will find it less than you imagined, and often you will not find it at all; for it will recede as you advance. Any fool may be a suicide. When you are in a melancholy fit, first suspect the body, appeal to rhubarb and calomel, and send for the apothecary; a little bit of gristle sticking in the wrong place, an untimely consumption of custard, excessive gooseberries, often cover the mind with clouds and bring on the most distressing views of human life.

I start up at two o'clock in the morning, after my first sleep, in an agony of terror, and feel all the weight of life upon my soul. It is impossible that I can bring up such a family of children, my sons and daughters will be beggars; I shall live to see those whom I love exposed to the scorn and contumely of the world!—But stop, thou child of sorrow, and humble imitator of Job, and tell me on what you dined. Was not there soup and salmon, and then a plate of beef, and then duck, blanc-mange, cream-cheese, diluted with beer, claret, champagne, hock, tea, coffee, and noyeau? And after all this, you talk of the *mind* and the evils of life! These kind of cases do not need meditation, but magnesia. Take short views of life. What am I to do in these times with such a family of children? So I argued, and lived dejected with little hope; but the difficulty vanished as life went on. An uncle died, and left me some money; an aunt died, and left me more; my daughter married well; I had two or three appointments, and before life was half over became a prosperous man. And so will you. Every one has uncles and aunts who are mortal; friends start up out of the earth; time brings a thousand chances in your favour; legacies fall from the clouds. Nothing so absurd as to sit down and wring your hands because all the good which may happen to you in twenty years has not taken place at this precise moment.

The illustrations to this work are from original drawings by another member of the Club, Mr. Walter Tomlinson, and they are admirable. I was privileged to see the original sketches when they were made, but I had no idea till I read the book what very nice sort of pilgrimages my friend had been enjoying in Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, and Edinburgh. I think he is quite able, and ought to be called upon to give an account some evening of that delightful part of Somersetshire where Sydney Smith lived forty years ago.

THE REVIEW CLUB, A PRECURSOR OF THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK.

THE Manchester Literary Club has become, both from its numerical strength and the character of its work, one of the recognized intellectual organizations of the city. Some authentic record of its origin, from one of its founders, cannot, therefore, be devoid of interest to its present members, or to those who may succeed them. The task I have imposed upon myself I felt to be more necessary as no minutes of the proceedings for the first two or three years of its existence have been preserved.

The Manchester Literary Club had a precursor from whose decay (not dissolution, for it never was formally dissolved) it unostentatiously emerged into being. In giving some account of this precursor I have, fortunately, exceptional means at my command to ensure completeness and accuracy. Through the kindness of my old friend Mr. J. C. Heaviside, formerly of Manchester and now of London, I have before me, as I write, the minutes of its proceedings during the whole of its career. Mr. Heaviside is the only surviving original member of the Club. The whole of the minutes are either in his handwriting or that of his predecessor and successor as secretary, the late Mr. David Holt.

The first meeting of the Review Club was held at the Slip Inn, Macdonald's Lane, Manchester, on Saturday, the 8th of April, 1854. There were present Messrs. A. G. Henderson, J. P. Stokes, Thomas Pattison, and David Holt. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Stokes afterwards became active members of the Manchester Literary Club in the earlier portion of its career. At this meeting it was resolved that the establishment of a club was desirable, and the gentlemen present signified their opinion "that in the conversations at its meetings the social and intellectual elements should be blended as equally as possible, so as to avoid frivolity and stiffness on the one hand, and licence and triviality on the other."

A further preliminary meeting was held a fortnight afterwards, at the same place. It was resolved that the name of the new organization should be "The Review Club," and that reviews should be purchased and distributed amongst the members; and that "at each meeting the member in whose possession the review has last been shall select therefrom and introduce one or more articles to be then discussed." A fine of one shilling for non-attendance ("from whatever cause") was ordered to be inflicted. As no regular subscription is referred to, the expenses incurred were met apparently by an occasional levy on the members in lieu thereof. It was further resolved "that the following gentlemen shall be considered the original members of the Club:—A. G. Henderson, J. P. Stokes, Andrew Wilson, Thomas Pattison, J. C. Heaviside, and David Holt." The meetings were to take place from April to October (inclusive), on every other Friday, and for the remainder of the year on every other Saturday. In the following session this was altered to "Friday all the year round." Mr. Henderson was elected president, and Mr. Holt secretary. New members were to be elected by "blind ballot, one black ball to exclude." The *Westminster* was the first review ordered. The late Mr.

William Hull, landscape painter, was a guest on this occasion. The following interesting paragraph forms the concluding entry of this night's proceedings:—"Through the kindness of Mr. Hull, the Club was enabled to inspect a series of sketches, chiefly architectural, made in Italy and Switzerland, by Mr. Waterhouse, from which inspection the Club derived great gratification, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Hull for the pleasure he had procured for them." I need scarcely add the Mr. Waterhouse referred to afterwards became the distinguished architect of the Manchester Assize Courts, new Town Hall, Owens College, and many other important public edifices.

The first anniversary of the foundation of the Club was celebrated on the 27th of April, 1855, on which occasion original papers or selections were read by Messrs. Stokes, Heaviside, Wilson, and Holt; and the president played several selections of music on the flute. Mr. Henderson was at the time a distinguished musical amateur, and afterwards became musical critic for more than one of the Manchester newspapers. The minute-book records that the members had "spent a very pleasant evening, and that they had celebrated the anniversary of their Club, for which they all entertain a warm and well-founded regard."

Many interesting subjects, literary and otherwise, were under consideration and discussion during the year. One now happily obsolete, which occupied several evenings, was entitled: "The repeal of the newspaper stamp, and its probable effect, morally, mentally, and socially, upon the British people."

Amongst the guests during the year I find recorded the names of the following gentlemen:—Messrs. Edward Royle, John Lang, W. Percy, Thos. Henderson, and W. Dewhirst. Two of these—Messrs. Percy and Dewhirst—were amongst the earlier members of the Manchester Literary Club.

The Review Club afterwards met at the Dog and Partridge Inn in Fennel Street. At the first meeting in the new location (May 11, 1855), Mr. Edwin Waugh's name is, for the first time, recorded as a guest. On the same evening Messrs. Dewhirst and Angell were elected members of the Club. Messrs. Waugh and Angell (the former at its commencement and the latter shortly afterwards) joined the Literary Club and still remain members.

During the year, as guests, are recorded the names of Thomas Cooper, author of *The Purgatory of Suicides*, and Mr. Joe Perrin. Messrs. Lord, Chambers, and Dewhirst, of Todmorden, are likewise included in the list. The Todmorden gentlemen, with other friends, founded a somewhat similar society in that town, named the Dalton Club. The gentlemen composing the Review Club were made honorary members of it, and the compliment was duly reciprocated. During the existence of the Review Club several pleasant visits were paid by its members to "the happy valley," as it was termed, in some of which I participated.

A special meeting was held on the 18th of October, to which Messrs. W. R. Cassels, Thomas Cooper, Alexander Ireland, and E. Hutchings were invited as guests. All attended except Mr. Ireland.

On the 9th of November, I find the following entry, which has acquired additional interest from the recent death of the gentleman whose early histrionic efforts are referred to. Mr. Curtis had acquired some reputation as an amateur actor, and eventually decided to adopt the stage as a profession, under the *nom de theatre* of Cowper :—"Messrs. Henderson and Wilson requested and obtained permission to adjourn to the Queen's Theatre to see Mr. Curtis, *alias* Cowper, play Hamlet." The merits of various actors, and Mr. Curtis's impersonation of Hamlet especially, formed one out of many subjects of conversation and discussion, amongst which the

painstaking secretary has recorded the following, bearing evident reference to the action of the "peace party" preceding and during the progress of the Crimean war:—"Extraordinary conduct of late of Bright and Cobden!"

Amongst the new members elected this year I find the names of Mr. Edward Royle and Mr. W. Percy, artists. The latter early joined the Manchester Literary Club, and still remains a member. At the end of the year Mr. A. G. Henderson resigned the office of president, and Mr. J. P. Stokes was unanimously elected to succeed him.

The second anniversary meeting was held on the 25th of April, 1856, at the Angel Hotel, Market Street, when Messrs. Chambers, Charles Sever, and H. Hadfield were guests. The latter gentleman is one of the present members of the Manchester Literary Club. Amongst other guests during the year I find the following:—Messrs. Dyson, naturalist, H. Clarence Whaite, artist, George Hayes, artist, and Louis Frazer, late H.M. vice-consul at Lagos, and one of the few survivors of the celebrated Niger Expedition.

A few meetings were afterwards held at the King's Arms Hotel, King Street, after which the Club migrated to its final resting-place—Mr. Royle's studio, in Newall's Buildings. At the end of the year Mr. Holt resigned the office of secretary, and Mr. Heaviside was unanimously appointed his successor.

The third anniversary was celebrated in Mr. Royle's studio, on the 24th of April, 1857. Mr. Waugh's name is amongst the list of guests. This year the Art Treasures Exhibition, at Old Trafford, formed a congenial subject for conversation and discussion. In a summary (in lieu of minutes unrecorded) for several evenings, I find the following interesting record of Mr. Edwin Waugh's earlier connection with the Club:—"The meetings have been characterized by a great amount of social enjoyment, and the attendance of

Mr. Edwin Waugh on two occasions, as guest, has proved fruitful in harmony. The hospitality of the Club has certainly been well repaid by that gentleman's admirable original songs in the Lancashire dialect, whilst his agreeable social qualities have added much to the enjoyment of the members present."

The next minute is dated July 31. This meeting was held on the Tuesday, in order that the members might avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing Mr. Charles Dickens read his *Christmas Carol*, at the Free Trade Hall, which reading the great novelist gave in aid of the "Douglas Jerrold Fund."

On the 1st of June Mr. Edwin Waugh was admitted a member of the Club, and on the 12th of February I find the following entry:—"Mr. Edwin Waugh was so kind as to recite a new song which he contemplates publishing, entitled 'God Bless these Poor Folks,' much to the satisfaction of the Club, who predicted for the poem a long run of popularity." This brings to my memory an incident which is not without interest in connection with this poem. Some time previously, during a short visit he paid me at Preston, Mr. Waugh and myself were leisurely strolling on the bank of the Ribble, in the neighbourhood of the town, when he read to me the first imperfect draft of this poem. He seemed to think it, if not a failure, at least not sufficiently meritorious to deserve completion. I entertained a very different opinion, and I expressed myself so earnestly that he promised me he would lay it aside for awhile, but would not destroy it. Eventually it assumed its present form; and it is, to my mind, one of the most characteristic of the dialect songs he has written.

I have previously referred to the connection of the Club with the "Dalton," of Todmorden. On February 26, 1858, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected honorary members of the Review Club:—Messrs. James Nuttall,

Charles Chambers, John Stansfield, William Dewhirst, William Greenwood, Edward Lord, Thomas Chambers, R. Chambers, and John Lacey, all of Todmorden; and on the following evening a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Christopher Salmon, of West Hartlepool, and Mr. E. Hutchings, secretary to the Mechanics' Institute.

The fourth anniversary meeting was held on April 23, 1858, at Mr. Royle's studio. The meeting was honoured by the presence of no guests, but the whole of the members attended. The secretary read his usual anniversary address, in which he reviewed the Club-work of the year.

On the 2nd of July Mr. Ives, of Stalybridge, was elected an honorary member, and on the 16th Mr. Glossop (a present member of the Manchester Literary Club) is recorded as a guest. On the 23rd Mr. Waugh read his then new poem, "Tickle Times."

I was the guest of Mr. Waugh on several occasions during my then periodical visits to Manchester, but I did not become a member of the Club until what proved my permanent removal from Preston in 1858. On the 10th of September I find the following entry:—"Mr. Charles Hardwick, of Preston, was duly elected an honorary member of the Club.

It is not necessary that I should enter into much detail respecting the further proceedings of the Club after I became a member. I find that I took a prominent part in its proceedings, and read several original papers, some of which afterwards appeared in the *Preston Guardian* or *Eliza Cook's Journal.*

At the anniversary dinner, April 23, 1859, Mr. Waugh made an excellent speech in proposing "The immortal memory of William Shakspere." On the occasion of the last celebrated anniversary of the Club, in 1860, I remember well being suddenly called upon to perform that duty, and

being complimented by friend Waugh on the manner in which it was performed; but I had, at that time, no idea that such a record of it as the following appeared in the minute book. The secretary writes: "Mr. Hardwick then proposed 'The immortal memory of Shakspere' in a speech, the eloquence of which, although purely extempore, took the Club quite by surprise, and convinced them that Mr. Hardwick not only thoroughly appreciated, but was also thoroughly qualified to speak authoritatively upon the subject he had in hand."

There! after that I think it time this paper should come to an end. It must not be forgotten the thing occurred a quarter of a century ago, and had utterly vanished from my memory till I read the too-kindly record of it in the handwriting of my very dear and kind friend, the late Mr. David Holt, the then secretary.

Amongst other original work read to the Club by Mr. Waugh, I find, were the following songs:—"Owd Pinder," "God Bless thi Silver Yure," and "Marget's Coming." I remember well his reading of "Owd Pinder," as at first written. It was objected that the cause of the old man's illness (tippling) was not sufficiently apparent to justify his spouse's more emphatic than loving recommendation that her "lord and master" should "get fora'd with his deeing." At the next meeting Mr. Waugh produced an additional stanza (the last), which of course met with the Club's warm approval. As then read it now appears in his published works.

Amongst the other visitors or guests recorded by the secretary I find the names of Sam Bamford, afterwards an honorary member of the Manchester Literary Club, Messrs. G. W. Anthony and Selim Rothwell, artists. Mr. S. Rothwell likewise, shortly before his painfully-sudden death, had joined the Manchester Literary Club.

The general work of the Club was of a very similar character to that of its successor—the Manchester Literary Club. Original and selected papers were read and discussed, and pictorial work occasionally exhibited. In point of vocal music I rather fancy the diminutive old Club could hold its own with its more colossal descendant. I candidly confess I remember few pleasanter hours in my life than those spent in the Review Club, in Royle's studio, in Newall's Buildings, both of which, Club and studio, have now joined what Byron terms the "past eternity." In this confession there are others living who will heartily join me, I have not the least misgiving.

I have said the Club was never formally dissolved. The last recorded meeting was held on March 9, 1861. Some slight misunderstanding caused a few of the members to retire, the removal or illness of others operated in the same direction, and it was only after some time had passed that I realized the fact that the much-loved Review Club had ceased to exist.

Mr. Waugh and myself often expressed to each other our regret at the discontinuance of the meetings; and on one occasion, early in 1862, at the Clarence Hotel Coffee Room, to Mr. Joseph Chatwood. This led to a desire either for the Club's resuscitation, or for the founding of a similar society with a larger basis of membership. Friends Brierley, Page, and Bealey were communicated with, and Mr. Batty, of the Cathedral Hotel, having kindly offered the use of the private room in which were stowed his literary, numismatic, and other curiosities, as a place of meeting, the Manchester Literary Club came into being. After some slight ebbs and flows in its early career, the tide of prosperity at length set in, and the result is, at the present time, what has been justly described one of the first provincial societies of its class in the kingdom. Although death and other causes have

removed many of the members and visitors of the old Review Club from amongst us, I am glad yet to know that its successor yet numbers amongst its members, in addition to myself, the names of Edwin Waugh, W. Percy, John Angell, James Glossop, George Hayes, H. H. Hadfield, and W. Morton.

P.S.—During a six months' residence in Manchester, in 1852, I first became acquainted with Mr. Waugh. He introduced me to what was called the "Milton Club," a somewhat similar society to the Review Club. It was held at Grimshaw's Coffee House, in a court which connected old Deansgate with the print-market, Victoria Street. I remember reading some papers there, and, on my return to Preston, a poetic address, engrossed, written by Elijah Ridings, was presented to me at a farewell supper. This Club soon afterwards ceased to meet. Mr. Waugh's knowledge of this literary gathering will be much greater than mine.

A STORY ABOUT THE WEST BAY.

BY JOHN JACKSON.

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of perils, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again.

THE Backwater, which separates the two ancient boroughs of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, both now united as one, and commonly known by the name of Weymouth, is a tidal water extending from the haven to Radipole, a pretty village about two or three miles off, where it receives the pure waters of the Wey, a little river which takes its rise from a well in Upwey, another charming village—nestling at the foot of the Dorsetshire ridge of hills which line the coast—about a mile and a half from Radipole. After the meeting of the waters, they travel together affected by the flow and ebb of the tide, and finally make their exit into the sea at Weymouth harbour. I want to remember and note here the deliciousness of the air, and the peculiar light of the early morning, and the troop of swans which are nearly always to be found at the back of the houses waiting to be talked to and fed. They haunt, nest, and bring up their cygnets mainly in an island, but sometimes among the long flags or reeds at the upper part of the water, where and midway between you may see stragglers alone or in pairs, but their main troop is generally to be found where

they can enjoy the society of mankind. I have seen these swans in pairs or singly, strong on the wing, flying across the town, and alight in the glorious bay of Weymouth, which lies at the front of the promenade, and there indulge in feats of navigation, sailing with outstretched pinions with all the grace and dignity for which this bird is so noted whilst on the water; and it is not an uncommon thing for them to wander down to the harbour mouth into the open, round the headland called the "Nothe," where the look-out and barracks are, and so glide away into Portland Roads, where they are often to be seen in numbers feeding on the seaweed, or dozing with arched neck, sometimes turned backward and head under wing, or, perhaps, making for the fresh water of some tiny stream which is trying to finds its way into the sea through the pebbles or sand in some sequestered cove, and there quench their thirst. I have seen them do all these things. I am often tempted by the fragrance of the morning at the Backwater to feed and talk to the swans, with whom I am now on very friendly terms, of which you may well be convinced when I tell you I have been induced by them to write their little chronicle. But to do that I ought to go to their headquarters at the famous swannery at Abbotsbury, which is one of the remarkable sights on the coast of that west bay about which I am trying to write my story, if story it can be called, for it is merely fireside story, which means talking by the fireside without any aim at effect of such subjects as swans, and wreck and wreckers, and acts of heroism, and cries of drowning seamen, and the treasures which lie buried, it may be, at the bottom or in the mud or sands of the shore, or in the unexplored chasms in the cliffs of that fatal bay, which everybody hereabouts knows by the dreaded name of "The Deadmen's Bay."

To get together the materials of any story which is worth

telling is itself a labour, but it is one which is attended with its own reward, for it is surprising how interesting to the story teller it is to disinter from their graves—from cast-aside volumes and pamphlets of past times, which are truly their graves, many things which are precious or eminently suggestive; and to such researches there is no end, for one thing leads to another until the evening brings with it the close of man's labours, and then he says I am tired, it is enough. But to rescue from oblivion these scattered bones and piece them together and clothe them in the shape of a story which shall interest others is another and greater labour, and if I can but interest others I shall be well requited.

I am going to cross this Backwater this afternoon—this Sunday afternoon, and go to the church of Wyke Regis, about two and a quarter miles. I shall go early, not only to be present at the afternoon service, but that I may have time to linger by the way, as a moralizing traveller should, and also to look round the churchyard and read some of the texts there strewn, which teach the rustic moralist to die. My way will be, not over the wooden bridge, but over the town bridge, through part of old Weymouth, and by the uphill road, for by taking that way I shall see the magnificent panorama of sea and land which surrounds Weymouth at every point of the compass. The uphill roads of life, though toilsome, are not unfrequently accompanied with pleasures to which those who travel by easier paths are strangers. How often after gaining some vantage point do we turn and look backward, or lean upon the gates or gateposts on each side of the road, determined to lose nothing by the way, and when we reach the top of some hill how keen and rare is the enjoyment. There are moments in most men's lives, when

> Backward we cast our eyes on prospects drear,
> And forwards, though we cannot see, we guess and fear.

But these moments are not our best, and with me and I think with many others the pleasures of memory as well as the pleasures of hope, which abide with us when the mind is at its best, go far to compensate us for the griefs and calamities which affect and discipline this mortal being; and if I should live to attain old age, I know already whilst on the downhill that it has serenities of its own, when the retrospect of life, though filling the eyes with tears, is yet accompanied by a smile, the deep meaning of which I am not going to interpret except to say that it has something to do with both the past and the future; and as I take great pleasure in both I like books on old age, and I should like to be able to say with Tully:

> I have no design to bewail the calamities of life as some men have done; neither am I sorry that I came into life, for I was born to answer some good purposes, and those purposes being answered, I can now leave life as if it were my inn and not my habitation, for nature designed it no otherwise for us. . . And old age is to life like the last scene of a play, which agreeably satisfies us without making us weary.

Often and often do I turn and look round on my way to Wyke. Look at yon long ridge of hills northwards, a marked feature of the Dorsetshire coast, and stretching from west to east. It seems altogether and is almost bare of trees. Yes, but the waters stand in those hills, and if you were close to them, at the village of Sutton Poyntz yonder, you might see the springs literally gush out of the hill sides, and there gathered together in the reservoir which supplies Weymouth with water. The valleys with their villages, which lie at the foot of the ridge and between it and the land whose outline forms the cliffs of Weymouth Bay, go far to redeem the coast from the charge of sterility, without saying anything of the quiet fields close to the roadside with their trees, but into which I do not intend to stray. I listen and hear the church bell of Chickerell, reminding me I ought some day to pay a visit there, but my eyes still look

at the ridge. If it has no trees it has something else, more remarkable. You have heard of urn burial and the earth mounds, which are the funeral monuments of builders of a very remote past. What you see on the very top of the ridge, extending for some miles, are burial places, and that extraordinary line of mounds consists of barrows or burys, memorials of persons and events long forgotten. There is no one left to tell of their origin. The page of their history has been eaten away from our history books by time, the destroyer. But they themselves still survive, and stand up as living witnesses of the old times before Dorsetshire was visited by the Roman, Saxon, or Dane. Their date is uncertain, but for many centuries have they looked down on the same picture we are looking at, probably little altered except by the touches of men's hands—the same hills and valleys—the same coastline, terminating eastwards at St. Alban's Head—Portland just across, with Wyke Regis between, and the interminable sea beyond all; whilst at the foot of the hills are traces of British or Roman earthworks, where the soldiery have tramped, and perhaps the old Roman street or road which leads to Dorchester still crosses the ridge in the same place. Leaving the beaten track I once crossed the ridge from Upwey to Dorchester, but I can go no further now in that direction, but proceed to Wyke.

The old churchyard of Wyke Regis is at the corner of two roads leading down to the village, and with its neighbour, a modern annex, occupies the highest ground in the village. It is surrounded with elms, whose branches I noticed a year or two ago still bore marks of the biting tooth of the cold wind which attacked them in the early spring. The church is massive, grey, and venerable. The bells, not a peal, have a strange, weird, and melancholy sound, with which I associated the idea of "life a journey," and remembrances of ships coming, going, and sometimes

not returning; to the touch of vanished hands and voices no longer audible. I enter the yard, and for a few minutes stop to read the inscriptions on two stone tablets on the exterior of the east end of the church. I shall read one:

> Here rest the village dead, and here too I,
> When yonder dial points the hour, must die.
> Look round: the distant prospect is displayed,
> Like life's fair landscape marked by light and shade.
> Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
> But ne'er forget thy long and last abode;
> And ere thy body moulders in the grave
> Repent, and trust in Christ thy soul to save.

The other in the same tone, with the same gentle and grave reminder, also addresses the stranger:

> Flee from thy vices, let thy follies go,
> There's no repentance in the gulf below.

I am not long in discovering how fit is the place for these reminders. Not alone of the village dead do the gravestones speak, but of the victims of storm and shipwreck. Here is one recording

> The melancholy fate which befell the crew and passengers of the Alexander, East Indiaman, in the spring of the year 1815. This monument is erected by C. Forbes, Esq., M.P., and the owners of the said ship, which, on her voyage from Bombay to London, was totally lost in the West Bay, on the 26th March, 1815, when all the crew and passengers, consisting of more than one hundred and forty souls, unhappily perished, with the exception of five Lascars.

Another, still more remarkable, where the events recorded were almost unparalleled in destructiveness both to ships and men, is a memorial of the loss of life occasioned by the wreck of part of the fleet with troops, under the convoy of Admiral Christian, on their voyage to the West Indies, for service there under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, but destined to perish by the fury of that same West Bay during the great storm which swept over the country, and particularly along this coast, in November, 1795, the tradition of which is still current among the inhabitants, and the narration of which may be said to have an historical interest. My inducement

to say something about it at the fireside, and make it one of the main features of a rambling story, was the perusal, some time after I had seen these graveyard stones, of a portion of a MS. autobiography of a lady—Miss Elizabeth Ham—at the time of the wrecks resident in Weymouth, and who spent a considerable portion of the earlier years of her life at that town, and at Upwey and Dorchester, in which she mentions these terrible shipwrecks, which had then lately occurred, and of which some account had been written by Charlotte Smith the novelist, as taken from the lips of a lady who was one of two survivors of those who perished in the Catharine—one of the vessels wrecked—and for whom a subscription had been got up in Weymouth. To the contents of the pamphlet written by Charlotte Smith, and other cotemporary printed sources to which I have referred, I can add from the MS. something which I have not seen in print, and which possesses a little romantic interest which deserves to be rescued from perishing. As I have permission to use the MS., I do so yet without making more use of it than is necessary; but I may say that to me, who am only an occasional visitor, it possesses great local, as well as general, interest and value; and to the present generation resident at Weymouth, Dorchester, and neighbourhood, who take any interest in the bringing to life again of a period when George III. and his family were regular visitors there, and with whom this lady's family had some acquaintance—her mother, in the opinion of the king, being the finest woman in Weymouth—or who take any interest in the doings of their grandfathers and grandmothers, the publication of this MS., which is written by a writer possessing excellent qualities of heart and head, could not fail to become a valuable addition to the family histories of that time. But passing over the MS. for the present, let me read the inscription on the stone:

To the Memory
of Captain Ambrose, William Barcroft, Lieutenant Harry Ash, and Mr. Kelly,
Surgeon, of the 63rd Regiment of Infantry;
of Lieutenant Stephen Jenner, of the 6th West India Regiment;
Lieutenant Stains, of the 2nd West India Regiment;
Lieutenant James Sutherland, of Col. Whyte's West India Regiment;
Lieutenant B. Chadwick, of Col. Whyte's West India Regiment;
Cornet Wm. Stukeley Burns, of the 26th Light Dragoons;
Cornet Benjamin Graydon, of the 3rd West India Regiment; and
Two hundred and fifteen soldiers and seamen, and nine women, who perished
by shipwreck on Portland Beach, opposite the villages of Langton, Fleet,
and Chickerel, on Wednesday, the 18th day of November, 1795.

A stone has also been erected over the grave of Lieutenant Ker with the following inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of Major John Charles Ker, Military Commandant of Hospitals in the
Leeward Islands;
And to that of his Son, Lieutenant James Ker, of the 40th Regiment of Foot;
who both departed this life on the 18th day of November, 1795,
the first aged 40, and the latter 14 years.

The fate of both was truly deplorable, and is a melancholy example of the uncertainty of human affairs. They were embarked in the Venus Transport, and left Portsmouth the 15th of the above-mentioned month, with a fleet full of troops destined on an expedition to the West Indies, under the command of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie. A storm having arisen on the 17th, which lasted till the next day, many of the ships were lost and the Venus wrecked on Portland Beach. Major Ker and his son were both unfortunately drowned, with the greater part of the officers and crew.

The Major's body could not be found, although it is possible that it may have been among the many others which were driven ashore and buried in this churchyard. His son's corpse was ascertained, and lies interred under this stone, which is raised at the expense of John William Ker, Esq., brother of the Major, in commemoration of the affection he bore him.

There is not a good view from the churchyard seawards. It is too much hemmed in by the adjacent houses, but the view from the church tower must be magnificent, and we have seen quite sufficient during our walk and on later days to tell what follows, and, moreover, a few yards in any direction will enable us to see all we desire. The Isle of Portland, as it is called, is just opposite Wyke Regis, and there are about three-quarters of a mile of village—houses, gardens,

and fields, sloping down to the shore. There is now direct communication with the island by railway and road, which run parallel straight across from the bottom of the village fields, and nearly all the way across, along a remarkable natural bank of pebbles, which commences at Chesilton in Portland and stretches straight out towards the mainland, but as it nears Wyke it takes a curve and instead of reaching that place runs westerly in a parallel line with the mainland to Abbotsbury, about seven miles to the west, and even then pursues its way to Burton Cliffs, about sixteen miles off, where it ends. The peculiarity of this bank or beach, which is called the Chesil, and which is of considerable altitude and formidable enough to resist and drive back the fiercest waves, is that at the Portland end the bank is composed of rounded stones, or large shingle, but as you proceed westward they gradually diminish in size until they become the size of peas, and at the extreme west I understand the bank is but a bank of sand. Between the bank where it begins to curve at Wyke and all the way to Abbotsbury there was and still is a long narrow creek or estuary, called the Fleet, which a hundred years ago was open at its mouth, which received the tide from Portland Roads, just where the railway now crosses it; but the bank then was, as it is now, a perfect isthmus and breakwater, completely separating Portland Roads from the West Bay—the difference being that, at the time I am writing of, the communication between Wyke and Portland, or rather the Chesil Bank, was by a ferry across the creek at the bottom of Wyke fields, whereas the communication is now by the railway embankment. In Hutchins' *Dorsetshire* there is a map showing where the passage-house stood, and also a view of this remarkable bank as it appeared at the village of Fleet, which lies between Wyke and Abbotsbury. This word Fleet is a Danish word, signifying a water where the

tide or float comes up, and at Abbotsbury the Fleet was distinguished as the East and West Fleet. It still survives in the Danish settlements of Starfleet, Wainfleet, and Surfleet in Lincolnshire, Benfleet in Essex, and in the Fleetwater or tidal ditch on the Thames. Muckfleet is the name of a shallow dyke in Norfolk. It was from the vicks or creeks of the Scandinavians that the vikings or sea rovers took their name. There they harboured with their long ships and rowing galleys, and it is not unlikely that from this fleet, creek, or vick* Wyke takes its name, only we pronounce it with the *w* which the Romans left us.

Portland is defended by nature all round by bristling cliffs and treacherous rocks. As we pass by the railway along the mile and a half of the Chesil beach, which, from its natural pebble formation, necessarily slopes on both sides, we have Portland Roads with the breakwater to the left, and the West Bay to the right. In the Roads are stationed one or two of Her Majesty's fleet, to which excursions are made in the season; and so it was, as I learn from the MS., a hundred years ago; some ship or ships of the line were stationed there then, with the officers of which the family of Mr. and Mrs. Ham, who mixed in good society, were more or less acquainted, and as the narrative is very minute and discriminating, I have been able to form a very fair conception of the Weymouth people at that time, and a very favourable opinion of the household of the writer. The railway terminates with the end of the bank at Chesilton, through which by a continual ascent up the main street you arrive at the quarries of the celebrated Portland stone; and on any of the working days of the week you may see the convicts at work there on the heights, and the sentry boxes of the warders on guard with fixed bayonets.

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* Vick also means a street or rows of houses, with a way between them.

Whilst the convicts are at work you cannot pass through the quarries, but in the interval of the dinner hour, when they are absent, visitors are allowed to pass, and by taking up a convenient position on the other side of the quarries—one near the prison church erected by the convicts, or the upper room of an inn not far off—you may see the men return at the appointed hour to their work, in regimental file, under the command and charge of the armed warders, and a very impressive sight it is. Some, qualified by good conduct and in a distinctive dress, are allowed to sweep the roads along which we pass, but still under guard. I passed once such a group, and as I looked at their woe-begone faces I thought I should like to have said "Good day," but I knew it was forbidden to speak to them, and I passed on; but from that time I could not help remembering oftener than I had done before at certain times—"all prisoners and captives." The island slopes towards the west, and ends in what is called the Bill of Portland. It is said that when a south-westerly wind is blowing, if a ship gets on the wrong side of the Bill there is no hope for her. A short bird's flight from the Bill across the bay is Abbotsbury and its swannery of sixteen hundred swans.

Some of the swans are of great age; the king and queen have the reputation of being a century old. Their palace is a dense spear bed, separate and apart from the rest of the swans, whose intrusion into the palatial precincts is looked upon with great jealousy, and any unlucky swan finding his way there is very soon taught that he is a trespasser and punished with the utmost rigour of the law. A few decoy ducks, however (for there is a decoy there), are allowed the *entrée*, and so are poets and story-tellers. "Tell me, most Royal and graceful birds," I said, "what is your story, for my wish is to make you the praise and delight of my idyll." "We have heard of you from our friends at the Backwater;

your credentials are in order, and you are welcome." "It is not given to every mortal to be so privileged." "Pray sit down and rest, and we will talk with you." I felt embarrassed, as I could not well sit down in the swan pool, but the swans, perceiving the situation, adjourned to a place where I could be seated, and I went to them. "Have you been very long here?" I ventured to ask. I was then very ignorant of what I know now. "What do you call long? Are you speaking about us as a race or as individuals?" "I was thinking of you as a race; it would not be polite for me to ask your age." A courteous and intelligent look from the swans informed me I had answered discreetly. "How long do you think we as a race have been here?" "Probably from old George the Third's time," I said. Here the swans interchanged looks. "We see you are marvellously ignorant of swans' chronology. Those who frequent courts generally seek promotion, and most court-seekers have no doubt that they deserve promotion by merit. You cannot be one of those; conceit always deserves reproach, ignorance not. It is curious and gratifying to us that you should be able to talk with us. You must have heard of Odin, who could well understand the language of swans and ravens, and he taught them the language of man, and wrote runes about them.* Now tell us where promotion comes from." "I have not much acquaintance with it," I said, "but I have heard of it at a distance." "Then it is clear you know where it does not come from. Did you ever hear that promotion cometh not from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south; now, where do you suppose it comes from?" "From the dear north," I said, with a passionate eagerness which greatly delighted the swans, "if it comes from anywhere." "Exactly so; we come from the north. Now,

* Laing's *Sea Kings of Norway*, vol. i. 222.

how will you begin our chronicle?" "This way, I think. Now this is a chronicle of the swans at Abbotsbury." "Say this is the chronicle of the swans at Abbotsbury, and write as we tell you, and what we tell you is true.

"On the 18th day of September, in the 32nd year of Queen Elizabeth, in a case between the Queen and the Lady Joan Young, the wife of Sir John Young, knight, and Thomas Saunger, Defendants, on an Inquisition held before Sir Matthew Arundel and other Commissioners of the Queen, an office was found that from the town (ville) of Abbotsbury, in the County of Dorset, unto the sea by the Isle of Portland, is a certain estuary (*Anglice*, a mere or fleet) in which the sea flows and ebbs, in which same estuary are five hundred swans, of which four hundred and ten are white and ninety are cygnets, all of which are in the possession of the said Joan Young and Thomas Saunger, and each of them is worth half-a-crown, and at the time of taking the Inquisition the greater number were not at all marked—which office being certified unto the Exchequer, a writ was directed to the sheriff of the same county to seize all the white swans not marked, in virtue whereof the sheriff returned that he had seized four hundred white swans, to which afterwards (in Hilary, 34 Elizabeth) the Defendants pleaded—

"That the aforesaid æstuary or water lies in the parish of Abbotsbury and abutted it, and that before the Inquisition was taken the Abbot of Abbotsbury was seized of the said æstuary and the banks and soil thereof, in fee, and at that time and time out of mind there was, and had been up to that time, a certain volatus (flight) of wild swans, called a 'game of swans,'* in the same æstuary and the banks and soil thereof, nesting, breeding, and haunting; of which

* The words "game of swans" are used in Stat. 22, Ed. IV., c. 6.

flight of swans the said Abbot and all his predecessors, Abbots of the Monastery for the whole time aforesaid, had and enjoyed, and were accustomed to have and enjoy, the whole profit and increment ; which swans and cygnets were *feræ naturæ*, and for time immemorial it had not been the custom to sign the swans or cygnets with any mark, except that the Abbot and his predecessors during all that time, of their own free will and pleasure, had used to mark annually such of the cygnets as were intended for the kitchen and purposes of hospitality by cutting off the pinion of one wing to prevent their flying away. And afterwards the Abbot surrendered the premises to King Henry VIII., who in the 35th year of his reign granted to Giles Strangwayes, Esq., amongst other things, the whole of the King's fishery in the water called the Fleet, with all messuages, waters, fishery, and other hereditaments of his in Abbotsbury, formerly belonging to the Monastery, and that the said Giles died and the premises descended to Giles Strangwayes, his cousin and heir, who demised to the Defendants the said game of swans, and the Defendants prayed that the hands of the Queen might be removed from the said game of swans, upon which the Queen's attorney did demur at law.

"It was resolved that all white swans not marked, which are swimming in an open or common river, might be seized for the Queen's use by her Prerogative ; for birds which are *feræ naturæ* are either Royal or common property, and so aquatic birds are either Royal or common, and as the swan is a Royal fowl, all swans whereof the property is not known do belong to the Queen by her Prerogative. And so there is an ancient officer of the Queen called *Magister deductus cygnorum*, which continues to this day. But it was resolved also that a subject might have property in white swans not marked in his private waters, and if they escape out of such

private waters into an open and common river he may bring them back again. But if they have gained their natural liberty and are swimming in open and common rivers, the King's officer may seize them, for one white swan without such pursuit cannot be known from another, and when the property of a swan cannot be known, the swan being a Royal fowl doth belong to the King. And it was resolved that none can have a swan mark except by the grant of the King or his officers authorized thereto, or by prescription; and that under Stat. 22, Edward IV., c. 6, no person except the son of the King can have a swan mark or game of swans unless he be possessed of a freehold of the yearly value of five marks. And it was finally resolved that the plea of prescription was insufficient, for the effect of it was to have and take all wild swans within the creek. But if the Defendants had pleaded that within the creek there had existed as aforesaid a game of wild swans, and then had prescribed that the Abbot and his predecessors had used at all times time out of mind to have and take some of them within the creek, it had been good.*

"Now, here is the record of the case, and the rest of it you can read at your leisure. Have you anything to say about it?" "I admire and wonder at what you have told me. Then you were here when the Spanish Armada sailed up the Channel, and Weymouth sent out its six ships, and the beacons flared on the ridgeway hills. According to the pleadings in the case it was admitted that you had been here for time immemorial, and the Queen's attorney was one of the greatest lawyers England ever produced, and that must have been, according to our law, as far back as Richard Plantagenet, Cœur de Lion, that is, before our written laws commence. You have had a long reign to have lasted out

* Coke's Reports, vii.

our Plantagenets, Lancaster, York, Tudor, and Stuart, and still live and reign, and likely to live and reign. I marvel that no one has drawn attention to the persistency with which your race has remained in one spot, with all the habits of domestication, notwithstanding you are called—simply because your abode is an open creek—wild swans." "We have always been accounted in England as Royal birds, though not so in Scotland, and the protection we have for ages received from your laws, and the favour shown to us, have gone far to domesticate us and make us partial to our settled home. The law case did not much affect us, and three years afterwards, viz., in the 35th year of Elizabeth's reign, the Manor of Abbotsbury, with the appurtenances, including wreck of the sea and exemption from the power of the Lord Admiral, in the Manor, and the water, soil, and fishery in the East and West Fleet, and the flight or game of swans there, were found to be held by Sir John Strangwayes at his death of the Queen." In 1645 the demesnes of the then Sir John Strangways, who was engaged in the Civil tumults, were sequestered and his house burnt. Sir William Dugdale says that the Register or Chartulary of the Abbey was in the possession of this Sir John Strangways, but was destroyed by the fire which destroyed his house, and he justly laments as a great loss the fate of such a relic, valuable alike to the historian and antiquarian. It contained the history of the foundation, a table of the donations to it, and other monuments of learning. Hutchins says it is plain that Mr. Coker, the antiquary, had perused it, and it is to be lamented that instead of a legend and a few obscure hints he had not transmitted a more regular account of it. Freed from legend, the Register may be relied on for these facts, that in the very early days of Christianity a church was erected here at Abbotsbury; and that when Canute came to the throne he gave Abbotsbury to his house carle or steward,

Orc or Orcus, and Thola his wife, who built the Monastery and introduced monks there of the Benedictine order; that the Monastery had many franchises and privileges by the grant of Canute, Edward the Confessor, William I. and II., and Henry I., and amongst these privileges was included the right to wreck of the sea. Nor is it improbable that even at the foundation of the Monastery in King Canute's time, and perhaps long before, this game of swans was there under the protection of the king or those who held under the king's grant; and they still exist there without mark, the property of the Earl of Ilchester, who derived them from the Strangways family.

The subject of swan marks is one about which time will permit me to say but few words. They are of great antiquity. They are mentioned as subjects of the king's grants in the Rot. Parliament of 30 Edward III., 16 Richard II., and 1 Henry IV.; and the Act, 22 Edward IV., ch. 6, says how as well the king as other lords, knights, esquires, and other noble men of this noble realm of England had been greatly stored of marks and games of swans, until of late that divers keepers of swans had bought and made to them marks and games in the fens and marshes and other places, and under colour of the same and of surveying and search for swans and cygnets had stolen cygnets and put upon them their own mark, by which means the substance of the swans be in the hands and possession of yeomen and husbandmen. Therefore, &c.

A swan mark is a sort of elongated shield, on which is a device or mark sometimes heraldic. It is a property which must have its origin in the king's grant, or by prescription, and this title by prescription is evidence that swan marks were in existence before the time of Richard I. A swan mark is capable of being assigned, and a title to it must be shown by a regular Abstract of Title. I never perused such

an abstract, but I have read that such was and is the fact. The way of marking swans is by cutting the mark on the upper mandible, or neb of the bird. If this abbey had had a mark, it would have been a crook—the mark of spiritual authority, of which the swan marks of Carhow Priory in Norfolk, and Swinestede Abbey, on the Witham, in Lincolnshire, are illustrations, and here it may be noted that the crozier or crook of the divine, the shepherd, the swanherd, and gooseherd, is emblematic of the care of a flock.*

In whatever direction I turn my eyes at Wyke Regis, I see the place of some tragic story, or something to remind me of one not far off. It was in January, 1786, that the Halsewell East Indiaman struck on the rocks at a part of the shore of the Isle of Purbeck, between Saint Albans head and Peveril point, where the cliff rises to a great height and almost perpendicular. I think the exact spot is not in sight, but beyond Saint Albans; but you can see the place as you go by the steamer to Bournemouth. Close to where the ship struck was a cavern in the cliff, opposite which the ship lay broadside from the evening when she struck. All who escaped drowning managed to get into the cavern, out of which the only access was by creeping along the side to the mouth, and then by a very narrow ledge clambering up the cliff. This was accomplished with difficulty by the cook and quarter-master, and, with the help of the quarrymen engaged in the Purbeck quarries, some who had succeeded in escaping the sea were rescued by ropes let down from the top of an overhanging cliff. Some perished. Captain Pierce, with his two daughters, and the

* For further information on the subject of swan marks, see *Archæologia*, xvi., Kempe's Loseley MSS.; Blomefield's *Norfolk*, ii. 866; iv.; Halsted, *History of Kent*, vol. i. 225; Knight's *English Encyclopædia;* Thompson's *History and Antiquities of Boston*, 676-8; Yarrell's *Birds; Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. viii. 62, 256; second series, vol. x. 248, 393; fifth series, vol. v. 268, 376; and for description of the swannery see Panton's *Country Sketches*.

greater number of the crew and passengers, went down in the night. The circumstances are most interesting, and are contained in the pamphlet I refer to in the note.*

There was another wreck, which I can hardly avoid mentioning, and it also did not take place in the West Bay, but outside Portland. I mean the wreck of the Earl of Abergavenny, which was lost 5th February, 1805, on the Shambles, a shoal of rocks and shingles extending on the south side of Portland, about one or two miles from the land.† She struck about three in the afternoon. More than one act of heroism deserve to be recorded, but I have room for one only: "A midshipman was appointed to guard the spirit-room to repress the desire of some of the crew to die in a state of intoxication. The sailors, devoted enough in other respects, pressed upon him. 'Give us some grog,' they exclaimed, 'it will be all one an hour hence.' 'I know we must die,' replied the officer coolly, 'but let us die like men,' and, armed with a brace of pistols, he kept his post while the ship was sinking." The captain was Captain Wordsworth, the brother of the poet, whose body was not found till the 20th March, when it was washed ashore at Weymouth, and afterwards buried in Wyke churchyard.‡

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*A circumstantial narrative of the loss of the Halsewell East Indiaman, Captain Richard Pierce, which was unfortunately wrecked in the Isle of Purbeck, on the coast of Dorsetshire, on the morning of the 6th January, 1786, compiled from the communications and under the authorities of Mr. Henry Merton and Mr. John Rogers, the two chief officers, who happily escaped the dreadful catastrophe.—Sixteenth edition. Bolton: Printed by R. Jackson. 1796.

† The Shambles lightship now warns the mariner of the danger.

‡ An authentic narrative of the loss of the Earl of Abergavenny, East Indiaman, Captain John Wordsworth, off Portland, on the night of the 5th February, 1805. Drawn from official documents and communications from various respectable survivors. By a gentleman in the East India House. Third Edition. Printed at the Minerva Press for Lane, Newman, and Co.; and sold by Asherne, Cornhill; Symonds, Paternoster Row; and Chapple, Pall Mall. 1806.

Time fails to let me do more than speak of the Hope, a Dutch ship, and one of the richest in freight, lost in the West Bay on the 17th April, 1747. In her return from the Spanish main with not less than £80,000 in specie, bonds, gold dust, and other valuable commodities, the night being dark and there being no light from the Portland Lighthouse, she ran ashore on the Chesil beach. When she struck a mast fell so providentially that all the crew got safe to shore. The ship was shattered into three parts: the top deck was thrown upon the pebble ridge; the cabin, where the treasure mostly lay, was buried in the sands, and the hull was never found, but rolled back into the sea. The people from the neighbouring villages flocked to the spot, and then took place a regular organized attack by the people on the rescued captain and crew, whose resistance they overpowered, and for some days the place of wreck was a scene of wholesale plunder, until at last the mob was dispersed by three neighbouring justices with a body of armed men. Notwithstanding, a considerable booty was secured by numbers of poor people, who, rather than give it up, fled to different parts of the kingdom. Some of the guilty parties were apprehended, and two were tried at Dorchester assizes, July 15th, 1749, before Mr. Baron Lagg, but acquitted, the jury being disposed to acquit on account of the number concerned in the wreckage (Hutchins' *Dorsetshire*, II. 297-8).

Charlotte Smith's narrative is entitled: "Narrative of the loss of the Catharine, Venus, and Piedmont transports, and the Thomas, Golden Grove, and Æolus merchant ships, near Weymouth, on Wednesday, the 18th of November last (1795). Drawn up from information taken on the spot, by Charlotte Smith, and published for the benefit of an unfortunate survivor from one of the wrecks and her infant. London: Printed and sold by Sampson Low, Berners Street, Soho, and C. Law, Ave Maria Lane, and may be had at

Delamotte's and Wood's Libraries, Weymouth, 1796," an original copy of which I have got, with a list of the subscribers, amongst whom are: Col. the Earl of Berkeley, Lieut.-Col. Wall, Major Austin, Captains Mair, Ollney, Parker, Ready, T. P. Symonds, Surman, Whalley, and Walwyn, and Lieutenants Cross, Finncane, Pyrke, Symonds, Shrapnell, and Wall, all of the South Gloucester Regiment; Mr. Bryer (the benevolent surgeon) and Mr. Abbot, of Fleet Farmhouse; Mrs. and the Misses Elizabeth and Barbara Barcroft, of Otley, Yorkshire, relatives no doubt of Capt. Barcroft; several of the Jenner family, of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, and some old Weymouth family names.

That terrible November, true to its character, came in with tempests and clouds and storms. High winds blew down houses, tore up trees by the roots, levelled chimneys, and scattered the tiles from the roofs of the houses in the metropolis and the provinces in all directions. The King and Queen were at Buckingham Palace, and rose from their beds, as did many others, for the storm was of that weight and continuance that scarcely any building appeared to be safe. This was on the 6th, and the ravages of the storm (quoting from the *Gentleman's Magazine*) extended far inland, as well as to the eastern, southern, and western coasts. Then, having thus spent its rage, it crouched back like an angry wild beast, and prepared for a second spring on the 17th and 18th, and then in its fury heaped up destruction in the West Bay. A Weymouth correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1795, p. 964, writes:

After crossing the ferry, which with the sea forms the Isle of Portland, I reached the beach to be distressed with the mortifying sight of many dead bodies under every description; mutilation of limbs, nakedness, and horror. I directed my course from this heart-rending scene to trace the survivors, and in this course, among others, chance led me to the house which had received the survivors of the Golden Grove.

(This ship and the Æolus were stranded on a part of the bank near the Passage House, almost in the same spot where the Zenobia, a French frigate, went to pieces in 1763.)*

The mate, whom I found with the others of the crew, told me that the ship in five minutes after striking went completely to pieces. Dr. Stevens [of St. Kitts] and another passenger [Mr. Burrows] were lost by delaying one minute, and one only. Col. Ross, of the 31st, was saved from more activity. An old man, one boy, and Col. Ross's black servant were lost. The survivors had not saved more than what covered them. I rode over three or four miles of strand covered with the wrecks of five ships, and near two hundred and fifty dead bodies of the 63rd, 91st, and other regiments of infantry, with part of the 26th Light Cavalry, and some horse carcases.

November 26 he writes again:

The shore from hence to Abbotsbury, about seven miles, is still covered with dead bodies and parts of the wrecks hourly thrown up. I yesterday counted nine dead bodies thrown upon the beach by one tide, within the space of a quarter of a mile; the violence of the sea had torn every particle of clothing off them,† and from bruises and lying in water they made the most shocking appearance. Part of the Gloucester Militia, aided by the peasantry, are constantly employed in burying them. The number of sufferers almost exceeds belief—upwards of sixteen hundred bodies having, it is said, been thrown up along the beach. An officer of the Gloucester Militia told me he assisted at the burial of three hundred. The vessels lost in the West Bay were seven in number, and such was the fury of the waves that several of the transports, heavily laden, were driven to the summit of the beach, which is a considerable deal higher than a common built house. Had the poor wretches continued on board, many more would have been saved; but such was their agitation and fright that as soon as the vessel struck they leaped overboard and were exhausted before they could reach the shore. A soldier of the 63rd tells me that previously to his quitting the transport, one of the officers of the regiment who was lame and in bed, and conscious of the impossibility of his escaping death, met it with a most dignified constancy; he told the soldier that from his strength there was a chance of his safety, told him how to husband it best to his advantage, and then gave him his purse and watch which he observed were no longer necessary. . . . The lady I mentioned to have been so miraculously preserved was wife to Cornet Burns, of the 26th.

The seventh vessel here referred to was the Hannah, which went to pieces on the rocks, but the crew and cargo were saved.

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* The words in the parentheses are taken from C. Smith's account.

† I think it not improbable that the wreckers were accountable for this.

The Piedmont, Venus, and Catharine transports, and the Thomas, merchant ship, were driven on the bank four miles to the westward, nearly opposite Fleet and Chickerell; and the particulars attending the loss of each, together with the narrative of the escape of Mrs. Burns, as received from her, appear in Mrs. Smith's pamphlet. Two hundred and eight soldiers and sailors were buried in graves dug on the Fleet side of the stony beach beyond the reach of the sea, with a pile of stones on each to mark where they lay. The officers and some women were buried in Wyke Regis churchyard. Miss Ham's account of Mrs. Burns is as follows:—

My two younger sisters, when taken from their dame school, were placed as day pupils with a Mrs. Burns, whose history was one of the romances of real life. She was proceeding with her husband, Cornet Stukeley Burns, to the West Indies in Admiral Christian's unfortunate fleet. I had the history of her escape from her own lips. When the vessel struck she was in her berth. Mr. Burns rushed into the cabin, and told her to get up instantly. She leaped out, and he dragged her to a porthole, and told her to throw herself out. At that moment there was a dreadful crash, and she found her nightdress caught by some of the wreck. She disengaged herself from her dress, and dropped into the waves. The Portland wreckers had a way of rescuing property, and sometimes life, from the rage of their terrible bay by making a human chain, with linked hands, reaching down the steep shingles into the sea. Mrs. Burns found herself seized by the man at the end of this chain. At that moment some likely prize was seen floating near. She was conscious that they spoke of abandoning her in order to secure the booty, and she clung to the man with a grasp of desperation. From that moment she lost all consciousness. I learnt from another source that when she was laid on the beach, her rescuers thought she was dead. A barrel of gunpowder had been burst by the waves just where she fell into the water, and she was so entirely covered with it as to be taken for a black boy. As there was a possibility that life was not quite extinct, she was carried over the pebble beach, and laid in a boat on the other side and covered over with seaweed, then rowed across the narrow sea, and taken to a farmhouse (Mr. Abbot's), where a warm bath and a dry bed soon restored her to consciousness. The surgeon who attended her, Mr. Bryer, took great interest in the poor woman; and if she told him anything about her own family, he kept her secret for her. When she was sufficiently recovered she returned to London for her child, who had been left behind—a fine boy about a year old. By the exertions of the benevolent doctor a subscription was raised for her; aided by a pamphlet written by Charlotte Smith, the novelist, detailing her escape from shipwreck. When the pension was applied for, it was discovered that another, and as it proved the true Mrs. Burns, had already

obtained it. This woman came, too, to claim the subscription, but to this she had no right. Whether or not this former marriage was known to the poor woman no one, of course, could tell. She was very pretty, and very well conducted whilst at Weymouth. When my mother was from home, I often asked her to drink tea with me. She afterwards married a schoolmaster of the name of Rolls.

For an interesting account of the wreck of the Royal Adelaide on the Chesil Beach, see the *Times* of November 27th, 28th, and 29th, and December 2nd, 3rd, and 5th, 1872.

To these memorials of shipwreck I will add another of a different kind, but equally interesting, I spoke of sea caves and mud and treasure all in a breath. Here is a piece of gold from the West Bay—an early French coin, I suppose five hundred years old—of pure gold and in remarkable preservation, almost as fresh as if it had just come from the mint, with this remarkable feature, that it is turned up at the edge as it might be by pebbles. I had been told, I think in Portland, before I saw the following note, that when the wind is in a certain direction the mud of the beach is laid bare, and then the Portlanders go in search of wreck. Charlotte Smith, quoting from the great map of Dorsetshire, published by Isaac Taylor in 1765, says :—

> Underneath the pebbles is a firm black clay, which appears when a south-east wind blows; the beach is then swept from one end to the other of the stones, and remains only of clay till such time as a south-west wind blows, when the sea throws them up.

I ascribe the preservation of the coin to the mud and the upturned edge to the pebbles.* I can tell nothing of the ill-fated bark whence it came. Let it tell its own story.

On the obverse, a full-length figure of the king crowned, standing under a Gothic porch *semé de fleurs de lys*, in his right hand a sword, in his left a sceptre with a hand in the attitude of benediction. Inscription, "Karolus Di. Gr. Francoru. Rex."

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* A friend to whose opinion I defer says the edge is as it came from the mint.

On the reverse, a cross with a regal crown and *fleurs de lys* alternately between the limbs. Inscription, "X.P.C. regnat X.P.C. imperat X.P.C. vincit." I have some notes upon this coin. I think it is a Royal d'or of Charles IV. or le Bel, who succeeded his brother, Philippe le Long, in January, 1321. The sword is the emblem of the king's temporal power; the sceptre, with the hand in the attitude of benediction, indicates the divine prerogative of healing diseases. This attitude is said to have appeared first in a coin of Charles le Bel, and was imitated by our Edward III.

The inscription on the reverse consists of the battle words of the Christian army in the first Crusade, under Philip I. of France, when they fought against the Saracens in 1105, at Rama, and were likewise adopted by our Edward III.

There is no date on the coin, and it may be one of a later Charles.

My last memorial—a frontispiece picture of a man reclining on a rock, besides the still waters of another bay. Underneath, two lines of Roscommon, which I have long been accustomed to repeat with a variation, because I could not for years remember the author:

> Here, in the solitude of this calm bay,
> I look upon the world's tempestuous sea,

and with them I end my fireside story.

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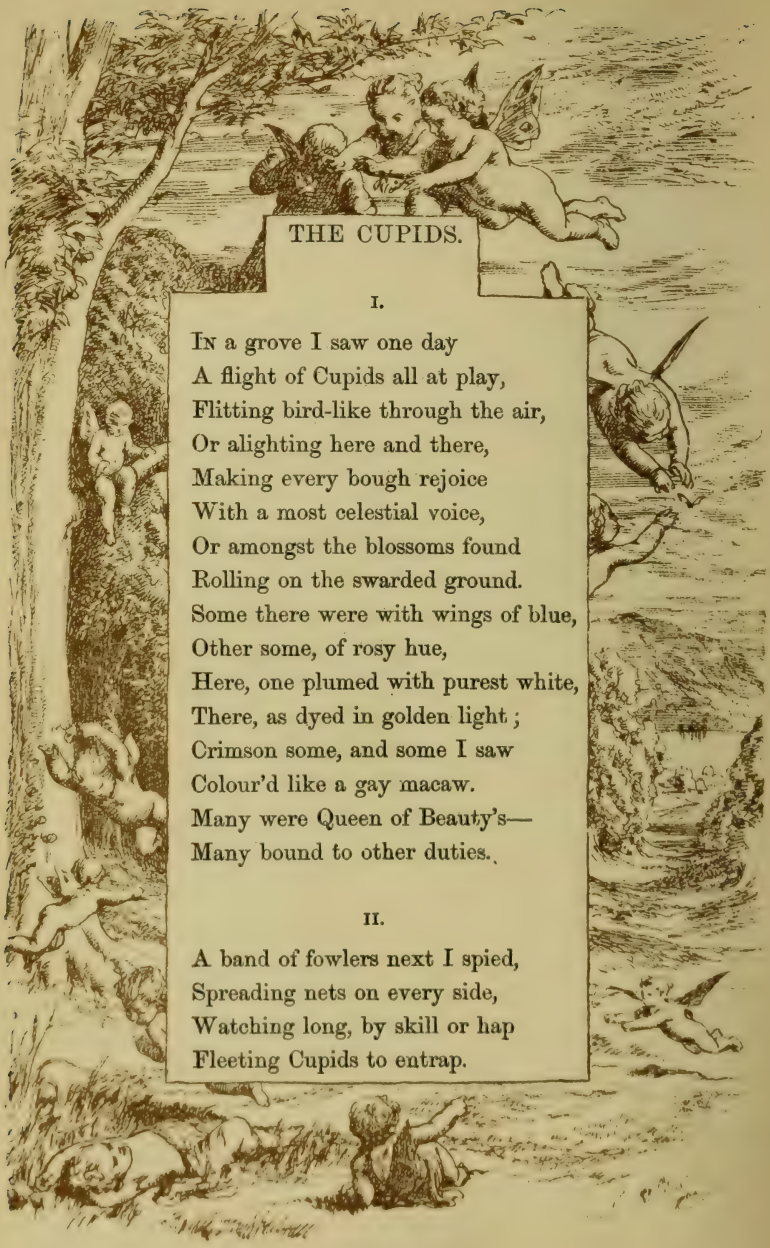

THE CUPIDS.

I.

In a grove I saw one day
A flight of Cupids all at play,
Flitting bird-like through the air,
Or alighting here and there,
Making every bough rejoice
With a most celestial voice,
Or amongst the blossoms found
Rolling on the swarded ground.
Some there were with wings of blue,
Other some, of rosy hue,
Here, one plumed with purest white,
There, as dyed in golden light;
Crimson some, and some I saw
Colour'd like a gay macaw.
Many were Queen of Beauty's—
Many bound to other duties.

II.

A band of fowlers next I spied,
Spreading nets on every side,
Watching long, by skill or hap
Fleeting Cupids to entrap.

ALLINGHAM'S · POEMS · FAC SIMILE OF AN ILLUSTRATED PAGE BY J. D WATSON.

ALLINGHAM'S "DAY AND NIGHT SONGS."

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

IN 1854 Mr. William Allingham published his second attempt to make himself heard in the literary world as a poet, in the shape of a small volume of verse, entitled *Day and Night Songs,* and priced at sixpence. This slender offspring of his mind made no sensation, and was speedily forgotten. But at least one copy fell upon good ground. Mr. J. D. Watson, the well-known artist, rescued it from the dishonour of the "all-this-lot-sixpence" heap of an old bookseller's shop. He read the poems, was charmed with them, and set to work to embody the fancies which some of them gave birth to in his mind. With pencil first, then pen and ink, he enriched several of the margins of the poems with sketches and drawings. The volume, thus rendered unique, was afterwards presented by him to Mr. Henry Boddington, jun. There are eight finished drawings, one half finished, and six in pencil outline, which have been carried no further. From the beauty of the work that has been finished, it is easy to see how much has been lost by the non-completion of the tentative efforts. After looking at the charming illustrations to the "Fisherman," and the dainty, airy designs which surround the "Fairies" and the

"Cupids," one cannot help keenly regretting that the headpiece to the "Venus of the Needle," and the tailpiece to the "Cupids," are destined to remain in tantalizing indistinctness. Mr. Watson says of the volume and of his own work therein:

> I send also by this post a record of bygone times—a copy of Allingham's *Poems*, which fell dead on the market. I bought this copy for twopence, at a bookstall in London (clearing off, as usual with the publishers), and being very fond of his poems I commenced to adorn the book. The drawings were done at Coniston, in the Lake district, in December, 1858.

Though the *Day and Night Songs* when first issued did not attract more attention than is usually accorded to the thin, small volume of verse with which every genius starts upon his literary career, yet this copy shows that Mr. Watson possessed a nicer discrimination in regard to poetry than did the general public. He admired from the first a writer who has since amply surpassed whatever promise of excelling was apparent in his first poetry. The promise given in those early productions was that Mr. Allingham would sooner or later exhibit considerable lyrical power. There is nothing quite so good amongst his first efforts as the songs "Evey," the "Venus of the Needle," or the "Fairies;" and, although Mr. Allingham has in his riper years essayed much higher flights than these, and with a success which has proved that he is gifted with some portion of the sacred fire, yet its possession is still the most apparent in his lyrical efforts. He has published several works since 1854, and each succeeding volume has proved that he is not a great singer; but he takes a high place amongst our minor poets, and so long as the lyric has power to please our ears, so long will some of these sweet songs of his live in our hearts.

William Allingham was born at Ballyshannon, in the northwest of Ireland, about the year 1828. His family, originally English, had been settled there for many generations, and

several of his poems are evidently inspired by its scenery. After contributing to the *Athenæum*, *Household Words*, and other periodicals, his first volume, entitled simply *Poems*, was published in 1850.

In 1854 appeared the *Day and Night Songs*, which was reissued in the following year, with illustrations by D. G. Rossetti, Millais, and Hughes. Other editions of this volume appeared in 1860 and 1884.

In 1855 the *Music Master* was reprinted from the 1850 volume of *Poems*.

In 1860 he published, under the pseudonym of "Giraldus," a collection of the choicest lyrics and short poems in the English language. The collection is entitled *Nightingale Valley*, and contains half a dozen original pieces of his own. It forms a delightful volume. The selections have been made with much taste and appreciation, and show as clearly as possible the special bent of his own genius. Four years later his *magnum opus* appeared. Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland is a poem of nearly five thousand lines. Many appreciative notices of the book appeared in the reviews at the time, and it had the honour of being quoted from by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, when he wanted an excuse for maintaining the duty on whisky.

In 1864 Allingham was placed on the Civil List in recognition of his merits as a poet. The following year saw the publication of his *Ballad Book*, a selection of British ballads, which he edited for Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series. This volume has a well-written introductory notice on English ballad literature, and the selection is one of the best that has yet issued from the press. Also in this year, 1865, he published another book of verse, entitled *Fifty Modern Poems*, some of which have been set to music.

In 1873 his *Rambles of Patricius Walker* was published anonymously. This is Allingham's only prose work, and

consists of sketches reprinted from *Fraser*. They are, as the title implies, descriptive, and deal with the New Forest, Ballyshannon, Torquay, Salisbury, and other places.

In 1874 Mr. Allingham succeeded Froude in the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, and about the same time he married Helen Paterson, a lady twenty years younger than himself, and who has since earned for herself considerable distinction as a water-colour artist.

In 1877 Allingham published a volume entitled *Songs, Poems, and Ballads*, which contained revised versions of many former pieces, with the addition of others issued for the first time. Since then nothing of his seems to have appeared till 1882, when he issued two small 12mo volumes, both of them printed at Manchester, one containing a play, in two acts, entitled *Ashby Manor*, which had been written several years previous to publication, and the other entitled *Evil May-Day*, being a further collection of miscellaneous verse.

In the following year, 1883, Miss Gertrude Thomson, the artist, selected his "Fairies" for illustration as a Christmas book. Her drawings are very beautiful, but the inherent defects of reproducing such work in colour have robbed them of much of their delicate charm.

Finally, in 1884 Mr. Allingham published simultaneously a new edition of his *Day and Night Songs* and a volume to which he has given this somewhat mysterious title: *Blackberries Picked off Many Bushes by D. Pollex and others, Put in a Basket by W. Allingham.* These blackberries are for the most part short and not always epigrammatic utterances on the great problems of life, and some of the little ones also.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB,

WITH

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

1884-5.

Proceedings.

THE INFLUENCE OF BYRON.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1884.—The first weekly meeting of the winter session was held in the new and commodious Club-rooms at the Grand Hotel. Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. GEORGE EVANS, the honorary secretary, read a communication from a correspondent at Cheltenham, who was anxious to obtain recruits for an amateur literary society and manuscript magazine. It excited much merriment.

Mr. WILLIAM E. A. AXON read the principal paper of the evening, which dealt with Byron's Influence upon the Literature of Europe.

Mr. G. MILNER said that the survey which Mr. Axon had made would be very useful, and many, even of Byron's warmest admirers, would be surprised by this demonstration of the extent of his influence.

Mr. E. BRUCE HINDLE said that the private life of Byron had somewhat depreciated his influence with the present generation, which prided itself upon morality; but however much criticism might fluctuate, he could never lose his position as one of the really great poets.

Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD observed that after all the present age could not determine the position of Byron, whose influence would have to be gauged by posterity. For himself he thought that reflective poetry would be found to have the greatest influence in the future, and in this quality he held that Byron was deficient. In France and Germany Byron was undoubtedly exceedingly popular, and even the ladies hid him under the pillow. Notwithstanding Byron's great qualities, he held him to be wanting when the last touchstone of the true poet was applied.

Mr. J. G. MANDLEY said he heard this dictum with surprise, and would like to know what it was that was wanting in the works of Byron.

Mr. STANSFIELD: The reflective.

Mr. MANDLEY said he thought the reflective element was not missing, and would like to know where it was wanting?

Mr. STANSFIELD said that although it was quite true that Byron was not without reflective power, yet it was not the pervading characteristic of his poetry. What was wanted in a poet was one who created and not merely reproduced.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER said that the truth as to Byron seemed to him to be embodied in Matthew Arnold's fine poetical criticism. Byron was passing through a period of neglect, after perhaps a time of idolatry, but he would again have reasonable admiration. The secret of the neglect of Byron was that he was too Byronic—(laughter)—and rarely, even in his highest moments, passed beyond his own individuality in the way, for instance, that Shakspere did. (Applause.)

Mr. RICHARD HOOKE said that as a new member he desired to endorse the praise the previous speakers had given to Mr. Axon's paper. It had restored to him the good temper which Swinburne's article had destroyed. (Laughter.)

Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK, who rose at the request of the chairman to recite Byron's Address to the Ocean, remarked that the poet would have been thought a better man if he had been a greater hypocrite. (Applause.)

Mr. J. F. L. CROSSLAND said that Byron would vindicate himself from much of the present-day criticism, which, when not microscopic, partook of the nature of a post-mortem examination. (Laughter.)

Mr. RICHARD GILL observed that Byron's greatest blemish was the lack of moral purpose.

Mr. GOODEN protested against the view of some of the previous speakers that Byron was a moral poet, and that he was more sinned against than sinning in his private life. Mr. Jeaffreson's book, *The Real Lord Byron*, was in that respect a most melancholy picture of a mis-spent existence. Indeed, Mr. Jeaffreson had undertaken a brief for the plaintiff and ended with a verdict for the defendant.

Mr. AXON, in replying, thanked the speakers for their too generous recognition of his work. Byron was the incarnation of the spirit of revolt, but it was revolt against hypocrisy and oppression in the social and political world. Byron's influence was not yet spent, and another generation might owe something of its purer atmosphere to the Byronic thundercloud. (Applause.)

VISIT TO NOTTINGHAM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1884.—In response to an invitation from the Nottingham Literary Club, which was established rather more

than a year ago, about thirty members of the Manchester Literary Club paid a visit to that interesting town. Leaving the Central Station in one of the saloon carriages of the Midland Company at half-past eight o'clock, they arrived at their destination shortly before eleven, and were there met by Mr. Henry George Hibbert, the honorary secretary, and several other members of the Nottingham Club, and under their escort visited successively St. Mary's Church, Nottingham Castle (now the art gallery and museum of the town), the Free Library, the new University College buildings, and the Arboretum. As the majority of the Manchester party saw Nottingham on this occasion for the first time, its many points of historic interest partook largely of the nature of a revelation. For this remarkably situated midland town has played no unimportant part in the annals of England. The peace by which Ethelred saved Mercia from the Danes was signed there in 868—over a thousand years ago. Henry the Second granted a charter to the town soon after his accession in 1154. It has sent two representatives to Parliament since the reign of Edward the First, and Parliaments have actually been held in the town itself, notably by Henry the Second in 1172, by Richard Cœur de Lion in 1194, and by Richard the Second in 1397. Richard the Third held his court here, and it was from the castle, and under the entrance tower still standing, that he marched with his forces to the fatal field of Bosworth in 1485. Here also Charles the First raised his royal standard on the outbreak of the Civil War—the site is still called Standard Hill — and here the heroic Colonel Hutchinson conducted his famous defence of the castle for the Parliament, when it was besieged by the Stuart forces. During their visit to the castle the members of the Manchester Literary Club went into the dungeons, in one of which King David the Second of Scotland was imprisoned for many years; and a considerable number traversed the singular excavation known as Mortimer's Hole, which descends through the sandstone nearly to the base of the castle rock, and through which Edward the Third, in 1330, with a small force, entered the castle and captured Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, the paramour of Queen Isabella. The profligate earl was subsequently executed on Tower Hill, London, "for betraying his country to the Scots for money," after Bannockburn. The castle, after various vicissitudes—including its destruction in 1831, by rioters, who burned it down because its then owner, the Duke of Newcastle, was a leading opponent of the Reform Bill—has at last passed into the hands of the Corporation, who have rebuilt it, and made it the art gallery and museum of the town. Finer rooms for the purpose, and a more splendid site, it would be difficult to imagine. The Manchester visitors ascended to the roof, from whence is visible a magnificent panorama extending for miles in every direction, and

every diversified aspect and detail of the town at the foot. The upper rooms of the castle are occupied by the annual exhibition of modern pictures, as well as the permanent and loan collections. The latter comprise several works lent by the National Gallery and the Royal Academy; four of the series of J. D. Linton's Incidents illustrating the life of a Soldier in the Fifteenth Century, lent by Mr. Jacoby, of Nottingham; and the beginning of a gallery of local worthies, including Colonel Hutchinson and his equally well-known wife, Lucy Hutchinson; Kirke White, by Hoppner, R.A., and Richard Parkes Bonington, the artist, painted by himself. The long suite of rooms on the ground-floor are devoted to examples of art industry—laces, pottery, textile fabrics, and other objects—a costly and admirably arranged collection, mostly deposited on loan by the wealthier inhabitants of the town. Mr. G. H. Wallis, the curator of the gallery, a son of the former master of the Manchester School of Art, and himself a native of this city, conducted the party over the building, and gave much serviceable information and guidance both as to its past history and the salient objects now gathered together in the rooms. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the Corporation make a charge of one penny for admission to the Castle grounds, which are laid out as a garden, and through which it is necessary to pass in order to reach the Art Gallery and Museum. At St. Mary's Church the cicerone was the rector, the Rev. Canon Morse. The church, the oldest in the town, dates from the fifteenth century, and is a splendid specimen of perpendicular architecture. It has recently undergone careful restoration under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott. In the chancel is a lovely painting of the Virgin and Child, painted by Fra Bartolomeo. From these fine relics of the past, the church and the castle, the Manchester visitors passed to the latest evidences of public spirit in Nottingham, the University College and Free Library, a splendid structure of early pointed Gothic. The building is the result of the Cambridge University Extension lectures, which proved extraordinarily attractive and successful during their delivery in the town. The members of the two Clubs were received by Mr. Philip Stevenson, the assistant secretary of the college, and Mr. J. P. Briscoe, the chief librarian of the Free Library. From here a movement was made to the rooms of the Literary Club in Parliament-street, and at three o'clock the company, now numbering about sixty, sat down to luncheon in the Clarendon Hotel. The chair was taken by Dr. Appleby Stephenson (in the absence of the president, the Rev. Canon Hole, who had been announced to preside, but was detained on the Continent); and amongst the members of the Nottingham Club present were the Rev. Charles Yeld, the Rev. G. H. James, Dr. Cooper, Professor Ryan, Messrs. W. Davenport Adams (*Derby Mercury*), J. P. Briscoe, R. R. Bealey, W. H. Seal (author of *Ione, and other Poems*),

A. G. Turner *(Nottingham Guardian)*, W. Bradshaw and H. G. Hibbert *(Nottingham Journal)*, Arthur Marriott (organist of Southwell Church), Mr. J. T. Godfrey (author of *The Parish and Priory of Lenton*), and Joseph Fussell (artist). The Manchester visitors included Messrs. George Milner, president of the Club, Charles Hardwick, John Mitchell (Clitheroe), J. H. Nodal, W. E. A. Axon, Councillor J. G. Mandley (Salford), J. F. L. Crossland, Robert Langton, J. C. Lockhart, John Plant, F.G.S., Joseph Cooper (New Mills), Richard Hooke (artist), R. J. Bennett and W. A. Royle (architects), Edward Kirk, Edward Williams, Thomas Barlow, W. J. Wild (Stockport), James Collins, Thomas Heighway, W. H. Dean (secretary Warehousemen and Clerks' Orphan Schools), W. H. Guest, and William Darling, jun., F.C.S.

The CHAIRMAN said they all lamented the absence of Canon Hole (the President of the Nottingham Club), who wrote as follows to the secretary:—

Dear Mr. Hibbert,—I very much regret that I cannot be in England in time to welcome our visitors from Lancashire, because I have special sympathies with them, local as well as literary. My forefathers have been at Caunton for more than three centuries, but I was born near Manchester. So give them a brother's love, and tell them there will be full sympathy on Saturday next in the heart of yours and theirs affectionately, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

The next letter he had to read was from Mr. Will Carleton. It was :—

My dear sir,—It is not possible to accept the kind invitation of the Nottingham Literary Club to luncheon at three o'clock on Saturday, as I have arranged to sail for New York at four the same day. But, believe me, sir, I prize and appreciate the courtesy, and add it to a long list of kindnesses received during my short stay in England. I regret that I cannot be with you in body as I certainly shall in spirit, and wish to be remembered to both the Nottingham and Manchester Literary Clubs as one who sympathises most fully in their aims, and hopes some time to meet them face to face.—With much respect, believe me, sir, yours sincerely, WILL CARLETON.

He thought it would only be a graceful thing if the secretaries of the two Clubs were commissioned to write to Mr. Carleton, and say how much they regretted his absence. He (the chairman) had also received a telegram from Mr. Edwin Waugh, who said, "So unwell that I dare not venture. Much disappointed. Thanks for your kindness." Ald. Cropper sent a letter of apology. Mr. J. E. Bailey telegraphed his regret at not being present.

Mr. J. F. L. CROSSLAND, after the loyal toasts had been honoured, said that the day had appropriately begun at St. Mary's, and the evening proceedings would be opened with the toast of "The Church," to which in the *menu* there was attached the Shaksperean motto, "Love, charity, obedience, and true duty." The second virtue was that which laymen had to exercise in respect of long sermons. (Laughter.)

The Rev. C. YELD, in responding, said that perhaps one might claim for the Church, that ranked amongst its foremost sons Jerome, Erasmus, Dean Swift, Sydney Smith, Wordsworth, Keble, and in history Canon Stubbs, a foremost place in all branches of literature. The quotation on the *menu* card for that toast was "Love, charity, obedience, and true duty." There had been members of the Church who, during the last quarter of a century, had not as some thought showed true obedience. Might he be permitted just to say one word. There were times when obedience to the ruling power was a Christian duty. There were times when the ruling powers, having usurped authority which was not theirs, and true duty became resistance to the powers, such as in the case of Daniel and Hampden. Within the last few years the Commons had usurped the spiritual authority of the Church, and he maintained, although he did not know whether all would agree with him, at least he thought they would say that there was a shadow of justice, if men, conscientiously believing that it had usurped spiritual authority, expressed their belief and acted accordingly.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Manchester Literary Club," said that it was a sentiment sufficient in itself to recommend itself without any words from him. The Manchester Literary Club occupied a position which was almost unique in the country on account of the many distinguished members upon its rolls. They were favoured that night with the presence of the president of that Club, Mr. George Milner—(applause)—a poet, a man of considerable literary eminence, and the author of some exceedingly beautiful books. The ex-president, Mr. Nodal, was also there, and he was a man who edited a paper which, for its literary acumen and repute, was second to none in Manchester. The presence of Mr. Edwin Waugh, the poet, would have been a great comfort and satisfaction to them. He could only say that they welcomed their guests with great affection, and thought that they should do well if they worthily followed the example of their Manchester friends.

Mr. GEO. MILNER said that if he were responding to that toast on his own behalf he should certainly feel very unwilling to occupy such a position as that which he held at that moment, but feeling that he was only the spokesman of the Manchester Literary Club, he was encouraged to say a few words of thanks for the kind reception and the generous hospitality which they had received, and to add, also, some words of recognition with regard to that literature which the two Clubs professed to follow and practice. It must be an exceedingly pleasant thing to find two towns like those of Nottingham and Manchester united by such an occasion as the present one, which was, to a certain extent, historical. They were sister towns, and he was glad they were not only sister towns in that they were both actually engaged in manufacturing pursuits,

but also that they met together in the common interests of literature. It was not unfrequently said that literary men were too vain and too sensitive for good fellowship. The statement by whomsoever made was, so far as his experience went, a libel. (Hear, hear.) He had never seen any class of men who were more generously and genuinely disposed towards good fellowship than true literary men, and the meeting of that day was another proof of that statement. He had to thank the Nottingham Literary Club for a favour conferred indirectly. He alluded to the lovely scenery of Derbyshire, which had been spread before their eyes during the journey which it was necessary to make in order to reach Nottingham. He never in all his life saw such an exhibition of beauty of the noblest and highest kind as he saw that morning. The glory of colour in the woods, the beauty of water, and the clearness of atmosphere were never more beautifully seen. If literature ought to be cultivated anywhere as a corrective and as a relaxation, surely it should be in such towns as Manchester and Nottingham. There was a text familiar to them all, which was "Man shall not live by bread alone." It seemed to him that there was a meaning which might be legitimately drawn from those words and applied to the pursuits of literature. What could be worse or more despicable than the sight of a man entirely given over to mercantile or mercenary pursuits—one who tried to live by bread alone. Not to speak of trade and commerce, there were many of them who must be weary of the strife of politics and religion. He was not going to say a single word against a man striving to do his duty in those directions, for literary men were not apt to shirk them; but just now they might have too much of politics and too much of the strife of religion. The most ardent politician must be beginning to feel a species of intellectual nausea when he saw, morning after morning, a deluge of type upon a threshed-out and worn-out subject. Everything that could be said on redistribution and the franchise had been said months ago, but still the wordy warfare went on. (Applause.) We could do with less of strife between religious parties, but now there was a strife beginning among the non-religious. During the next ten or twenty years there would be as much struggling between the non-religious factions as there had previously been among the religious sects. From all those quarters he and others were in the habit of taking refuge in the quiet provinces of literature. There were connections between Nottingham and Manchester in literature, and one of these was the remarkable publication of a remarkable poem, which owed its existence to a Nottingham man—he meant that marvellous poem of *Festus*. Whatever might be their matured opinions with regard to the literary merits of that production, they must all of them plead guilty to having been greatly fascinated by it in their youth. Although

that poem was written by a Nottingham man, it was first published in Manchester and that seemed to at once form a union between the two towns. The history of England was neither written nor made in London. It was made and written to a large extent in the provinces. Let them not be overshadowed by the immensity of London, and let them endeavour to maintain their own positions. (Applause.) Without neglecting our duties to the world we could refresh and strengthen ourselves with long draughts of the great wells of English undefiled. The consolations of literature were great through all the years, and not least in those which begin to slope to the inevitable end. (Applause.)

Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK proposed "The Press," which was responded to by Mr. BRADSHAW and

Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS, who said that the licence of a certain section of the press was sometimes a matter of unfavourable comment. So managers were often blamed for placing bad or immoral plays upon the stage, but they might depend upon it that if the public kept away the offence would not often be repeated. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. J. H. NODAL, in proposing the toast of "The Nottingham Literary Club," said that the municipality, by its provision for the artistic and educational needs of the people, had placed the town in the van of progress, and the fact should be known not only for the credit of Nottingham, but for the encouragement of other places. (Applause.) They had now in Nottingham a literary club, and he believed that it had all the elements of a future before it.

Mr. J. POTTER BRISCOE said, being himself by birth a Lancashire lad, he was especially pleased by the visit of their Manchester friends. He trusted that both Clubs had before them prosperous careers. (Applause.)

Mr. W. E. A. AXON, in proposing the health of "The Chairman," said that their pilgrimage from the birthplace of De Quincey to the country of Byron, and to the home of Kirke White and "Festus" Bailey, had been made smooth for them by the Chairman and other Nottingham friends. When the Art Treasures Exhibition was being organized a nobleman was asked for the loan of some of his treasures, and his answer was, "What does Manchester want with pictures? Let it stick to cotton." (Laughter.) In the great industrial centres there was now a strong and growing feeling that literature and art should no longer be reserved for the few, but be the common inheritance of all, and so help forward the good work of social and moral progress. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN, in responding, said that he had one claim which had not been mentioned, for like Canon Hole, Mr. Bealey, and Mr. Briscoe, he was a native of Lancashire.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1884.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD read a poem entitled "Donald Gorm."

Mr. RICHARD GILL gave some particulars of the literary work of Joseph Livesey, who, in addition to being the father of the temperance reform, was a successful journalist, and presented characteristics which justified the title given to him of the Franklin of Lancashire.

A conversation followed, in which Mr. Howorth, Mr. Sowerbutts, Mr. John Taylor, and Mr. Richard Smith joined, and Mr. Hardwick contributed some personal reminiscences of Mr. Livesey.

Mr. RICHARD HOOKE read a humorous paper on the visit of the club to Nottingham.

The following gentlemen were elected members: Messrs. James Turner, Reginald Barber, James Bertram Oldham, B.A., Clarence Arnold, Alfred Edmeston, James Bellhouse, Thomas M'Clelland, and Joel Wainwright.

REVIEW NIGHT.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1884.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided. Mr. E. Pickstone was elected a member. A water-colour drawing and two etchings by Mr. Walter Tomlinson were exhibited. The etchings are the beginning of a series dealing with Shaksperean localities. One represented the church at Stratford-upon-Avon as seen from the river; the other, the exterior of Anne Hathaway's cottage. The drawing was a view of the interior of the cottage, and is believed to be the first that has been made.

Mr. AXON exhibited a fine portrait of Mr. Ruskin, from a plate which has since been suppressed.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND read a review of Octave Uzanne's books on the Fan, the Sunshade, and the Umbrella.

Mr. ROBERT LANGTON read a notice of the *Life of Sydney Smith*, by Mr. Stuart J. Reid. He called attention to the fact that not only the author but the illustrator, Mr. Walter Tomlinson, were members of the Club.

Mr. C. E. TYRER read a notice of William Allingham's *Day and Night Songs*.

Mr. RICHARD HOOKE read the concluding part of a humorous description of the Club's recent visit to Nottingham.

Some reviews which had been prepared for the meeting had to be held over.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE: STORIES LEFT HALF-TOLD.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1884.—Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. A. Braun was elected a member.

Mr. J. A. Goodacre read a short paper on Epitaphs, in which he commented upon the irreverent spirit sometimes displayed in gravestone inscriptions.

Mr. Walter Tomlinson, in a short paper, entitled "A Walk to Shottery," narrated some of his experiences at Anne Hathaway's cottage. Whilst he was sketching the interior he had many opportunities of observing the visitors. In contrast to the cultured big-wig was one in Stratford for the first time, and evidently bound to see the show. He listened quietly to the chaunt of the guides, and when it was finished asked with evident gravity and seriousness, as he turned over his guide-book, "What was the name of Shakspere's wife?" (Laughter.)

Mr. John Mortimer read the paper of the evening, which was entitled "Stories left Half-told."

A brief discussion followed, in which Mr. Howorth, Mr. Crossland, and others joined.

NEW OPERETTA.

Monday, November 10, 1884.—In place of the usual meeting, the Club witnessed the performance of a new operetta—*The Great Pickwick Case*. The composer or adapter of the music, Mr. Thomas Rawson, was assisted by Miss Hindshaw, Miss Clegg, and Miss Burton, Mr. Frank Hollins, and others. The author of the text of the songs is Mr. Robert Pollitt. Illustrative readings from *Pickwick* were read with much humour and ability by Mr. George Evans. The new venture was received with warm applause. Afterwards Mr. George Sheffield executed a black and white drawing, in the presence of the meeting, in the space of sixteen minutes.

SPENSER SOCIETY.

Monday, November 17, 1884.—Mr. George Milner presided.

Mr. W. R. Credland read a paper on the Work of the Spenser Society. A set of the publications was exhibited, and the Chairman and Mr. Axon offered some observations.

Mr. A. Stansfield read a paper on the Folk-speech of the Lancashire Border. A discussion followed in which Mr. Henry Nutter, Mr. Richard Hooke, Mr. Edward Kirk, Mr. Mandley, and the Chairman took part.

CARLYLE AND MANCHESTER: THE WORK OF MR. W. S. GILBERT.

Monday, November 24, 1884.—Mr. George Milner presided.

The Chairman said that Mr. Froude's recently published volume of the life of Carlyle contained interesting references to

his visits to Manchester in 1838 and 1847. He had a sister resident in the city and stayed with her. He records an extraordinary colloquy with a night watchman who kept him awake. The account of his visit to the Brights at Rochdale had been extensively quoted, but not a letter which he wrote to dissuade a young man who had asked his advice from entering upon a literary career. Mr. Milner then read the letter, which is characteristic and full of kindly feeling for his unknown correspondent. Who was this young man? It might perhaps have been Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who was then beginning his remarkable career.

Mr. HARDWICK said he was rather inclined to think that it was the author of *Social Aspects* and *Mirabeau*.

Mr. AXON did not think the record a complete statement of Carlyle's Manchester intercourse, for on one occasion Carlyle visited Bamford. When the agitation for the provision of public parks was in progress, Carlyle sent a powerful and characteristic letter in support of that movement. There was an interesting reference to it in a short paper, which Mr. Lockhart, some years ago, contributed to the Club.

Mr. W. HINDSHAW said that on one of Carlyle's visits to Manchester, he came to the school with which he was connected. The school-mistress had been an early friend of the great man, and he came to see her when the opportunity presented itself. He had also had, at Ecclefechan, a conversation with the mother of Carlyle, and found her decidedly grumpy. (Laughter.)

Mr. Stansfield, Mr. Hardwick, Mr. Heywood, and Mr. Milner added some further observations.

Mr. E. BRUCE HINDLE read the chief paper of the evening on "W. S. Gilbert, Playwright and Satirist."

A conversation followed, in which the Chairman, Messrs. Bagot, Mortimer, Heighway, and others joined.

Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD made some further comments upon the life and works of Mr. James Standing, and read two of his dialect poems, "Woman's Wark is never done," and "Th' Henpecked Husband," which he could recommend as faithful pictures from the life of the Burnley Valley.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1884.—Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK presided.

Mr. H. H. HOWORTH read a short notice of the recently published *History of Henry IV.*

Mr. JAMES GOODEN read a paper on Concord.

A conversation followed in which Mr. A. Ireland, Mr. G. Milner, and others took part. Mr. Gooden in his reply urged that the

Club should take some action in regard to the question of American copyright.

A LANCASHIRE MUSICIAN.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1884.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER read a short communication on a recent volume of verse, entitled *Under a Fool's Cap;* a collection of songs of unequal merit, based upon nursery rhymes, and noticeable for a certain originality of treatment and the blending of a serious and humorous purpose.

Mr. JOHN BANNISTER read a paper on "John Fawcett, a Lancashire Musician."

A number of selections in illustration of Mr. Bannister's paper were rendered with great taste and feeling by a choir, who afterwards gave a musical selection of a miscellaneous character.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER, in proposing a vote of thanks to the choir, said that before listening to Mr. Bannister's paper he was unacquainted with this little known Lancashire musician. His works seemed full of a spirit of the deepest devotion, and they had been admirably rendered by the ladies and gentlemen who had volunteered their services for the occasion.

Mr. W. E. A. AXON seconded the proposition, and said that to others as to himself this notice of Fawcett would be a revelation.

The CHAIRMAN fully endorsed what had been said as to the interest of the paper and the excellence of the illustrations. The Club was doing its right work in rescuing local merit from forgetfulness and neglect. Fawcett's music was an excellent illustration of what might be accomplished when melody, simple and direct, was touched and suffused by religious feeling. (Applause.)

The vote was carried by acclamation.

CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1884.—The Christmas supper was held under the presidency of Mr. GEORGE MILNER. A full report of the proceedings appears in the *Manchester Quarterly*, p. 86.

DISCOVERY AT CHETHAM COLLEGE.

MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. Thomas Hodgson and Mr. S. B. Sutcliffe were elected members.

A copy of Mr. Bateman's *History of the Manchester Waterworks*, a volume of *Johnsoniana*, and another of the *Relationes Historicae* were laid upon the table. The *Relationes Historicae* is a German news-letter covering the dates 1644-52. The news-letter was the forerunner of the modern newspaper, and specimens of this kind of literature are of extreme interest and rarity. The volume, which was exhibited by Mr. Charles Hardwick, contained many references to the English Civil War, a curious engraving of the execution of Charles I., an account of the beheading of the Earl of Derby and of Archbishop Laud, and other historical notes relating to this country.

Mr. W. E. A. Axon called attention to some interesting items in the volume as, for instance, the acting of English comedians in Saxony, and an appearance of the "White Lady" of Brandenburg. A story recently went the round of the newspapers to the effect that the "White Lady" had reappeared, and that the omen presaged the near approach of the death of the Emperor William.

Mr. H. H. Howorth mentioned that during the alterations recently made at Chetham's College a small room had been discovered which was thought to be an ancient oratory. It was a most interesting corner of the building, and was being carefully renovated. He added that Migne's *Patrologia* in 365 volumes had recently been added to the library. This was a scarce and valuable work of reference, and the only other copy in the provinces known to him was in the Free Library at Wigan.

Mr. H. P. Biden read a short communication on the great stone at Stretford, commonly known as the plague stone, the Macclesfield Bow stones, and similar stones found elsewhere. He pointed out that the stone of Ludworth Moor was of the same construction as the Stretford stone, and had sockets in which upright stone pillars were placed. These were evidently portions of crosses, and probably of Anglo-Saxon origin. It had been suggested that the Bow stone marked the boundary of Macclesfield parish.

Mr. Charles Hardwick thought it unlikely that the Stretford stone had been placed there during the plague year. He believed it to be of very great antiquity and probably was monumental. He suggested that Sir H. de Trafford might possess deeds in which the stone was mentioned, and Rimmer's *Ancient Stone Crosses* might give additional information.

Mr. Richard Hooke read the paper of the evening on Hebrew Poets. He said that poetry must have existed as early as love, and love as early as the beginning of the human race. The oldest poetry with which we were acquainted was the Hebrew as preserved in the *Old Testament*. It was essentially lyrical and breathed of inspiration. Jacob was one of the earliest individuals whose utterances could be said to be poetical. The next in point of time,

Moses, was not only a poet but one of the grandest figures of Hebrew history. The authorship of some of the Psalms was attributable to him, and he was also said by many scholars to have composed the Book of Job. David was the greatest of the Hebrew poets, and was also one of the most extraordinary characters in all sacred history. In him the extremes of good and evil were combined. The inconsistencies in his character might possibly be explained on philosophic principles. Solomon presented a valuable instance of hereditary genius. His songs, which numbered we were told 1,005, had not been preserved, but they were probably for the most part love ditties. The germs of poetry which were planted in the minds of the infant world by these early singers had ripened into the songs of Zion, into the glowing words of prophecy, into the heroic flights of Homer, the intense feeling of Dante, and the high aspirations of Milton.

Mr. H. H. Howorth was of opinion that the wonderful body of poetry which had recently been disinterred amongst the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon would prove to be of equal, if not greater, antiquity than the Hebrew, and would, at all events, be of high scientific and ethnological importance. Much of this valuable matter was being published in Professor Sayce's series of books under the title *By Paths of Bible Knowledge.* The Koran also contained much fine poetry, and Radloff's collection of the poetry of the Turkish nomads gave numberless specimens exceedingly like Hebrew poetry in their imagery and expression.

Mr. A. Stansfield thought that the peculiar genius of the ancient Semitic races was exhibited in their religious poetry, which differentiated them sharply from modern religious singers, particularly the Germans, who were poor indeed.

Mr. Thomas Kay said a French author affirmed that it was the sun which vitalized the poetry and power of imagery of the peoples of the East. The whole history of the ancient Jewish people was full of great and noble poetry.

The Rev. James Clark, referring to some remarks of the essayist on the length of life of the old patriarchs, said he was of opinion that the patriarchs were not persons but dynasties, and that it was therefore not the length of life of individuals that was referred to, but that of their clan. The habits of modern nomadic tribes seemed to prove that this was the case.

The President considered the subject to be one of the deepest interest. It was an impressive fact that those remote ages should have produced and preserved to us such a splendid body of poetry. That poetry had been created apparently without the aid of culture, and this would lead him to doubt whether culture, as we understood it, was necessary to the production of the highest poetry. The poetry of the Hebrews was the result of human genius fronting as it were for the first time the mystery of life and

the beauty of the external world. The earliest poetical utterances which we possessed, no matter how diverse their source, were singularly alike in form and expression. They were essentially antithetical, or rather antiphonal, the same idea being duplicated in various forms and one voice answering to another.

ALLINGHAM ILLUSTRATED.

MONDAY, JANUARY 12, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. Andrew Bennie, Mr. H. Thornber, and Mr. J. D. Buckland were elected members. A water-colour drawing of the Audit Rooms at Chetham's College was exhibited by Mr. Walter Tomlinson. Copies of the *Apologia* of George Brisset, and of the 1834 edition of Gray's *Elegy*, illustrated by Stothard, Constable, and others, were laid on the table.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND exhibited a copy of William Allingham's *Day and Night Songs*, which had been lent by the owner, Mr. Henry Boddington, jun., for inspection by the members of the Club. Mr. Credland said that this was a copy of the first edition of the *Day and Night Songs* and was unique. That which made it so was the fact that it was illustrated by pen and ink sketches drawn as head and tail pieces, and round the margins of several of the poems, by a former fellow townsman, Mr. J. D. Watson. Some of the drawings were finished, but others remained in pencil outline. From the beauty and gracefulness of the completed work it was easy to see how much had been lost by so many of the drawings remaining in an unfinished state. Mr. Watson, in a note addressed to Mr. Boddington, stated that he had picked up the book for twopence off an old bookstall, and being fond of Allingham's poetry had set to work to embellish it. He suggested that the drawings might be cut out and placed in a scrapbook. Mr. Credland was of opinion that the artist had shown a nicer discrimination in regard to poetry than had the general public, for he had evidently admired from the first a writer who had since amply redeemed whatever promise of excelling had been apparent in his first small volumes of verse. That promise was palpably lyrical, and although Mr. Allingham had in riper years essayed much higher flights with a success that had proved him to be gifted with some portion of the sacred fire, yet its possession was still the most apparent in his lyrical efforts. He had now published several works, and each succeeding volume had proved that he was not a great singer. He took, however, a high place amongst our minor poets, and so long as the lyric had power to please our ears, so long would some of his songs live in our hearts.

RICHARD DE BURY AND HIS BOOK ON BOOKS.

Mr. J. Eglington Bailey read the paper of the evening on Richard de Bury and his *Philobiblon*. He said that Richard de Bury was born December 18, 1287, near Bury St. Edmunds, from whence he derived his name. He was sent to Oxford, where his love of books became very apparent, and afterwards entered as a monk into the Benedictine convent of Durham. He was taken out to undertake the education of Edward of Windsor, afterwards Edward III., and about the same time held employment in the Palatine Court of Chester. He was also treasurer of the rich Province of Gascony, and befriended the Prince and his mother when exiles from the English Court. On the accession of Edward III. he held various offices in the King's household, and was promoted to many ecclesiastical dignities, including the Deanery of Wells. In 1333 he was created Bishop of Durham, and the following year Lord Treasurer and Lord Chancellor. These two great offices he did not long hold. He was employed by the King on numerous missions to the Continent, and he was an active member of the Cabinet. His pontificate was one of the most remarkable in the series of the Palatines, and his character as prelate has been presented in an attractive light by his biographer, de Chambre. He died at Auckland, April 14, 1345, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight. The collection of books was the absorbing passion of his life. The large and choice library which he accumulated was bequeathed to Durham College, Oxford, and it was stipulated that the collection should be accessible to students. The neglect of literature and contempt for books, which were prevalent in his time, gave rise to the *Philobiblon*. This work was written in Latin, then the language of literary men. It was first published at Cologne in 1473. Mr. Bailey exhibited the Oxford edition of 1599, and other editions, including the English translation of Inglis, in 1833. The *Philobiblon* is made up of a prologue and twenty chapters. The prologue is addressed to all the faithful in Christ. De Bury says he had often discussed what kind of piety would be most pleasing to the Almighty, or most promote the interest of the Church militant; and he came to the conclusion that the best form of it would be to supply poor scholars with books. In the first chapter he commends wisdom, and indicates the books in which wisdom dwells. "In books cherubim expand their wings that the soul of the student may ascend and look around from pole to pole." Here occurs one of the best-known extracts in the treatise. One of the most beautiful passages on the pure and manifold pleasures to be derived from books was spoken by Cicero in his speech for the Poet Archaias. The bishop's commendation is none the less noteworthy. "Books

are masters who teach us without rods and rules and wrath, without clothes and without money. If you go to consult them they are never asleep. If you ask them questions they don't run off. If you make blunders they don't scold. If you are ignorant they don't taunt you." In chapter ii. he shows that books are to be preferred to riches or other means of pleasure. In the next chapter he gives some excellent advice derived from his traffic with those who at that time represented the bookstall keeper. "Books," says he, "ought always to be bought regardless of expense when the purchaser has funds—except, first, when the seller's knavery is suspected; or, second, when a better opportunity may be expected." In the next chapter he dilates upon the good which arises from books, animadverting on those of the clergy who were not grateful for books. He reminds clergymen that every benefit arising out of their calling had its origin in books. His remarks against illiterate clerics are very severe, and he says that they would have been severer if he had not spared them for the credit of the order. In chapters v. and vi. he continues his complaints against the clergy. It is remarkable that in chapter vii., relating to the destruction of books by war and fire, no allusion is made to the life-long distractions of his Palatinate. He once speaks of the times as nefarious; he might have added that they were full of stratagems, treasons, and spoils. Nevertheless the treatise breathes the calm repose of an educated mind, in part due to the security of Durham and Auckland against predatory attacks. The eighth chapter is that in which De Bury speaks of himself and his method of collecting books. Here he praises the Predicant and Minorite Friars, some honoured members of which had been the guests of his household. He describes the Order as men every way distinguished for their learning and morals. The signs of their unwearied industry were shown by their corrections of books, their indexes, and their compilations. Chapter x. is a remarkable plea for the study of Greek and Hebrew, and he made ample provision in his library, by grammars and other books, for the study of those languages. From chapter xi. we gather that he will not acknowledge books of law and the like to be real books, being clearly of Charles Lamb's mind, who reckoned as books which were no books, "court calendars, directories, pocket-books, draft boards bound and lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacs, statutes at large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, and generally all those volumes which no gentleman's library should be without." In chapter xiii. he vindicates poetry and its utility. Chapter xvi. is on writing new books and repairing old ones. There is here a striking passage on our Saviour writing on the ground. Chapter xvii. forms the most characteristic portion of the treatise. It is on handling books in a cleanly manner, and on keeping them carefully. His remarks find their counterpart in the

custom of Charles Lamb, who would never take up certain books without saying grace over them. He advises a mature decorum in opening and shutting books. "The most meek Moses instructs us about making bookcases in a very elegant manner, wherein they may safely be preserved from all damage. 'Take this book,' said he, 'and put it in the side of the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord your God.' O! befitting place for a library, made of imperishable shittim wood, and covered all over, inside and out, with gold! But our Saviour also, by His own example, precludes all unseemly negligence in the treatment of books, as may be read in Luke iv. For when He had read over the scriptural prophecy written about Himself, in a book delivered to Him, He did not return it to the attendant till He had first closed it with His most holy hands, by which act students are most clearly taught that they ought not in the smallest degree to be negligent about the custody of books." De Bury employed the pen of the satirist against those who ill-used books. He draws us the character of an ill-mannered stiff-necked youth, lounging sluggishly over a book in his study, fitter to have a cobbler's apron before him than a book. Of course, he is a scribbler in the margins, filling them with pothooks (*monstrosis alphabetis*). He also tears out the fly-leaves, for which excommunication is deemed a suitable punishment. "He has a nail like a giant's, and uncleanly, with which he points out the place of any pleasant subject. He distributes innumerable straws in various places with the ends in sight, that he may recall by the marks what his memory cannot retain. These straws, which the body of the book never digests, and which nobody takes out, at first distend the book from its accustomed closure, and, being carelessly left and forgotten, at last become putrid. He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book, and to transfer his empty cup from side to side upon it; and because he has not his alms bag at hand, he leaves the rest of the fragments in his books. He never ceases to chatter with eternal garrulity to his companions over his open book. He next reclines with his elbows upon the book, and by a short study invites a long nap; and by way of repairing the wrinkles, he twists back the margins of the leaves, to the no small detriment of the volume. The scholar we are describing, the neglector rather than the inspector of books, stuffs his volume with firstling violets, roses, and quadrifoils. He will next apply his wet hands, oozing with sweat, to turning over the volumes, then beat the white parchment all over with his dusty gloves, or hunt over the page, line by line, with his forefinger covered with dirty leather. Then as the flea bites, the Holy Book is thrown aside, which, however, is scarcely closed once in a month, and is so swelled with the dust that has fallen into it that it will not yield to the efforts of the closer." This type of boy is not extinct, but is yet recognizable in our free libraries.

In the fourth chapter De Bury depicts the boy's mother, who likewise is yet to be found sending literary treasures to the coal-scuttle or the pastry cook's. In the eighteenth chapter the author defends himself against detractors who had impugned his motives. His character, he says, was often traduced through his well-known pursuits, although, as he sensibly remarks, the love of books in a clerical man bears honour on the face of it, he being the person most particularly bound to pay a perpetual homage to books. The Bishop was charged with superfluous curiosity, with earnestness in one matter only, a display of vanity, an immoderate pleasure in literature. "In truth these vituperations no more discompose me than the barking of a lap dog, being contented with the testimony of Him to whom alone it belongs to search the reins and heart." He claimed that his pursuit of literature was an honest pleasure, and that it fell under the will of right reason, in the control of which no stars were dominant. He explained that his collection was got together with the view of bestowing it upon a certain Hall in Oxford, that the books might be consulted by all students. In his next chapter he explains the arrangements for lending them, and seems to quote the terms of his bequest from his will. In the last chapter he begs for the prayers of those who might receive help from his literary benefaction. Finally he urged them to venerate the merits of St. Cuthbert the Confessor, "whose flock we, though unworthy, took upon ourselves to feed." De Bury fed a larger flock, for he was a pioneer in the revival of European literature which followed soon afterwards, being a gatherer up of all that food on which the minds of the future were to subsist.

The CHAIRMAN said that the new edition of De Bury's *Philobiblon* which Mr. Bailey had mentioned as being in preparation by Mr. E. C. Thomas would be exceedingly welcome to all book lovers. It was not a little singular that the father of English bibliophiles should have been to the present time so unfortunate in his editors and translators. Mr. Thomas had detected nearly 1,000 errors in the text now extant, and it was certain that the translations were very inadequate.

Mr. RICHARD HOOKE felt that he had learned a great deal from Mr. Bailey's paper, and now probably knew more about Richard de Bury than that gentleman ever knew about himself. He said that because it was not unusual for biographers to exalt their heroes beyond recognition, often reminding him of the honest worthy who, having risen from his coffin to "walk the night," on his return at cock-crow, hurriedly reading his own epitaph, passed on thinking it to be the wrong grave.

MONDAY, JANUARY 19, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. W. Tatton Winter was elected a member.

Mr. Charles Hardwick exhibited a copy of Occo's *Imperatorum Romanorum Numismata*, 1579, which was interesting on account of the good preservation of its stamped vellum binding. A copy of J. Critchley Prince's *Dreams and Realities*, containing an original autograph letter of the poet's, was laid on the table.

"LETTERS FROM HELL."

Mr. J. A. GOODACRE read the following short review:—The book entitled *Letters from Hell*, to which I invite your attention for a few moments, originally appeared in Denmark eighteen years ago, and was speedily followed by an English translation now long out of print. It recently appeared in Germany in a modified form, and at once awakened a most extraordinary interest, running through twelve editions in the course of twelve months. The present English edition is from the German version; the translator making such slight omissions and alterations as, in his opinion, were likely to render the book more acceptable to English readers. It would perhaps have been well if he had begun at the beginning and altered the title, which to a sensitive mind is repellant rather than attractive. It has, however, the merit, which many titles have not, of plainly informing the reader what he may expect to find in the book. But bold and striking as the title is, the plan of the work is not less remarkable. The book contains thirty letters descriptive of the misery and anguish of a disembodied spirit lost in the mazes of infernal darkness. These descriptions in places are powerfully vivid and realistic, and though incongruities are to be found here and there, along with other defects, the book is, I hope, not altogether unworthy of your notice. The difficulty inseparable from a work of this kind, and which confronted the author at the outset in an unusual degree, has not, I think, been successfully met. Little or no attempt has been made to bridge the mysterious gulf which separates the seen from the unseen. There is no premonitory exordium—as in Mrs. Oliphant's *Beleaguered City*—gradually preparing the mind of the reader for the startling narrative which follows. There is no art employed to conciliate reason, or reconcile the human and natural to the preternatural. The book opens with the awful verity of a deathbed scene. The dying man is surrounded by weeping friends brooding over the last pulsations of expiring mortality. Death clutches every fibre of his being, and his distorted features speak a more frightful horror than words can utter. Then a deep-drawn sigh, a gurgling moan, a last convulsive wrench, and he is gone. The passage from this world to the other is quickly accomplished; and our invisible correspondent

reaches his destination about the time that his obsequies were being pompously celebrated on earth. Mist and night, desolation and emptiness, enveloped him, he says, but still he pressed on, and at length perceived a glimmering light, towards which he instinctively directed his course. The mist grew less dense, and he found the place peopled with innumerable spectres and shadows flitting to and fro, excessively eager in pursuit of some wild phantasm which lured its deluded followers on, and mocked and maddened them with everlasting hollowness, emptiness, and nothingness. Everything is intangible. All is semblance and illusion. Anguish and despair kindle a thousand fires in the soul, and burn with unremitting and unquenchable fury. Foul iniquity haunts the distracted author in personifications, and shapes and forms unknown to mortal eye. Sin, Hydra-like, rears its horrid front, and thrusts itself full in the face of the bewildered man, who turns and flies, but finds it impossible to escape. Legions upon legions of spectres and infuriated demons rush frantically past him in agonizing pursuit of some mad object which can never be attained. All is mockery and seeming: there is nothing real except suffering. Men stand up and gesticulate, and move their lips as though they were delivering a speech or a sermon, but this too is deception. Words refuse to issue from their mouths; their tongues move glibly enough, but no sound is heard; silence, darkness, and nihility reign supreme. It is curious to notice that the author verifies the statement of Johnson that the place is paved with good intentions. The burden of his suffering is not the remembrance of some foul crime committed in the days of his flesh, but the recollection of a multitude of minor offences which pass before him in eternal and dismal procession. The neglect to do a kindness when occasion offered; the slighting of a friend; in short, just those sins of omission and commission which usually sit very lightly on the conscience, and never cause a moment's compunction. The presupposed authenticity of these letters sometimes leads the author into a little embarrassment, and though the incidents related are sternly serious and frequently very awful, the situation at times borders on the grotesque. In the fifteenth epistle he says: "Should the idea present itself to you to publish these letters, you have my full permission to do so—not that I write them with this view primarily. And people very likely will doubt their genuineness. Even supposing souls in hell capable of writing letters they will say, how should their missives reach the upper world? People are strangely inconsistent. The man lives not who has not heard of spirits and ghosts, while a great many actually believe in supernatural appearances. Now supposing there are ghosts, why should not ghosts' letters be conceivable? And what more natural than to imagine that some restless spirit, permitted to revisit former scenes, should somehow

mediate such communication?" Very convenient logic this. Again, we are not surprised to learn that the author met Judas Iscariot with a rope round his neck and thirty pieces of silver in his hand; but when on the same page mention is made of a newspaper advertisement offering bridal bouquets and funeral wreaths in great variety, we begin to suspect that the writer has forgotten where he is, or, at least, where he is supposed to be. Indeed, the constitution of this imaginary hell cannot, artistically, be considered a success. The creator of it has drawn too much upon the obvious daily occurrences of this present life—too much from the real and tangible, and too little from the airy, invisible realm of imagination. His conceptions are too frequently duplicates of characters to be met every day. In the lower world they are of course divested of their flesh, but if the temperature of the place be what is popularly supposed, this dispossession cannot be accounted any very great hardship. The author is, I think, inconsistent in his admission that he soon became friendly with people whom he would have been glad to have known upon earth; and ridiculous when he says, I have been tolerably fortunate, falling on my feet in society as it were, *and a very nice set I have joined.* He meets and recognizes many people whom he knew on earth; very many, he confesses, whom he little expected to find in such a place. He purposely avoids mentioning names for fear of awakening painful sensations in the minds of many who are yet in the flesh. Instances of longevity are cited, in the light of which Methuselah appears to have been but a boy, and our own insignificant span of threescore years and ten dwindles into the most Liliputian proportions. It is no uncommon thing to meet people two or three thousand years old. Some lived at the time of Socrates; some remember the siege of Troy; some call to mind the days of Homer; and thus various remote historical events have their living representatives in the present. No mention is made of any archæology, but it is scarcely credible that the science of antiquities should be neglected where the facilities for cultivating it are so very abundant. Many will learn with surprise that there are books in the place from which these communications are dated. There are, it appears, innumerable volumes—history, philosophy, poetry, fiction; in fact every branch of literature is represented. Bad books invariably tend thitherwards, and are followed at no distant date by the authors, and sooner or later by the publishers. The most beautiful and pathetic part of the book is, I think, the twenty-first letter, where, from the dark dominions in which the author has located himself, a glimpse of the light and blessedness of Paradise is obtained. After the gloom and sadness of the preceding letters, this vision of the land of the blessed is peculiarly welcome, and forms a happy variation from the monotony of despair which pervades the book. "Suddenly it seemed

as if a great veil were rent asunder, torrents of light overflowing their banks, and the wide heaven steeped in flame. A sigh bursting from untold millions of lost ones ended in a wail of sorrow that went quivering through the spaces of hell. I heard and saw no more. As one struck by lightning, I had fallen on my face. How long I lay thus confounded I know not; but when again I lifted my dazzled eyes, there was a clear, steady glow, a beneficent radiance, that admitted of my looking into it, not blinding vision. Still I had to accustom my sight to it; it seemed a vast ocean of light that by degrees only assumed colour and shape, dawning forth to the raptured gaze as a world of beauty and loveliness, such as eye has not seen and mind is unable to grasp. But never for a moment did I doubt the reality. I knew it was the land of bliss, even Paradise unfolding to my view. At first it seemed as though islands and distant shores grew visible in that sea of light, gentle harmonies of colour floating about them. But gradually the scattered parts united, forming a perfect whole—a world of bliss immeasurably vast. Yet infinite as it appeared, it formed but a single country—a garden abounding in blessing, in beauty, in delight. The loveliest spots on earth are as desert places in comparison. I have no other words to describe it. To do so fully and justly I had need to be an angel, and you know what I am—one who might have been an angel, but lost now and for ever undone. Trembling with awe and enchantment I gazed into Paradise, deeper and deeper, encompassing no doubt thousands of miles. For, strange as the aspect was, the power of vision given was stranger still; my spirit seemed roaming through vast realms of glory, all their beauties laid bare to my tranced sense. I felt the balmy breezes, I heard the rustle of trees, the gentle cadence of waters. It was given me to see every perfect fruit, every lovely flower, every drop of dew reflecting the light. I saw, heard, felt, drank in the fill of beauty. There was music everywhere, speaking the language of nature glorified. Not a dewdrop sparkling, not a tree top rustling, not a flower opening, but it emitted the heavenly psalm; all sounds floating together in harmony, wondrous and pure. As yet I saw no living soul; but songs of joy, of exultant praise resounded everywhere, nature and spirit uniting in one perfect hymn. What shall I say, but that infinite bliss, unspeakable happiness, and heavenly peace flashed delight into my soul with a thousand daggers of longing." And so on through the letter. Mr. George Macdonald in a short prefatory note commends the book as a righteous use of the element of horror, and expresses a hope that it may be the means of working in some that reformation which gentler and more refined methods have hitherto failed to accomplish. We may cordially acquiesce in this wish, though it is difficult to see how the book can make its influence felt in this special direction. From first to last it keeps

prominently before us the minutiæ of human conduct, and insists upon the importance of things which, though apparently trivial in themselves, are yet fraught with far-reaching consequences. The book is in many ways a remarkable one, and whether a man be very good or very bad, or neither of the two, he may read it with profit to himself, and perhaps with advantage to other people.

EVOLUTION.

Mr. Henry Nutter, of Burnley, read a paper on Evolution. He said the first fossil forms of life appeared in the Laurentian rocks twenty miles below our feet. It had been estimated that the lapse of time from the appearance of these first forms of life to that of the trilobite was as long in duration as from the trilobite to the advent of man. There was a gradual development of plant life from the Laurentian period, which culminated in the luxurious vegetation of the Carboniferous age. Near the end of this period marine insects and snails crept out of the water for the first time. The earliest evidence of the appearance of man was found in the drift of ancient river-beds, and consisted of various implements of flint. These prove that man has existed on the earth at least 70,000 or 80,000 years. The origin and development of man were identical with those of animals immediately below him in the scale. In the matter of development he was nearer to the apes than apes were to the dog. The development of man from the lower animals was proved by the appearance of a number of rudimentary organs, now to a certain extent useless on account of the disuse of parts which were formerly of service to our progenitors. There are persons who can prick their ears up at will or move the whole surface of the scalp. Such cases were very rare and indicated that a former capability was now lost. The structure of skeletons of very ancient races was found to resemble the forms of lower animals more than the skeletons of men of modern times. From a close scrutiny of modern scientific writings he was satisfied that the continuous and increasing stream of life in ever-changing characters and gradually improving forms, from the first simple cell to the most beautiful type of the modern European, was the result of Evolution. If that most ancient of the continents, Africa, could be thoroughly explored by geologists, there would possibly be found in fossil form many links in the chain of evidence connecting man with the apes and their allies. The foremost men of science and not a few divines and pious teachers had adopted the Darwinian theory of the Origin of Species. There was a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one. From a simple beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

Mr. JOHN PLANT was of opinion that it was impossible to give a satisfactory *résumé* of so vast a subject as that of Evolution in a short paper. The statements must necessarily be so general as to leave almost every point on which evolutionists relied for proof of their theory unexplained. Darwin's views were that there was a gradual change of one species out of another until the highest types were reached, which changes could be satisfactorily traced in geological formation. He (Mr. Plant) entirely denied that this was the case. There should be points in the palæontological history in which it should be possible to say, Here is a form which is distinctly passing from one species to another. Yet the evolutionists so far had failed to bring forward any satisfactory instances of this. The doctrine of a continuous chain of life on the globe was an old one, and no one would attempt to question it, but there was no evidence of Darwinian evolution to be found in it. Many animals and plants found in fossil forms and easily demonstrable as of the highest antiquity had their identification in the flora and fauna of to-day. Not only this, but those ancient forms were as high and as perfect in every detail as those which existed at the present time. He had himself discovered, near Dolgelly, a number of Lower Cambrian fossils which were analogous to species now existing. With regard to the Cambrian trilobites it was a fact that those found by him were the highest species of their kind, and that other forms found in later strata were not higher in their organization. Such facts would go far to discredit the doctrine of evolution because they were in entire contradiction of its theory. Recent discoveries in several places had also shown that a scorpion of the Silurian rocks was similar to the present species, and there had lately been found in the Rocky Mountains fossil remains of enormous reptiles and animals dissimilar to anything previously known, and which so far as could at present be ascertained seemed to have no evolutionary ancestors, and no evolutionary descendants. A theory like that of Darwin's should be consistent throughout, and not leave so many doubtful questions unproved. Why were so many exceedingly immature forms existing to-day, if the law of evolution was true? He knew of no species of fossils in the transition state.

Alderman W. H. BAILEY thought it probable that some of the faculties of man had been lost through disuse, and others acquired by persistent cultivation. Long before thought reading was talked about a friend of his had told him that during a residence in South America he met with a native who could tell him at any time what he was thinking about. With regard to the question of evolution it was well that we should consider it or any other scientific problem with unbiassed minds, and like Spinoza treat no question with contempt, but keep our minds open for the reception of every development of human knowledge.

Councillor SLATER, of Bury (a visitor), said he could see evolution going on in many of the forms by which we were now surrounded. It was well known that the horse had been developed from an animal of about the size of a fox, with five toes on each foot, to the noble creature we now know, toeless and with a horny hoof. Man, the highest form of all, was built up of cells similar to those existing in all other forms of life.

The CHAIRMAN said that although in that Club they were, no doubt, more at home with such subjects as Richard de Bury and his *Philobiblon* than with that of evolution, yet there was now so intimate a connection between science and literature that an occasional scientific paper could not be considered out of place. They had had the advantage of hearing the claims of the rival schools stated with great lucidity both by Mr. Nutter and Mr. Plant. For himself he agreed with Carlyle when he said that even should Darwin's theory be right the wonder of creation would not be less, for the first sentient germ that existed would still contain within it the whole mystery and potency of life.

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY (MISS FARREN).

MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

A large photographic portrait of Edwin Waugh was offered for the acceptance of the Club by Mr. Warwick Brooks. In a letter accompanying the portrait Mr. Brooks said that the photograph had not undergone any of those processes which photographers usually resorted to in order to give their work a more finished and refined appearance. The surface was, in fact, as untouched as when it left the negative.

Mr. H. H. HOWORTH said the gift would be peculiarly acceptable to that Club. The portrait appeared to him to be a fine specimen of high-class photography, and was, moreover, an excellent likeness. The future members of that Club would be delighted to see the Lancashire singer, whom they would certainly hold in as high esteem as we did, presented to them in the form and habit which were so familiar and so dear to us. A special vote of thanks was given to Mr. Brooks for his donation.

Mr. ALBERT NICHOLSON read a short paper on a Recent Visit to Knowsley. He said those who visited Knowsley would scarcely fail to remember that at one end of the grand dining-room there hung the noble portraits of the twelfth Earl of Derby, and Miss Farren, the actress, his second countess. The portrait of the countess was a copy by Stevenson of the original by Sir Thomas Lawrence. That original was at Heaton Park, and was the property of Miss Farren's grandson, Lord Wilton. A competent

modern critic had written of this picture when it hung in our Art Treasures Exhibition as follows:—"Miss Farren, Countess of Derby, was Sir Thomas Lawrence's second work in London, and the foundation of his success as a portrait painter. He was at that time still a student at the Royal Academy and a boy of seventeen. He did not rise in his art, but declined from the date of this painting of Miss Farren. That portrait had something of the satisfying substantiality of Sir Joshua Reynolds's workmanship. Much as it was admired when it first surprised the town, it provoked a stormy criticism from the incongruity of the bared head with the winter cloak and muff. Burke was said to have consoled the artist with the remark that 'painters' proprieties are the best.'" He (Mr. Nicholson) had brought three engravings and an oil sketch from the picture for examination. One of the engravings was by Bartolozzi, who had palpably spoiled the plate. The marvellous success, both professionally and socially, of Miss Farren's career led to attacks upon her reputation of a villainous character. Few people, surely, had been so fortunate as the fair countess in the friends who wielded the pen in her defence. It is true that we know nothing of the calumnies except in the pages of these books (*The Testimony to Exalted Merit, or a biographical sketch of the Right Honble. the Countess of Derby, in refutation of a false and scandalous libel; Biographical Gleanings of the Countess of Derby, formerly Miss Elizabeth Farren*), but it would be difficult to find two more perfect biographical sketches in defence of any character. The second of these books, supposed to have been published about 1816, was of the greatest rarity and excellence. The copy in our Central Free Library had only ten pages, and the one he had the privilege of showing that evening, from the library of Mr. C. W. Sutton, was also imperfect—ending at page 26. Yet it was the best he had been able to meet with. Lord Derby had recently borrowed this copy, and stated that he had never previously seen or heard of the book. The author was probably a Manchester man, and might be identified by some one well acquainted with local writers at the early part of this century. It was in the hope that this might be done that he had called the attention of his fellow-members to this out-of-the-way scrap of Lancashire literature. It was interesting to speculate how it was that no copy of the published libel survives. Was it the influence and purse of the earl that cleared all away? Or did the sneaking scoundrels who made this cowardly attack themselves withdraw it in fear of those dangers to their personal security which the noble lady's many friends would render so certain. It must be borne in mind that the duel of those days was not the charming combination of sentiment and safety of the German student or the Paris editor's "little affair." Englishmen were in earnest when they decided their differences after this fashion. At Knowsley the memory of

"the good countess" is still green. Tradition says that it was to her able tuition that the late Earl—"the Rupert of Debate"—owed in no small measure his wonderful power of oratory.

After some remarks by Mr. Charles Hardwick and Mr. Credland on the pictures at Knowsley,

Mr. William Robinson read the paper of the evening, "Reminiscences of a Trip to the Riviera," and exhibited twenty-four water-colour drawings which he had painted during his stay in the Riviera, some of them being of considerable size. The drawings were examined with much interest by the members of the Club.

Mr. Thomas Kay thought that the pleasantly-written paper they had heard, together with the admirable drawings which were shown as an accompaniment, formed as genuine a treat as the Club had had for some time. The paper would also be instructive to brothers of the brush by showing them where and how to spend their time profitably and economically. He knew the country described, and could testify to the charm of the scenery and the faithfulness with which Mr. Robinson had rendered it. He concluded by offering one of the drawings (a street scene in Mentone) as a present to the Club.

The Chairman, in accepting the drawing on behalf of the Club, said he had seldom heard a more graceful peroration to a speech than that made by Mr. Kay.

After some remarks by Mr. Mandley and Mr. Mortimer, the essayist briefly replied.

The Chairman drew attention to the fact that the previous day, Sunday, the 25th January, was the anniversary of the birth of Burns. It was worthy of note that Burns had chronicled his own birthday in one of his songs, beginning "There was a lad was born in Kyle." He need not gild refined gold by making observations on the poet, but he thought that the occasion should not be allowed to pass without hearty recognition on the part of that Club.

A number of Burns's songs were then sung by Mr. Thomas Rawson and Mr. F. Hollins, and others.

MUSICAL NIGHT.

Monday, February 2, 1885.—The Club held a musical evening in place of their usual proceeding. Ladies had been invited, and there was a good attendance. No special programme had been prepared, but there was no lack of willing and able contributors to the enjoyment of the evening. The most important portion of the programme consisted of the performance of several concerted pieces for the pianoforte and violin, by Mr. T. W.

Gillibrand and Mr. W. C. Lord. These were rendered with such finish and brilliancy as to elicit enthusiastic applause from a highly musical and critical audience. The two last movements from Mozart's celebrated Sonata in B flat were given with special excellence. Mr. J. C. Lockhart read Waugh's "Nomination;" Mr. Crossland recited a stirring story of the American Civil War, entitled "The Dandy Fifth;" and Mr. Tallent Bateman gave Gilbert's "Yarn of the Nancy Bell." A number of ladies added much by their voices to "round the pleasure" of a delightful evening. Songs were given by Mr. Frank Hollins, the Misses Edgill, Miss Collins, the Misses Bourne, Mrs. Little, and Miss Hindshaw.

W. S. GILBERT ON HIS OWN WORKS: PETER PINDAR AND GEORGE THIRD.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. C. W. Provis was elected a member.

Mr. E. BRUCE HINDLE read some further notes on W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, in continuation of a paper previously read. He said that when his paper was printed a copy was sent to Mr. Gilbert, and as it contained some rather decided criticisms on certain plays, he anticipated a warm rejoinder from Mr. Gilbert, if that gentleman replied at all. In answer he received a characteristic letter, which he read. The concluding paragraph ran as follows: "Your paper is an excellent sample of off-hand criticism, often right, often wrong, but always cock-sure." To this Mr. Hindle replied, reiterating his views with regard to some of the comedies, and *Engaged* in particular. He also pressed further his charge of "want of tender-heartedness and soul," which some of the plays exhibited, and instanced the frequent delineations of these qualities to be found in the writings of Dickens and Thackeray. In answer Mr. Gilbert deprecated any comparison of his work with those of Dickens and Thackeray, as "they were men of genius, and he was nothing of the sort." Mr. Gilbert then made a number of valuable criticisms on several of his own works, and concluded by warmly controverting Mr. Hindle's criticism on *Gretchen*, as he regarded that play and *Broken Hearts* as "having qualities which raised them far above anything else which he had written, or was ever likely to write." Mr. Hindle stated that *Gretchen* had always been a sore point with Gilbert since its first production, when he pitched into the management and the critics for its failure. Goethe had cast the legend in its highest poetic and dramatic form, and for Mr. Gilbert or any one else to attempt to rival Goethe simply meant certain failure.

Mr. J. H. E. PARTINGTON read a short humorous paper on "The

Mollag considered Historically and Poetically." "Mollag" is Manx for a whisky jar.

Mr. J. G. MANDLEY read the paper of the evening on "Peter Pindar and the Best of Kings."

Mr. HINDLE said he had read Peter Pindar's productions, and had derived therefrom great pleasure and amusement. He could not entirely endorse the condemnation passed upon him by the essayist, for many of his strictures on the king and other persons, though they may have been couched in very trenchant language, were truthful and well merited by the individuals against whom they were directed. His judgments on George III. had to a large extent been confirmed by modern historians, who were far removed from the period with which they dealt, and therefore were not prejudiced by its influences. There was much even in contemporary writings, such as those of Miss Burney, to justify some of Peter Pindar's attacks. According to these the people who formed the royal surroundings were of an ultra-Tory type, and their influence with the king was of the worst description. Pindar's attacks on Sir W. Chambers, the architect, and West, the painter, were just, because Sir William's buildings would not remain up when they were erected, and West, as a painter, was now held in but light esteem. He praised Reynolds and Gainsborough, and we now endorsed his criticisms. He was also the first to find out the trick of Johnson's periods, yet he was discerning enough to see and appreciate the greatness of the man. The way in which he managed to dispose of any one who attacked him in return for his strong home-thrusts was usually very clever. Personally he was a kindly man, much liked by his friends, and was possessed of many amiable qualities.

Mr. RICHARD BAGOT said he was amongst the admirers of Wolcott's genius. Though his writings were disfigured by much coarseness they were redeemed by their unfailing humour and cleverness. His satire did much to kill the stupid method of landscape painting prevalent in his time—the so-called classical brown tree style—and we might justly look upon him as the originator of the modern revolt against conventionality in landscape art. He even discovered Wales long before David Cox, and advised all artists to go there for subjects and inspiration.

The Rev. W. A. O'CONOR, though he had not read many of Peter Pindar's productions lately, or indeed at any time, was still of opinion that he was a man of genius who left a wholesome impression on his age, and gave an impetus to that great tide of right principle whose effects were so perceptible at the present day. Some of his later poems were admirable, such as "The Pilgrim and the Peas" and "The Razors that were Made to Sell." These appealed to everybody, and would live when his satirical efforts were dead and forgotten.

After a few words from Mr. John Jackson and Mr. C. T. T. Bateman, Mr. Mandley replied.

RETURN OF THE REV. W. A. O'CONOR.

Before the ordinary business of the Club began the Rev. W. A. O'Conor was entertained at an informal dinner to welcome him on his return after his year's absence in Italy. The chair was taken by Mr. George Milner, who, in proposing the health of Mr. O'Conor, said their guest had been sojourning in famous cities, and had rubbed shoulders with many distinguished people, but he comes back unchanged. The voice, the form, the look are the same; and these external things are only indicative of the unaltered mind and the unchilled affections which are within. Life in Manchester had been poorer and thinner during the past twelve months for the absence of his fine personality, and the Club had missed his wonted contributions, his subtle criticisms, his deep and sometimes sad philosophy, and most all his brilliant wit—wit which is native to him as an Irishman.

After a few words from Mr. H. H. Howorth and Mr. E. O. Bleackley,

Mr. O'Conor said it was a relief to him to know that this demonstration was owing to the constitution and character of the Club, and not to his own merits. The Club then, and not himself, would be the subject of his few remarks. Mr. Milner had referred to his being a pastor of the Established Church and an Irishman. When first he thought of joining their society some one seemed to apprehend that his clerical calling would not be quite at home amid the supposed Bohemianism of literary men. There never was a greater mistake. He had never heard a word from them, and they, he thought, had never heard a word from him that could give offence to a prejudice or a conviction. There was no compromise. If their principles had been assailed they would have defended them, and if his principles had been assailed he would equally have defended them. But there had been no assault. They, from the nature of this society, had instinctively met not on the debatable ground of indifferent matters, but on the high level of essential Christian charity. And so on the question of nationality there had been no compromise, no abandonment of duty or principle. He knew that they were proud of being Englishmen, justly proud of it, and they knew that he was proud of being an Irishman, and they would have thought no better of him if he were not. But even above this high ground of natural patriotic local affection there was the region of regard for the essential interests of their common country, and thus they had dwelt together in unity. He wished he could speak in the same way of some other societies. He believed this natural

tolerance and sympathy arose from literary tastes and pursuits, and he thought if literary tastes prevailed more widely the same unity would prevail. He was proud of being a countryman of Milton and Shakspere, and they were proud of being countrymen of Goldsmith and Burke. But all those writers wrote in the English language, and so in a literary sense they were Englishmen, and all their readers and admirers were Englishmen. If any one were to tell him that Ireland never produced a great writer he would instantly demand a dissolution of partnership. But no one had ever hinted anything of the kind. No one had ever reminded him that he was an Irishman, save in the complimentary terms employed by the chairman that evening, and he sincerely thought that the honour they paid to him on this occasion, and to the generous reception always given to his humble contributions to their literature, were attributable to the fact that while he strove to be an Englishman in the best sense, he bore an Irish name of which he was not ashamed. Mr. O'Conor then described how a cultured literary taste finds constant objects of home interest in foreign lands. In all the Italian towns there were spots associated with the names of our great English poets. He never saw them without feeling the "lengthening chain" that bound him to the Manchester Literary Club and wishing for the time when he might see and hear them once more. A meeting like this made amends for all the long months he had been wandering away.

PREFACES: COMIC ARTISTS: LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE: AMIEL.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. Wilmott Holt was elected a member.

Mr. C. T. TALLENT BATEMAN read some Notes on Prefaces.

Mr. RICHARD BAGOT read a short paper on Comic Draughtsmen. Odd and fantastic manifestations of character in social life and manners, he said, had been pictorially represented from a very early period. Ludicrous incidents, suggestive of the manners and customs of the time, are represented on early Egyptian monuments, and caricature faces are found on the best examples of ancient architecture. The development of the art of engraving gave to the humorous draughtsman a means of multiplying his productions and so appealing to a much larger number of people. The earliest caricaturists of our own country were largely engaged in political warfare. Before the advent of Hogarth we imported our caricatures, as we did our kings, from Germany and Holland; but the immortal works of our great English satirist inaugurated a series of pictures of political and social life in England which has

been continued by worthy successors to the present day. The labours of the comic artist not only reflected the spirit of his time, but did much to mould the fashion and influence public opinion. Before the days of cheap newspapers, the print-shop window was a great educational power. Of one of his plates George Cruikshank wrote: "The issue of my 'Bank note not to be imitated' not only put a stop to the issue of any more one-pound Bank of England notes, but also put a stop to the punishment of death for such an offence—not only for that, but likewise for forgery—and then Sir Robert Peel revised the criminal code; so that the final effect of my note was to stop the hanging for all minor offences, and has thus been the means of saving thousands of men and women from being hanged." Whether this claim be as apocryphal as some other of Cruikshank's claims to distinction or not, there is no doubt that the pencil of the caricaturist is a very formidable and powerful instrument in moving the feelings of the populace. The birth of *Mr. Punch* marked the commencement of a new era in the history of comic art. Before his day political pictorial satires were distinguished by great ferocity. The "subject" was always branded with eternal infamy. They were coarse, spiteful, very frequently indecent, and if we except the work of Sandby, Collet, Sayer, Bunbury, Gillray, and Rowlandson, almost entirely devoid of artistic merit. Gillray was the Peter Pindar of the pencil, and, like Wolcott, he came to a miserable end. The Cruikshanks and Robert Seymour form a link between the Gillray school and that which came into existence with the establishment of *Punch*. The *Scourge* is the title of a journal which existed in the pre-*Punch* period, and an amusing anecdote told of two of the founders of the best comic paper in the world illustrates the then prevailing notion of the functions of a comic and satirical journal. The first number of *Punch* appeared on the 17th of July, 1841. The pictorial cover (not the one with which we are all familiar) was drawn and the page illustration furnished by Mr. Archibald Henning—the first of a series continued for a long time under the head of "*Punch's* Pencillings." The minor sketches, many of which are in the silhouette style, were supplied by Messrs. Newman and Hine. These little sketches, with their punning titles, are very comic, and bear out the sub-title, which appears in the first number, "Funny Dogs with Comic Tales." John Leech's first contribution appeared in the fourth number, a full-page block, called "Foreign Affairs," treated from a Leicester Square point of view. Leech was very fond of poking fun at the "distinguished foreigner," and as his wonderful life's work is found in the pages of *Punch*; this is interesting as the first which appeared in the pages of our national jester from his brilliant pencil. Some of the earlier volumes of *Punch* are not free from the evil influence of the older school of carica-

ture, many of its personal attacks being ill-judged, but the caricatures of individuals have rarely been mean or vindictive. What a wonderful "History of our own times" is found in a complete set of the volumes of *Punch!* In the political world the "ins" and the "outs" are equally good subjects for fun and satire, and all the great ministers in turn have been presented in the most familiar and undignified characters to a laughing world. To single out instances is difficult where there is such a wealth of material to select from, but how irresistibly funny is Leech's cartoon wherein the temporary subservience of Lord Brougham to the Duke of Wellington is chronicled. The duke is represented as the ring-master at Astley's and Brougham as clown in the same famous circus. The clown, addressing the ring-master, says, "Well, Mr. Wellington, is there anything I can do for you, for to run, for to fetch, for to carry, for to beg, for to borrow, for to steal?" This so hit the political situation at the time that the country was in a state of delight, equalled only in later years by the merriment produced by Tenniel's celebrated "Another German Defeat." Amongst the earlier comic draughtsmen of the *Punch* staff, in addition to Henning, Newman, and Hine, whose names are now almost forgotten, there have appeared sketches supplied by Birket Foster, Forester (known as Alfred Crowquill), Lee, Hamerton, Sir John Gilbert, Phiz, William Harvey, and Kenny Meadows. Kenny Meadows continued his connection for some time, and illustrated some of Douglas Jerrold's earlier continued works. The style of some of these artists is totally unsuited to the illustration of *Punch's* humour—notably Birket Foster, William Harvey, and Kenny Meadows; but what an inexhaustible fund of delight is found in the work of Leech, Doyle, Tenniel, and Sambourne! They have completely revolutionized the style of humorous drawing. The monstrous personal exaggerations and hideous faces on which the earlier artists of the Gillray school depended for their fun entirely disappear, and we have in their stead Doyle's fanciful creations, Tenniel's correct drawings, and Leech's unapproachably-funny pictures of humorous incident. John Leech is so well known and appreciated that it almost amounts to an impertinence to praise him. It is like praising Shakspere. Witty! satirical! and in turn pathetic!—he is always thoroughly natural. His girls are jolly girls; his matrons substantial English dames. Paterfamilias grumbling at his bills is the kind of man we are in the habit of shaking hands with every day. His characters are not idealized until they become insipid, nor are they ever degraded by extravagant drawing until they become grotesque and unnatural. Great imaginative power and a light but forcible style of drawing characterizes the productions of Richard Doyle, a son of the celebrated H. B. Doyle severed his connection with *Punch* about 1851, but his work, marked by a strong

individuality, occupies a leading place in the pages of the journal which may with fitness be called the *Comic History of England.* The cover of *Punch* is the work of his pencil. In one of Keene's *Punch* sketches of about a year ago, two old fogies are represented gazing with "lack-lustre eye" into a toy-shop window. Shaking his head sadly, one of them remarks: "Ah! James, they don't make such toys now as they did when we were boys." Now, as a matter of fact there are much better toys now than ever were made in the days of our grandsires. Like the old boy, we sometimes shake our heads and say: "Ah, *Punch* is not half so funny as it used to be." True, we shall never have another John Leech; but it may be maintained that in the present artists of the *Punch* staff, together with some half-dozen others, we have a school of comic draughtsmen who are the worthy successors of Hogarth, Gillray, Cruikshank, "Phiz," Seymour, Leech, and Doyle. The foremost political caricaturist of the world is undoubtedly John Tenniel. With a very few exceptions he has produced a cartoon weekly since 1864—a series too well known to require comment from me. The joke may occasionally be weak, but the drawing never. No worker in black and white better understands the value of lines; every one is full of intention. In his representation of classic draperies and statuesque figures he stands unrivalled. He gives us ferocious bandits, stage pirates, ancient Romans, mediæval warriors, all correctly and severely drawn, but still replete with fun. The work of Charles Keene is always welcome, and he is perhaps the most popular of the comic draughtsmen of to-day. Master of a vigorous style, his sketches would nearly always tell their own story, even though the legend printed at the foot were omitted. Pompous military officers, bewildered old ladies, taciturn and sarcastic cabbies, irate and indignant cooks, how funny they are! Perhaps his strongest point is his representation of the inebriate. Cruikshank depicted the horror and wretchedness produced by drunkenness. Keene appears to be struck by its comic aspect. To notice adequately the work of Du Maurier would require a whole evening. Lordly church dignitaries, magnificent powdered menials, the Midas family, Grigsby, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, drawing-room young ladies, and slim self-effacing curates, how well we know them all! The work of Linley Sambourne is remarkable for its great inventiveness and a leaning to the almost disused allegorical style of design—great power of line, and a wonderful suggestiveness of detail and accessories. Harry Furniss, who illustrates "Essence of Parliament," has produced some remarkable comic designs. In the *Punch* staff, together with Randolph Caldecott, Fred Barnard, and a few others, we have a school of comic artists of whom we have reason to be proud. The old coarseness and scurrility have given place to a spirit of genuine satire, which, combined with healthy, hearty fun,

stands in favourable contrast to the efforts of their forerunners of the close of the last and early part of the present century.

Mr. W. E. A. Axon read some notes on the Languages of the Future, *apropos* of Mr. Gladstone's recent letter. He believed that one of the first calculations made as to the future number of speakers of the English language was that of Mr. Williams White, which appeared in 1857. Following him was De Candolle, a Genevan professor, who in 1870 calculated that in 1970 the number of English-speaking people would amount to 860 millions. In his own pamphlet he (the speaker) set forth the probable number in the year 2000 of speakers of the principal European languages, basing his calculations on the information given in the Almanach de Gotha. A glance at those figures would show the enormous preponderance of the English language. A significant fact was that many scientific works written by foreigners were now published in the English tongue. An important instance of this was Professor Thorell's monograph on the Spiders of Europe, the writer being a native of Sweden. Some foreign periodicals of a scientific or antiquarian nature consisted largely of communications printed in English, and were thus undoubtedly assured a wider circulation. Professor Max Müller had also interested himself in this subject in an article which first appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for 1876. Many attempts had been made to invent a language that should be universal, but they were for the most part more ingenious than workable. Pasigraphy was perhaps one of the most reasonable of these efforts. Some scholars had advocated for this purpose a return to Latin, which was the language of the learned world of the Middle Ages. Professor Newman had recently published as a schoolbook a translation of *Robinson Crusoe* in Latin, but the numerous changes he had to make would probably have astonished the author. In a pamphlet recently issued Mr. M. Q. Holyoake had suggested an international congress, in which one language should be selected to be taught in schools in addition to the language of the country, and he naturally concluded that that language would be English. The English language was now spoken by one hundred millions of people who belonged to the most prolific and energetic nations of the old and new world. These people by their commerce and their arms were gradually overrunning the habitable globe, carrying with them wherever they went the language, laws, and literature of England. It was matter for rejoicing that a language which possessed the greatest and healthiest literature yet produced should be destined to be the prevailing speech of the future.

Mr. E. B. Hindle read the paper of the evening on H. F. Amiel and his fragments of a *Journal Intime.*

The Chairman stated that there would shortly be issued a translation of Amiel's Diary by Mrs. Ward, a niece of Mr. Matthew

Arnold. His attention was drawn to Amiel by an article on "Introspective Literature," which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* last year. This was also written, he understood, by Mrs. Ward, and dealt with Amiel amongst others. If it were true that the proper study of mankind is man, then we had in Amiel a subject well worthy of our attention, and one excellently suitable for the consideration of that Club. The peculiar nature of the man was its great attraction. The study of that nature would reveal much that was of value in the psychological investigation of the human mind. One of its most striking features was the identification of himself with outward nature, or rather the projection of himself, as it were into the forms around him, so that for the time he seemed to lose his own identity. This peculiarity of the soul would be well known to all students of Oriental literature, and was not without its parallel in many of our great poets. In Tennyson's *In Memoriam* were the lines, referring to the yew tree:—

> And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
> Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
> I seem to fail from out my blood,
> And grow incorporate into thee.

In these strange lines we had much of the feeling expressed by Amiel. Man was only a part of the great whole by which he was surrounded, and not infrequently when confronted by the vast totality of nature he felt his own individuality to be lost. This was Amiel's state. Some poems by Amiel had been published, and he hoped that someone would give us a translation of them. Amiel would take his place by the side of Rousseau, Obermann, and some of the mystics, and might in future be regarded as one of the greatest in that group of singular writers.

Dr. Samelson felt that the subject with its mysticism and contradictions was foreign to his inner nature. There was a sadness also attaching to it and a deep regret that such great powers as those displayed by Amiel should not have yielded greater results. He was so wrapped up in self-contemplation that he apparently neglected everything else, and he had himself admitted that he was ashamed of the useful. He (Dr. Samelson) could hardly comprehend such a frame of mind, and felt that he might safely call Amiel moonstruck. If he could have come to Manchester, and been taken in hand by the forces of English life, the whole tenor of his mind might have been changed.

Mr. Axon thought there was a singular likeness between some of Amiel's writings and those of the present Queen of Roumania. Her imaginative writings were as incomplete as those of Amiel, but some of her detached thoughts strongly resembled his.

The Rev. J. T. Marriott (a visitor) had seen that the introspective tendency was noticeable in our modern Hymnology.

Some of Cardinal Newman's poems might be cited as instances of this. He thought that in the age that was to follow ours there would be still more of these attempts to explain the profound problems of life.

Mr. HINDLE, in reply, said that he imagined Amiel had represented to us with extraordinary ingenuity the effects of some very unusual influences on the human consciousness. He put in his diary whatever thoughts possessed him at the time. Such thoughts were hardly to be met with in any other writer. In writing that diary he had performed a work of high utility, and one which would be of value to future thinkers. Amiel had an excellent knowledge of English literature and life, and his remarks on them were very acute. In Emerson some of the tendencies shown in Amiel were manifested, and such might be said of Walt Whitman, who, however, arrived at much happier conclusions as the result of his soul questionings than Amiel did. The monument of Amiel's genius was his diary, which would undoubtedly live after him and give pleasure to all those who could take delight in splendidly poetical prose, and sympathize with and appreciate profound and fascinating speculations.

HANDEL: DIARY IN ITALY.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK exhibited an album belonging to the daughter of the late Mr. Tavaré, artist, and relative of Charles Swan. Some of the drawings it contained were by Henry Liverseege, H. M. Anthony, and Mr. Tavaré, and there were poetical contributions by J. B. Rogerson, Critchley Prince, and other local authors.

The HONORARY SECRETARY read a Venetian sketch in the absence of the author, Mr. Thomas Kay. The paper was illustrated by two water-colour sketches by the author.

Mr. J. BANNISTER read a short paper on Handel. He thought it was fitting that that Club should in some fashion commemorate the bicentenary of the birth of one of the greatest of the world's musicians, for literature and song were inseparable companions. He briefly recapitulated the principal points of interest in the life of Handel, and on the conclusion of his paper some selections from the *Messiah* were given by Messrs. Harry Daniels (tenor), Alfred Peploe (bass), and Joseph Smith (pianist); the selections were highly appreciated.

The Rev. W. A. O'CONOR read the principal paper of the evening, which consisted of extracts from a diary kept during his recent residence in Italy. They referred principally to Florence.

The CHAIRMAN thought that Mr. O'Conor's long absence in Italy had deepened the pleasure which the members of the Club

had always experienced in listening to him. If science should ever succeed in photographing ideas, the result would be very like that which Mr. O'Conor had just given in his paper. That paper not only showed the mind of the writer, but made his hearers witnesses of the mental processes that went on as each new object and each fresh phase of Italian life came under observation. He had no doubt that Mr. O'Conor possessed a series of such studies as those which he had just given, and if he could be induced to bring them before the Club on some future occasion, it would be a great delight to the members.

Mr. MANDLEY was pleased that Mr. O'Conor had not availed himself of books in compiling his paper. That which he had given them came fresh from his own mind and from his own heart, and it was that which constituted its charm. He had himself visited much of the country described, and had experienced the kindly disposition of the Italian people.

Alderman W. H. BAILEY could also testify to the excellent disposition of the Italians. They were very ready to help each other in time of need, and many societies for mutual aid existed among them. One of the best of these was the Pious Society of Journeymen Hatters in Florence. This society was founded two hundred years ago, and assisted all hatters no matter from where they came. He could hardly agree with Mr. O'Conor's disparagement of the social condition of the English. That want of sympathy between class and class which it was so much the custom to talk about as existing in England did not exist at all, at any rate in the north. In Lancashire, and the north generally, there was more working shoulder to shoulder for the benefit and advancement of the lower and working classes than there was in any other country in the world. Englishmen also were not lacking in politeness. The politest people he had ever met were the Cockneys, who quite put to the blush any Frenchman he had seen.

Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK was of opinion that there was much vulgarity exhibited by Englishmen when abroad, and this often led to reciprocal treatment on the part of the natives.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER suggested that Mr. O'Conor should give a paper on the literary associations of some of the cities he had visited. The name of Florence at once reminded them of Dante, of Savonarola, of Keats, of the Brownings, and many others.

THE GENIUS OF COLERIDGE.

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. Henry Boddington, jun., was elected a member.

Mr. W. E. A. AXON read, from a letter written by a personal

friend of George Eliot's, some extracts having reference to her relations with Mr. G. H. Lewes.

Mr. C. E. Tyrer read the paper of the evening, on the Genius of Coleridge.

Mr. A. Stansfield thought that some portions of Mr. Tyrer's criticisms were open to objection, because they seemed to assume that the critics made the poets, whereas it was the poets who made the critics. He could never think of Coleridge without also recalling De Quincey, who had in his writings preserved a more complete picture of the poet in his weakness and his strength than would be found elsewhere. He himself had performed a feat which he fancied was unique, for twenty years ago he had read every line of the long-winded Wordsworth and of the longer-winded Southey, and might say with Byron—

God help thee, Southey, and thy readers too!

That Wordsworth and Southey should be so little read at present was no wonder, but it was surprising that Coleridge did not command much greater attention. He was possessed of a splendid imagination, and for grasp of intellect, for knowledge of things and of men, and for ease and beauty of expression, he had not been equalled since Shakspere died. His was indeed a titanic genius, which dealt titanically with everything it touched. Mr. Stansfield could not admit that his later years were not amongst his best, for some of the finest productions of his genius were, to his thinking, the fruit of those years.

The Chairman considered Mr. Tyrer's paper to be a valuable contribution to the criticisms of Coleridge as a poet. He had held the balance very fairly between the exaggerated praise of Mr. Swinburne and the under estimation of Mr. Traill, who was probably unfitted both by training and temperament to appreciate fully such a writer as Coleridge. We had never had a writer in England who gave evidence of so much capacity in dealing with subjects so many and so vast. Probably even Shakspere himself had not greater capacity. Capacity, however, was one thing, power of work was another; and, as we all know, it was in the latter faculty that Coleridge failed. Still, we might well be thankful for what we had got—poetry, philosophy, and criticism. As a critic he held a high place, and as a critic of Shakspere the very highest either in this country or in Germany.

THE REVIEW CLUB: SWANS AND SWANNERIES.

Monday, March 9, 1885.—Mr. George Milner in the chair.

Mr. John Howarth Clark was elected a member.

A copy of Bunn's *Word with Punch*, the pamphlet in which the "poet" effectively satirized his satirizers, was laid on the table,

and Mr. J. Bradbury exhibited a number of early Manchester play bills.

Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK read a short paper on the Review Club, a Precursor of the Manchester Literary Club.

Mr. JOHN JACKSON read the paper of the evening, entitled, "A Story about the West Bay."

Mr. ALBERT NICHOLSON said there seemed to be some doubt as to whether the swans at Portland belonged to the Corporation. Those in the backwater belonged to Weymouth, but the rest belonged to Lord Ilchester. The subject of swan marks was of considerable interest, and one of the best places to study these was afforded by the Thames. Both wild and domestic swans were to be met with on Derwentwater, but they seldom fraternized, and the wild ones never visited our northern lakes except in very severe weather.

Mr. JOHN PLANT said there were four species of swans to be found in Great Britain. They were the Hooper, the Polish, Bewick's, and the tame swan. The Bewick swans came from the north of Scotland and from Iceland. They were distinct from the domestic swan, and had a large black knob on the bill instead of the small one of the domestic bird.

The Rev. W. A. O'Conor and Messrs. Hindle, Mortimer, and Milner also took part in the conversation.

THE LOW GERMAN DIALECT.

MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER presided.

Mr. H. GANNON read a translation of Brinckman's *Voss un Swinegel.* In some introductory remarks he said: Brinckman was only one of a number of writers who have striven during the last forty or fifty years to rescue Mecklenburg dialect from literary oblivion. They held that Platt Deutsch, through purely fortuitous circumstances, and not from any demerit of its own, had unjustly been left out in the cold, from the fact of German writers, at the period of the literary renaissance in that country, having the preference to Hoch Deutsch. And this idiom having once got the start, and been taken up by such literary giants as Richter, Schiller, and Goethe, it made all the running, whilst its sister idiom was out of the hunt altogether. As a natural result of this state of things Platt Deutsch, as a "Schift-Sprache," fell more and more into desuetude. Its orthography, and grammar generally, became obscure or vanished altogether for want of some general and fixed standard, so that each Low-German writer followed his own phonetic system of spelling according to the various modifications of the dialect in the different localities, much the same as our own Lancashire writers do. To remedy

this, such men as Brinckman, Reuter, and a number of others had endeavoured—but with only partial success—to fix one standard of spelling, and to purge the grammar of errors of various kinds. This work was still being carried on, but its ultimate success or otherwise was of less moment to Englishmen than another feature of the dialect. He alluded to its close affinity to our own vernacular. This strain of affinity ran through both idioms in a remarkable degree, and in the little story of Voss and Swinegel alone quite a number of words and phrases which were pure Lancashire could be pointed out. This closeness of relationship was all the more striking when we come to compare these words with their High-German equivalents, which also bear some resemblance to ours; but when we turned to the Platt, we found them identical. There was not only an affinity of words, but also an affinity in sentiment, style, and idiosyncrasy between the two peoples. In this connection there was such a strong family likeness that we saw at once a common origin in the peculiar turn of thought, in their pithy proverbial sayings, and especially in that social feature that we call in this part of Lancashire "Trotting." All these things showed us very conclusively that human nature (or at least rustic human nature) is very much the same at the other side of the German Ocean as on this.

GENIUS, HUMOUR, AND IMAGINATION.

Mr. John Angell read the principal paper of the evening. His subject was Genius, Wit, Humour, and Imagination. He had, he said, been induced to write his paper in consequence of the exceedingly indefinite and loose, if not contradictory, manner in which gentlemen so frequently use these terms when engaged in literary criticism or in public print. With regard to the subject Genius, in what respect, asked Mr. Angell, did it differ from talent, or even ordinary ability? Was genius simply an extraordinary degree of development of talent or ordinary ability, or was it something intrinsically quite unlike mental power or ability? Would no multiplication or increase of ordinary ability convert it into genius, or no decrement or reduction of genius reduce or convert it to talent, or into ordinary mental ability? Did it differ only as a larger mass of gold differed from a smaller mass of gold, or as gold differed from lead? Did it differ as one musical note differed from another note, or as a ray of red light differed from a ray of white light? If, contended Mr. Angell, genius differed from talent, or from ordinary ability, just as one musical note differed from another, or as a ray of red light differed from a ray of blue light, then just as no multiplication or increase of the intensity or loudness of one musical note could convert it into another musical note, and no increase or intensification of red

light could convert it into blue light, they (genius and talent) must differ intrinsically. But it was not so, there was no form of mental work which could be supposed to be performed by Genius, which could not be performed by that same form of mental ability or talent, if that degree of talent were to be increased (simply increased, not modified) sufficiently. Talent and Genius, therefore, differed only in being different degrees of the same kind of ability or abilities, and not in being intrinsically different. But, it was urged, genius differed from talent in its great power of imagination, its creative power. Mr. Angell then proceeded to show that imagination was not at all a faculty of the mind, but a mode of activity, not of one faculty only, but of each faculty of the mind. The human mind consisted of a number of faculties, some of which were known while others were probably unknown. By faculty was to be understood a primitive or elementary power of the mind, that is a power of the mind which could do that which no other power in the same mind could do, however greatly that power were increased. The human mind consisted of a series of faculties, embracing at least two distinct kinds, namely, the knowing faculties or the intellect, and the affective faculties or the propensities or sentiments, designated by the metaphysicians the emotions. It is to one of the latter, viz., ideality, or the love of the beautiful, to which poetry and the fine arts owe their existence. In a similar manner wit and humour owe their existence to another sentiment or emotion of the human mind, the love of the ludicrous. These faculties (the emotional) are simply affective, that is, they have no power of perceiving, knowing, imagining of themselves, but they act as propensities, disposing, impelling, and inspiring the knowing or intellectual faculties to work in given directions according to the nature and relative power of these sentiments. Hence their designation as propensities. The question arose, What is poetry? Mr. Angell answered this by quotations from Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Macaulay, Blair, Byron, and others. Dr. Blair says the primary object of poetry is not to instruct or persuade, but to please and to move. Lord Byron says, "I can never get people to understand that the true and immediate object of poetry is the expression of excited passion." Coleridge says, "Poetry is not the proper antithesis to prose but to science; poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre." He also says that "the proper and immediate object of science is the acquirement or communication of truth; the proper and immediate object of poetry is the communication of immediate pleasure." Yet, said Mr. Angell, it is common phrase to speak of poetry as containing and having for its object the highest truth. In order to show that the love of the beautiful had no immediate and necessary relation to love of moral goodness and truth, Mr. Angell showed that the people (the ancient

Greeks) who were distinguished before all other nations in the world for their intense love of the beautiful, were also marked above all other peoples for their brutal butcheries, their lying, their insincerity, their avarice, their treachery, and their sensuality. To poetry and the fine arts essentially we were therefore not to look for the moral elevation of the community. Mr. Angell finally proceeded to quote various definitions and descriptions of wit and humour from Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Sydney Smith, Hobbes, Locke, Professor Bain, and others, showing how evasive, ambiguous, and contradictory these definitions were with respect to each other and to the facts.

In the conversation which followed dissatisfaction was generally expressed with Mr. Angell's views.

Mr. Abel Heywood, jun., confessed that he hardly felt much wiser after listening to Mr. Angell's paper. He certainly felt no nearer to a satisfactory definition of the terms genius and wit. One thing he had, however, discovered, which was that when he read a poem by Hood, the wit did not exist in Hood's lines, but in his own appreciation of the ludicrous. This certainly gave him a more exalted opinion of himself. The paper resembled a proposition in Euclid. It was full of definitions, but the clearness seemed to have oozed out under the essayist's manipulations.

Messrs. William Robinson, Richard Hooke, Abraham Stansfield, and J. F. L. Crossland having spoken,

Mr. John Mortimer said the essayist had dealt with his subject in a very technical manner, but with results inconsistent with that lucidity which should always characterize scientific inquiry. The essayist had undertaken to correct the loose definitions of poets and literary men, and had given them definitions of his own of an involved kind and tending to obscurity, but had not conducted his hearers to any real landing-place. Perhaps the highest culture would manifest itself in that true sense of proportion, that recognition to the relationship of things, and that avoidance of exaggeration which formed the groundwork of all art and science. This sense seemed lacking in the essayist, who had been at considerable pains to illustrate the accepted fact that a love of beauty might exist apart from morals, and that the Greeks while cultivating the arts had displayed considerable immorality in their social life. Though the essayist had treated the poets and literary men a little contemptuously, it was singular that some of the most acceptable definitions he had quoted had come from them. He had been at some pains to show that beauty was in the mind, and not in the object, but that had been better illustrated by a poet, and to Coleridge also he was indebted for his dictum that the true antithesis to poetry is not prose but science. Considering that the spirit of modern inquiry is relative, it seemed as if the essayist had been a little too absolute in the treatment of his subject. He

had divided the mind into faculties, intellectual and emotional, but you could hardly deal with this subtle essence in that way. Mr. Angell saw no distinction, save one of degree, between Talent and Genius, but perhaps there would have been a better result if he had applied his scientific inquiry to an individual mind, say that of Shakspere.

The CHAIRMAN was obliged to say that if Mr. Angell's was the scientific mode of defining the meaning of the words genius, talent, &c., we had better stick to the literary method. There had been many definitions of genius, both by literary and scientific writers, but Mr. Angell was not able to agree with most of them. He (Mr. Milner) should define genius as simply superhuman capacity. The border line between genius and talent was difficult to draw. But there was this distinction. Genius was always more or less native and innate; talent might be acquired. As for imagination and fancy, it seemed incorrect to say that they were the same thing. Imagination was the power to group single facts, and to approximate ideas in such a way as to constitute a whole which should be in reality a new creation. This faculty was not confined to the poet. It might form a most important factor in the mind of the man of science, giving him the power, after he had mastered and accumulated his facts, to grasp the hidden meaning that lay therein, and thus enable him to arrive at those brilliant discoveries which had so frequently astonished the world. Fancy was distinguished from imagination by being the means whereby we perceived and set forth resemblances in nature; imagination was the shaping, and fancy the comparing faculty. Wit was the perception of and the power of conveying to others resemblances in things which were essentially different. Humour was clearly distinguishable from wit. It consisted in the discovery of pleasant associations in things which were in themselves grave and even melancholy.

Mr. ANGELL briefly replied.

ANNUAL MEETING.

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1885.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER in the chair.

Mr. J. C. LOCKHART, the treasurer, in the absence of the hon. secretary, read the annual report and also the financial statement.

On the motion of Mr. JOHN PLANT, seconded by Mr. ALBERT NICHOLSON, the report and balance sheet were adopted. The election of officers and council was the only remaining business. The president, vice-presidents, librarians (two), treasurer, and honorary secretary were all re-elected without a contest, but for the seven members of council there were nine nominations, and a ballot had to be taken. It resulted in the election of the following gentlemen: Messrs. H. H. Howorth, John Mortimer,

Abel Heywood, jun., Robert Langton, William Hindshaw, Thomas Heighway, and Ward Heys—all being re-elected with the exception of Mr. Heighway, who takes the place of Mr. Edward Kirk, and is the only new member of council for the ensuing year.

On the motion of Mr. RICHARD HOOKE, seconded by Mr. JOHN ANGELL, and supported by Mr. ABRAHAM STANSFIELD, thanks were voted to the officers and council for their services during the past year.

CONVERSAZIONE: EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS BY MR. WILLIAM PERCY.

MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1885.—The closing conversazione of the session of the Manchester Literary Club was largely attended. The special feature of the evening was the exhibition of a collection of portraits by Mr. William Percy. Fifty-one works were hung, and they may be said to have represented with tolerable adequacy the entire period of Mr. Percy's artistic career, as the portrait of one lady was painted more than forty-two years ago. The Manchester Corporation lent the portrait of Mr. Edwin Waugh, which was presented to the City Art Gallery by Mr. T. R. Wilkinson; the Royton Town Commissioners granted the loan of the Kit-kat of the late Thomas Wolfenden; and from the committee of the Manchester Reform Club came the head of Sam Bamford. Amongst other portraits were those of Colonel Wilmott Mawson and Mrs. Mawson, Mr. Louis Schwabe, Mr. James Sparrow (at the age of eighty-five), Mr. Christopher Sparrow, Mr. E. T. Bellhouse, Rev. Dr. Rogers (formerly of the Blind Asylum Chapel, at Old Trafford, now of St. Thomas's, Heaton Chapel), Mr. Charles Hardwick, Mr. John Eglington Bailey, Mr. E. O. Bleackley, Mr. T. R. Wilkinson, Mr. James Smith (of the Provident Society), Mr. and Mrs. William A. Royle, Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., and the two ex-presidents of the Club, the late Mr. Joseph Chatwood and Mr. John H. Nodal. There were also two heads of the artist himself, portraits of his wife and several other ladies, and a dozen or fifteen water-colour drawings of children, a department of portraiture in which Mr. Percy is almost without a rival among living painters. A prejudice is entertained in some artistic circles against an exhibition of portraits on account of the supposed monotony, but it was not supported by the experiment of the Literary Club, the differences in the style of handling and the wide choice of subject, ranging from childhood to old age and showing many types of character, giving all the variety such an exhibition requires. The only matter for regret was that a representative collection of this nature, brought together necessarily with much labour and at a considerable cost, should only be on view for a single brief evening.

Mr. George Milner, the president, delivered a short address, in which he said that the past session had been very successful. Art, music, literature in all its forms—critical, historical, political—had been represented; and even science, though a little outside their proper boundary, had not been neglected. Nor had they overlooked those subjects of local interest which had an undoubted claim upon them. Their first object was to stimulate a real love of literature for its own sake, and a willingness to undertake literary work among their members. Nothing astonished one more in what was called society—he meant the class of people who had money and who were supposed to have culture—than the blank ignorance of nearly all that was best and most familiar in our literature; or than, what was still more irritating, the shallow pretence of knowledge which found expression in feeble and totally unmeaning chatter about half-a-dozen well-known names. Two other objects which should be kept before them, and to which he thought they might give more systematic attention, were the preservation of good, contemporary local work, and the rescue from oblivion of forgotten or ill-remembered authors of merit by the republication of their books. They had had living amongst them, probably for twenty years, a fine poet and thinker, Mr. Henry Septimus Sutton, whose works, published more than thirty years ago, were almost totally unknown in Manchester, and were among the rarest treasures of the bookhunter; and yet Mr. Sutton was a man whom Emerson valued very highly, and whom he thought not unworthy of a special pilgrimage on the occasion of his second visit to England. Another subject to which greater attention might be given was that connected with the special interests of authors and journalists, and he was glad to say that some of their legal members had promised for next session papers on copyright and kindred topics. In spite of the serious nature of some of their work he was of opinion that it should continue to be recreative in its character. He put good-fellowship and the promotion of kindly feeling not second but first. A literary club, at any rate, should be a harbour of refuge—a place where piques and petty animosities should find no foothold.

Music, vocal and instrumental, was provided by Miss Florence Percy, Miss Mitchell (Clitheroe), Miss Hindshaw, Miss Mandley, Mr. J. C. Lockhart, and Mr. Frank Hollins; and recitals were given by Messrs. George Evans, J. F. L. Crossland, E. B. Hindle, and Richard Hooke.

REPORT

For the Session 1884-85,

WITH

RULES AND LIST OF THE MEMBERS.

COUNCIL FOR 1885-86.

President:

GEORGE MILNER.

Vice-Presidents:

WM. E. A. AXON, F.R.S.L.
CHARLES HARDWICK.
JOHN H. NODAL.
REV. W. A. O'CONOR, B.A.
JOHN PAGE.
EDWIN WAUGH.

Treasurer:

JOSEPH C. LOCKHART.

Honorary Secretary.

GEORGE EVANS, F.R.S.L.

Honorary Librarians.

CHARLES W. SUTTON.
WILLIAM R. CREDLAND.

Other Members of Council.

THOMAS HEIGHWAY.
WARD HEYS.
ABEL HEYWOOD, JUN.
WILLIAM HINDSHAW
H. H. HOWORTH, F.S.A.
ROBERT LANGTON.
JOHN MORTIMER.

Manchester Literary Club.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL ON THE TWENTY-THIRD SESSION.

IN presenting the Twenty-third Annual Report to the members of the Manchester Literary Club, the Council have again to use the familiar words of congratulation on the progress made during the year, the steady growth of the Club's importance, and its extended influence in many directions.

There has been a large accession of members during the session just closed, and the cordial relationship existing and the interest taken in the proceedings has been amply shown by the remarkably good attendance at the ordinary meetings.

The experiments made during the previous year in setting apart a night for reviews of books, and of the musical evenings, at which ladies are invited to be present, have been this year renewed with such success as to warrant their having permanent place in the Club's arrangements. Twenty-one ordinary meetings have been held, at which twenty-four papers have been read and thirty-one short communications made. The papers and other communications may be roughly classified as follows: Art,

two; bibliography, eleven; biography, four; criticism, nine; philology, three; poetry, three; travel, six; translations, four; music, three; miscellaneous, ten.

The papers read are as follows:—

1884.		
Oct. 6.	The Life and Works of J. H. Letherbrow..	T. LETHERBROW.
,, 13.	Byron's Influence on the Literature of Europe.. ..	W. E. A. AXON.
,, 20.	The Literary Work of Joseph Livesey	RICHARD GILL.
,, 27.	On a Visit to Nottingham	R. HOOKE.
Nov. 3.	Stories left Half Told	JOHN MORTIMER.
,, 10.	Musical Night. The Great Pickwick Case: comic operetta..	Libretto by Mr. ROBERT POLLITT, music by Mr. THOMAS RAWSON.
,, 17.	Folk-Speech of the Lancashire Border	A. STANSFIELD.
,, 24.	W. S. Gilbert: Playwright and Satirist	E. B. HINDLE.
Dec. 1.	Concord and its Worthies	JAMES GOODEN.
,, 8.	Musical Night. John Fawcett, a Lancashire Musician	JOHN BANNISTER.
,, 15.	Mr. Alexander Ireland	The PRESIDENT.
1885.		
Jan. 5.	Hebrew Poets	R. HOOKE.
,, 12.	Richard de Bury and his "Philobiblon"	J. E. BAILEY.
,, 19.	Evolution	H. NUTTER.
,, 26.	Reminiscences of a Trip to the Riviera	W. ROBINSON.
Feb. 2.	Musical Night. Selections from Mozart and Beethoven	T. W. GILLIBRAND and W. C. LORD.
,, 9.	Peter Pindar and the "Best of Kings"	J. G. MANDLEY.
,, 16.	Fragments d'un Journal Intime—Henri-Frédéric Amiel	E. B. HINDLE.
,, 23.	Recollections of Italian Cities	Rev. W. A. O'CONOR.
,, 24.	Joint Conversazione..	Address by the PRESIDENT.
March 2.	The Genius of Coleridge	C. E. Tyrer.
,, 9.	A Story about the West Bay..	JOHN JACKSON.
,, 16.	Brinckmann's "Voss un Swinagel"	H. GANNON.
,, 16.	On Genius, Wit, Humour, and Imagination	J. ANGELL.
,, 22.	Sermon to the Members	Rev. W. A. O'CONOR.

The following is a list of the short communications:—

1884.		
Oct. 13.	On a Letter received	GEORGE EVANS.
,, 20.	Donald Gorm (a poem)	A. STANSFIELD.
,, 27.	Reviews—Octave Uzanne, The Fan, &c..	W. R. CREDLAND.
,, 27.	,, Stuart J. Reid's "Sydney Smith"	R. LANGTON.
,, 27.	,, W. Allingham's "Day and Night Songs'	C. E. TYRER.
Nov. 3.	Curious Epitaphs	J. A. GOODACRE.
,, 3.	A Walk to Shottery	WALTER TOMLINSON.
,, 10.	A Charcoal Drawing (presented to the Club)	GEORGE SHEFFIELD.
,, 17.	The Work of the Spenser Society	W. R. CREDLAND.
,, 24.	Carlyle and Manchester	GEORGE MILNER.
,, 24.	Life and Works of James Standing	A. STANSFIELD.
Dec. 1.	Ralph Waldo Emerson	A. IRELAND.
,, 8.	Under a Fool's Cap	JOHN MORTIMER.

1885.			
Jan.	5.	Relationes Historicæ	C. HARDWICK.
,,	5.	Restorations at Chetham's College	H. H. HOWORTH.
,,	5.	The Great Stone at Stretford	H. P. BIDEN.
,,	12.	The Audit Room at Chetham's College	W. TOMLINSON.
,,	12.	Allingham's "Day and Night Songs," illustrated by J. D. Watson	W. R. CREDLAND.
,,	19.	Imperatorum Romanorum Numismata, 1579	C. HARDWICK.
,,	19.	Letters from Hell	J. A. GOODACRE.
,,	26.	On a Recent Visit to Knowsley	A. NICHOLSON.
Feb.	9.	Notes on W. S. Gilbert	E. B. HINDLE.
,,	9.	The "Mollag" considered historically and poetically	J. H. E. PARTINGTON.
,,	16.	Notes on Prefaces	C. T. TALLENT-BATEMAN.
,,	16.	Comic Draughtsmen	R. BAGOT.
,,	16.	The Language of the Future..	W. E. A. AXON.
,,	23.	A Venetian Sketch	T. KAY.
,,	23.	Handel Bicentenary Notice	JOHN BANNISTER.
March	2.	George Eliot and G. H. Lewes	W. E. A. AXON.
,,	9.	On the Poet Bunn's "Word with Punch"	A. NICHOLSON.
,,	9.	The Review Club, precursor of the Literary Club ..	C. HARDWICK.

LIBRARY.

Since the last report, the Library has received the addition of forty-three volumes and pamphlets, two of which have been purchased. The number now on the shelves is nine hundred and sixty-two, as follows :—

Books by Members	360
Other Local Books	414
General Literature...	169
Albums and Scrap Books	19
	962

The books purchased are the Rev. C. W. Bardsley's *Chronicles of Ulverston* and an interesting collection of autographs. Amongst the gifts the following may be named: Rev. S. J. Reid's *Life and Times of Sydney Smith*, Mr. Goldsmid's *Collectanea Adamantea* and *Bibliotheca Curiosa*, and five volumes of Max Müller's *Sacred Books of the East*. The last-named work has been presented by the Secretary of State for India.

The Librarians desire again to call the attention of the Club to the section of the Library devoted to books by members, and to urge that members should not fail to present a copy of each of their publications to the Library.

The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. Warwick Brookes for a fine photographic portrait of Edwin Waugh; to Mr. Thomas Kay for his donation of a water-colour drawing of a Street Scene in Mentone, by Mr. W. Robinson; to Messrs. Field and Tuer for six engravings by Bartolozzi; and to Mr. George Sheffield for a charcoal sketch drawn by himself.

THE "MANCHESTER QUARTERLY" AND THE ANNUAL VOLUME OF THE PAPERS OF THE CLUB.

The attention of the members is again directed to the following paragraph, which appeared in last year's report:—

> The success which has attended the issue of the *Manchester Quarterly* during the last two years has justified the recent reduction in its price from 1s. 6d. to 1s. The four numbers for the year will be delivered each quarter, immediately on publication, post free to subscribers, at the following prices, payable in advance, viz.: Members, 2s. 6d.; non-members, 4s.
>
> Immediately upon the issue of the last number in each year the four numbers of the *Manchester Quarterly*, with the Proceedings of the Club, Annual Report, Rules, List of Members, &c., will be bound together and a copy forwarded to each member of the Club.

The Council are very desirous that the success of the *Quarterly* should be still further assured, and would be glad to receive the names of new subscribers, which should be sent to the Treasurer.

CLUB ROOMS.

At the close of the last session it was generally felt that the accommodation provided for the meetings of the Club was wholly inadequate, and the larger room which had been promised being considered unsuitable, the Council had again within a very recent period the difficult task of endeavouring to find suitable rooms, and, after some negotiations, arrangements were made during the recess for the tenancy of the rooms at the Grand Hotel in which the meetings have since been held, it is believed, to the comfort and convenience in every respect of the members of the Club.

BEN BRIERLEY TESTIMONIAL FUND.

In the report for last year it was stated that a movement was on foot to raise a fund by public subscription for the benefit of Mr. Ben Brierley, and also to memorialize the Prime Minister for a pension to be conferred upon him from the civil list in recognition of his services to the literature of the county, that a general committee was being formed for the purpose, and that a memorial was being framed by the Arts Club, and another by members of the Manchester Corporation, and that it was decided to present a memorial from the Club in support of the application, and an intimation to this effect was duly conveyed to the Hon. Secretary of the Committee.

No action with respect to the proposed memorial has, however, been taken, the efforts of the Committee having, it appears, been confined to obtaining subscriptions to the fund.

The presentation to Mr. Brierley took place on Tuesday, March 17th, in the Mayor's Parlour at the Town Hall, the Mayor presiding on the occasion.

EXCURSIONS.

During the recess two excursions took place—the first to Knowsley and Croxteth, the other to Styal—particulars of which will be found in the proceedings.

The visit to Knowsley was greatly enjoyed, and the cordial thanks of the Club are specially due to Lord Derby and Lord Sefton for the very great kindness and courtesy shown to the members on the occasion.

CONVERSAZIONI.

The session was opened as usual with a conversazione in the new rooms of the Club at the Grand Hotel, and was very largely attended. There was an interesting exhibition of pictures by members of the Club, contributed by Messrs. Percy, Meredith, Robinson, Wane, and others, and numerous specimens of the

work of the late J. H. Letherbrow. A paper was read by Mr. T. Letherbrow, on the life and works of his late brother.

The annual conversazione of the Club and the Academy of Arts was held in the City Art Gallery. The entire range of rooms was again thrown open for promenade. A brief introductory address was given by the President of the Club, after which the large company spent a very enjoyable evening in inspecting the annual Spring exhibition of the Academy, and listening at intervals to music and recitations.

The closing conversazione was held on Monday, March 30th, in the Club-rooms at the Grand Hotel, and was largely attended by members and friends. There was an interesting and important exhibition of the works of Mr. William Percy, which, it is much to be regretted, could not remain longer on the walls; the President reviewed the work of the Club during the session; and songs and recitations brought the evening to a satisfactory close.

CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

The annual Christmas meeting was held as usual, on Monday, December 15th, in the Club-rooms. There was a very large gathering of the members and their friends. The chair was occupied by the President, Mr. Alexander Ireland being the special guest of the evening. The proceedings were enlivened by songs, toasts, and recitations. A full report of the meeting will be found in the annual volume.

SERMON TO THE MEMBERS.

The annual sermon to the members of the Club was preached by the Rev. W. A. O'Conor, on Sunday morning, March 22nd, at his church, St. Simon and St. Jude's, Granby Row. A large number of the members, accompanied by ladies and other friends, attended on the occasion.

VISIT TO NOTTINGHAM.

A party of the members of the Club visited Nottingham in

October last, on the invitation of the newly-formed Nottingham Literary Club, and visited the various objects of interest in that beautiful town. In the evening the members of the respective clubs dined together at the Clarendon Hotel.

It is hoped that the members of the Nottingham Literary Club may be induced to visit Manchester at an early date.

DINNER TO THE REV. W. A. O'CONOR.

The occasion of the return of Mr. O'Conor to Manchester, after a year's absence in Italy, was taken to offer him a hearty welcome, and accordingly he was entertained at an informal dinner, in the Club-rooms, on Monday, Feb. 9th.

MEMBERSHIP AND FINANCE.

The Club has lost five members during the year, owing to death, resignation, and other causes; twenty-two new members have been elected; the total number now on the books is 228. The Treasurer's balance sheet shows an income, including balance from last year, of £344. 9s. 3d., an expenditure of £299. 13s. 2d.; balance in hand, £45. 6s. 1d.

J. C. LOCKHART, *Treasurer, in Account with the Manchester Literary Club.*

Dr. Cr.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, March 21st, 1884	51	11	9
,, Subscriptions	197	8	0
,, Entrance Fees...	22	1	0
,, Sales— *Manchester Quarterly*— Heywood's	63	7	6
,, Subscribing Members ...	9	10	6
,, Bank Interest	0	10	6
	£344	9	3

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Rent	15	0	0
,, Postage, Carriage, and Stationery	21	14	8
,, Printing Circulars	15	1	0
,, Advertising	6	18	6
,, Conversazioni and Musical Nights	27	15	1
,, Excursions	6	6	9
,, Sundries	1	14	0
,, Christmas Dinner	5	4	0
,, Books for Library	5	5	0
,, Insurance...	0	12	6
,, *Manchester Quarterly*, 4 numbers, and Annual Volume...	119	15	6
,, Proceedings and Report...	29	13	0
,, Illustrations	9	12	0
,, Binding of Volumes ...	17	19	3
,, Editorial Fee	10	0	0
,, Bank Commission	0	11	5
,, Expenses of Removal to the Grand Hotel... ...	6	0	6
,, Balance in hand	45	6	1
	£344	9	3

March 19th, 1885.

Examined and found correct,

F. R. HOLLINS, THOS. BECKETT, } *Auditors.*

List of Members.

ABERCROMBIE, William, Mansfield Chambers, St. Ann's Square.
ADAMS, W. S., Bowdon, Cheshire.
ALCOCK, R. Challenger, 1, Belford Terrace, High Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
ALLEN, Alfred, c/o W. H. Smith & Son, Blackfriars-street.
ALLEN, F. Howard, 79, King-street, Manchester.
ANDREW, James, Woodlea, Wellington Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester.
ANGELL, John, F.C.S., Ducie Grove, Oxford Road, Manchester.
ARMSTRONG, Thomas, F.R.M.S., Brookfield Croft, Bank Road, Urmston.
ARNOLD, Clarence, St. Ann's Square, City.
ARNOLD, W. T., 226, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.
ARTINGSTALL, William, Princess Road, Flixton.
ASHWORTH, Henry, Moss Bank, Crumpsall.
ATTKINS, Edgar, 67, Camp-street, Lower Broughton.
AXON, William E. A., F.R.S.L., F.S.S., Fern Bank, 1, Bowker-street, Higher Broughton.

BACKHOUSE, Henry, Solicitor, Blackburn.
BACKHOUSE, Thomas J., York Cliff, Langho, near Blackburn.
BAGOT, Richard, Blackfriars Printing Works, Manchester.
BAHIN, C. P., M.A., Ph.D., Heaton Moor, near Stockport.
BAILEY, John Eglington, F.S.A., Egerton Villa, Stretford.
BAILEY, William Henry, Summerfield House, Eccles New Road, Eccles.
BALDWIN, William, 72, Mosley-street, Manchester.
BANNISTER, John, 44, Broadway, Salford.
BARBER, Reginald, 7, Lorne Terrace, Fallowfield.
BARLOW, Thomas, Moor House, Heaton Mersey, near Manchester.
BECKETT, Thomas, Whitefield, near Manchester.
BEHRENS, Gustav, Greenwood-street, Manchester.
BELLHOUSE, James, 38, Walnut-street, Cheetham.
BENNETT, Robert J., 17, Cooper-street, Manchester.
BENNIE, Andrew, District Bank, Manchester.
BENTLEY, B. W., Buxton.
BIBBY, G. H., A.R.I.B.A., Burnage House, Burnage, Manchester.
BIDEN, H. B., c/o Mr. Stansfield, nurseryman, Sale.
BLACKLEY, Charles H., M.D., Arnside, Stretford Road, Old Trafford.
BLACKLOCK, Christopher, 108, Prince's Road, Moss Side.
BLEACKLEY, E. O., Walmer House, Ferry Hill, Catford, Kent.
BODDINGTON, Henry, jun., Strangeways, Manchester.

BRADBURY, John, 1, New Bridge-street, Salford.
BRADLEY, F. E., 21, Chapman-street, Hulme.
BRAUNE, Adolf, 8, Ducie-street, Greenheys.
BREWER, R. F., B.A., Technical School, Princess-street, Manchester.
BRIERLEY, Benjamin, St. Oswald's Grove, Harpurhey, Manchester.
BRIERLEY, James, Droylsden.
BROADFIELD, E. J., B.A., Rose Leigh, Prestwich.
BROOKES, Warwick, 350, Oxford-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
BRYAN, Charles Taylor, 40, Robert-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
BUCKLAND, J. D., Free Library, Stockport.
BUCKLEY, Samuel, Manchester Road, Denton.
BURTON, John Henry, Trafalgar Square, Ashton-under-Lyne.
BUXTON, J. H., *Guardian* Office, Manchester.

CALLENDER, E. R., Theatre Royal, Sheffield.
CAMERON, Peter, Arts Club, Albert Square, Manchester.
CARLISLE, John, J.P., Primrose House, Clitheroe.
CHRISTIE, Richard Copley, M.A., Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, 2, St. James's Square, Manchester.
CLARK, J. H., F.R.G.S., 157, York-street, Cheetham.
COBLEY, T. R., Brook Villas, Church Lane, Harpurhey.
COCKS, John, Stockport Road, Bredbury.
COLLINS, James, King-street, Manchester.
COOPER, Joseph, Eaves Knowle, New Mills, Derbyshire.
COTTERILL, William, 44, Howard-street, Eccles New Road, Salford.
CREDLAND, Wm. Robert, Free Library, King-street, Manchester.
CROFTON, Henry T., Brazennose-street, Manchester.
CROMPTON, James, 49, George-street, Cheetham Hill.
CROOM, James, Sedgley Bank, Kersal, Manchester.
CROSLAND, J. F. L., Mem. Inst. M.E., 18, Woodlands Road, Cheetham Hill.

DALE, Cornelius, 77, Reather-street, Oldham Road, Manchester.
DARLING, William, jun., B.A., F.C.S., Oxford Road, Manchester.
DAVIES-COLLEY, Alfred Hugh, 18, Exchange-street, Manchester.
DAVIES, James H., 2, Essex-street, Manchester.
DAWES, William, 2, Cooper-street, Manchester.
DAWSON, James Samuel, St. John-street, Longsight.
DEAN, W. H., Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, 29, Princess-street, Manchester.

EASTWOOD, John Adam, Ashfield, Peel Moat Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport.
EDMESTON, Alfred, Gerald Road, Lower Broughton.
ELCE, John, The Cedars, Brownlow Green, Cheadle, Cheshire.
ESTCOURT, Charles, F.C.S., F.I.C., 29, Princess-street, Manchester.
EVANS, George, F.R.S.L., Mauldeth Road West, Fallowfield.

FEARNELEY, Frank, 31, Ducie Grove, Levenshulme.
FIELDEN, David, 7, Winfield Terrace, Old Trafford.
FOX, Joseph, Arts Club, Manchester.
FOX, Richard Dacre, 341, Oxford-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
FROST, Herbert, jun., 18, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.

GANNON, Henry, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury.
GERARD, E., 57, Shakspere-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
GILL, Richard, *Examiner* Office, 7, Pall Mall, Manchester.
GILLIBRAND, Thos. Walton, Holly House, Bowdon.
GILLOW, Joseph, Dudley House, Bowdon.

GLOSSOP, James, 49, Carlton-street, Moss Side, Manchester.
GOLDSMID, E. M., 30, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh.
GOODACRE, J. A., 7, Nicholas Croft, Manchester.
GOODEN, James, 3, John Dalton-street, Manchester.
GOULDTHORP, William, 60, King-street, Manchester.
GRADWELL, Samuel, Shudehill, Manchester; and Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.
GRANTHAM, John, Rothsay Place, Old Trafford, Manchester.
GUEST, W. H., Arlington Place, Oxford-street, Manchester.

HADFIELD, H. H., Oak House, 25, Eccles Old Road, Pendleton.
HALL, John, Chorley Road, Bolton.
HARDWICK, Charles, 72, Talbot-street, Moss Side.
HARDY, James Richard, 390, Oldham Road, Manchester.
HARRISON, Thomas, F.C.S., 9, Lime Grove, Oxford-street.
HAYES, George, Deganwy, Conway.
HEALEY, George, F.R.M.S., Brantfield, Bowness.
HEIGHWAY, George, Elmwood, Fog Lane, Withington.
HEIGHWAY, Thomas, Beechmount, Marple, Cheshire.
HEYS, Ward, Blencathra, Stretford.
HEYWOOD, Abel, jun., Oldham-street, Manchester.
HINDLE, Edward Bruce, Queen's Chambers, John Dalton-street, Manchester.
HINDSHAW, William, Egerton Cottage, Tatton-street, Salford.
HODGSON, Thomas, Fielden Brothers, Norfolk-street, Manchester.
HOLLINS, Frank R., Valentine House, Blackley, near Manchester.
HOLT, Wilmot, The Park, Didsbury.
HOOKE, Richard, M.A.A., Kersal Dale, Higher Broughton, Manchester.
HORSFALL, T. C., Bollin Tower, Alderley Edge.
HOWORTH, Henry H., F.S.A., St. James's Square, Manchester.
HUGHES, Henry, Greenbank, Stockport Old Road, Heaton Chapel.
HUGHES, Walter, B.A., Cheetwood House, Cheetwood, Manchester.

IRELAND, Alexander, Pall Mall, Manchester.

JACKSON, John, Chancery Place, Booth-street, Manchester.
JONES, William, Consolidated Bank, 28, Regent Road, Salford.

KAY, Thomas, Moorfield, Stockport.
KINGSLEY, F. J., 48, Brown-street, Manchester.
KIRK, Edward, 159, Church-street, Pendleton.

LAMBERT, James J., 20, Cross-street, Manchester.
LANGTON, Robert, Albert Chambers, Corporation-street, Manchester.
LAW, Edwin, 10, Shakespeare Crescent, Patricroft.
LAWSON, William, Limefield Terrace, Rushford Park, Levenshulme.
LAYCOCK, Samuel, High-street, Blackpool.
LEDWARD, H. D., Ellesmere Park, Eccles.
LEGGE, Alfred Owen, Levenshulme-street, Gorton.
LETTS, Rev. Ernest F., M.A., 270, Great Clowes-street, Higher Broughton.
LITHGOW, R. A. Douglas-, M.D., 27a, Lowndes-street, Belgrave Square, London, S.W.
LOCKHART, Joseph C., 59A, Mosley-street, Manchester.

MAIDEN, Sampson, Stockport.
MANDLEY, James George, 13, Wellington-st., Higher Broughton, Manchester.
M'CLELLAND, Thomas, 6, Vernon Avenue, Eccles.
M'NEIL, Henry, 39, Market-street, City.
MELLOR, Zachary, Town Clerk, Rochdale.

MEREDITH, William, 11, Wilberforce Terrace, Hulme.
MILNER, George, Moston House, Moston, Harpurhey.
MITCHELL, John, J.P., Clitheroe.
MORTIMER, John, 96, Lloyd-street, Greenheys.
MORTON, William, 11, Thurlow-street, Eccles New Road, Salford.
MUNN, W. W., 42, Johnson-street, Cheetham.
MURRAY, Solomon, Levenshulme.

NESBITT, George, 100, Burlington-street, Manchester.
NEWBIGGING, Thomas, Emberton Lodge, Eccles, Manchester.
NEWTON, Richard, Church Lane, Moston.
NICHOLSON, Albert, 62, Fountain-street, Manchester.
NODAL, John H., The Grange, Heaton Moor, near Stockport.
NUTTER, Henry, Burnley.

O'CONOR, Rev. W. A., B.A., Upper Brook-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
OLDHAM, J. B., B.A., Wheatfield House, Heaton Norris, Stockport.
OLIVER, James, Parkfield, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester.
OLNEY, T. C., 7, Belwood Terrace, Old Trafford.
O'NEILL, Arthur, Denmark Road, Manchester.

PAGE, John, Markets Office, Town Hall, Manchester.
PARKINSON, Richard, White House, Barr Hill, 154, Bolton Road, Pendleton.
PARKINSON, William James, Myerscough House, Garstang.
PARKINSON, W. W., Police-street, Manchester.
PARTINGTON, J. H. E., 10, South King-street, Manchester.
PEARSON, George, Southside, Wilmslow, near Manchester.
PERCY, William, Monton-street, Greenheys.
PETTY, Alfred M., 29, Brown-street, Manchester.
PHILLIPS, J. S. R., F.S.S., *York Herald*, York.
PICKELS, W. E., Adelaide, South Australia.
PICKSTONE, Ed., 39a, Mosley-street, City.
PICTON, Sir J. A., F.S.A., Sandyknowe, Wavertree, Liverpool.
PLANT, John, F.G.S., Peel Park, Salford.
POTTER, Charles, Talybont, Conway.
PROVIS, Charles Wm., 7, Marsden-street, Manchester.

RAMSBOTTOM, Joseph, Moston, Manchester.
RAMSDEN, William F., M.D., Dobcross, Saddleworth.
RAWSON, Thomas, York Place, Higher Broughton.
REDFERN, B. A., Victoria Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.
REID, Rev. Stuart J., Albert Villa, Wilmslow.
REYNOLDS, J. H., Mechanics' Institution, Princess-street, Manchester.
RICHARDSON, George, 18, Claremont Road, Alexandra Road, Manchester.
RIGG, George Wilson, 1, Ridgefield, Manchester.
ROBERTS, Lloyd, M.D., St. John-street, Manchester.
ROBINSON, R. H., M.D., Arts Club, Manchester.
ROBINSON, Wm., Queen's Chambers, 49, Princess-street, Manchester.
ROSCOW, Frederick C., Whitefield, near Manchester.
ROSS, R. M., 143, Radnor-street, Hulme.
ROYLE, William A., 17, Cooper-street, Manchester.

SAMELSON, Adolphus, M.D., St. John-street, Deansgate, Manchester.
SCOTT, Archd. Douglas, 27, Sackville-street, Manchester.
SCOTT, John, M.A., M.B., Nelson-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
SCOULOUDI, Frank, Ralli Bros., Peter-street, Manchester.
SHEFFIELD, George, Douglas, Isle of Man.

SHIELDS, Frederick J., A.S.P.W., 7, Lodge Place, St. John's Wood, London.
SINCLAIR, Wm. J., Dr., 125, Moss Lane East, Manchester.
SMITH, J. J., Holly Bank, Heywood.
SMITH, Richard, B.A., Brazenose Club, Manchester.
SOUTHERN, James W., J.P., Burnage Lodge, Burnage Lane, by Levenshulme.
SOWERBUTTS, Eli, Market Place, Manchester.
STANSFIELD, Abraham, Kersal Moor, Manchester.
STELFOX, Joseph, The King's Arms, Brown-street.
SUTCLIFFE, John, Bacup.
SUTCLIFFE, S. B., Roman Terrace, Bury New Road, Manchester.
SUTTON, Charles W., Free Library, Manchester.
SWINNERTON, J. W., 43, Barton Arcade, and 2, Via Montebello, Rome.
SWITHENBANK, H. C., Brighton House, Rusholme.

TALLENT-BATEMAN, Charles T., 24, Brown-street, Manchester.
TAYLOR, John, Chesham Place, Bowdon.
TAYLOR, John Ellor, F.L.S., F.G.S., Museum, Ipswich.
THORNBER, H., Lloyd-street, Manchester.
TILLER, J. G., Fern Cliff, Heaton Mersey.
TOMLINSON, Walter, 5, St. John-street, Longsight.
TURNER, James, Schoolmaster, Warrington.
TURNER, William A., Barlow Fold, Poynton, Cheshire.
TYRER, Cuthbert Evan, B.A., M. & S. Bank, Mosley-street.

UDALL, R. J., 128, Upper Brook-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.

VEEVERS, Harrison, M. Inst. C.E., The Lakes, Dukinfield.

WADE, Richard, 5, York Place, Oxford Road.
WAINWRIGHT, Joel, Finchwood, Compstall, near Stockport.
WANE, Richard, 14, Ridgefield, Manchester.
WARBURTON, Samuel, Sunny Hill, Crumpsall.
WARDEN, Henry, Brighton Grove, Rusholme.
WARNER, Edward B., Spring Gardens, Manchester.
WATKINSON, Henry, John Dalton-street, Manchester.
WAUGH, Edwin, The Hollies, New Brighton.
WHILEY, Henry, Town Hall, Manchester.
WILCOCK, James, 54, Smedley Road, Cheetham.
WILD, W. J., 113, Wellington Road South, Stockport.
WILKINSON, H. Spenser, M.A., Polygon, Ardwick.
WILKINSON, T. R., Manchester and Salford Bank, Mosley-street, Manchester.
WILLIAMS, Edward, Abbey Cottage, North Road, Droylsden.
WINTER, Tatton, North-street, Carshalton, Surrey.
WIPER, William, 8, Rock Terrace, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

List of Members,

SHOWING THE YEAR OF ELECTION.

1862—Charles Hardwick, Moss Side.
,, Edwin Waugh, Manchester.
,, John Page, Old Trafford.
,, Benjamin Brierley, Harpurhey.
1863-5—B. W. Bentley, Buxton.
,, T. J. Backhouse, Blackburn.
,, Henry Backhouse, Blackburn.
,, Charles Potter, Talybont.
,, George Hayes, Deganwy.
,, John Mitchell, J.P., Clitheroe.
,, George Healey, J.P., Windermere.
,, William Percy, Manchester.
1866—Sampson Maiden, Stockport.
,, Zachary Mellor, Rochdale.
1867—Samuel Buckley, Denton.
,, W. F. Ramsden, M.D., Saddleworth.
1868—Harrison Veevers, Dukinfield.
,, T. Newbigging, Eccles.
1869—J. H. Nodal, Heaton Moor.
1872—John Mortimer, Manchester.
,, George Milner, Moston.
,, F. R. Hollins, Blackley.
1873—John Carlisle, Clitheroe.
,, William Hindshaw, Salford.
,, Samuel Gradwell, Manchester.
,, Edward Williams, Droylsden.
,, Joseph Cooper, New Mills.
,, John Plant, F.G.S., Salford.
,, E. Gerard, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
,, William Lawson, Levenshulme.
,, James S. Dawson, Longsight.
,, Joseph C. Lockhart, Manchester.
1874—James W. Southern, Levenshulme.
,, Richard Parkinson, Manchester.
,, W E. A. Axon, Manchester.
1874—Arthur O'Neill, Manchester.
,, J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., Stretford.
,, Walter Tomlinson, Manchester.
,, James Brierley, Droylsden.
,, John Adam Eastwood, Manchester.
,, Richard M. Newton, Moston.
,, Eli Sowerbutts, Manchester.
,, Edward B. Warner, Manchester.
,, Edward Kirk, Eccles.
,, James Collins, Manchester.
,, Samuel Warburton, Crumpsall.
1875—Albert Nicholson, Manchester.
,, A. Samelson, M.D., Manchester.
,, Charles W. Sutton, Manchester.
,, Rev. W. A. O'Conor, B.A., M'chester.
,, Alfred Allen, Manchester.
,, Thomas Barlow, Heaton Mersey.
,, Benjamin A. Redfern, Manchester.
,, John Elce, Cheadle.
,, Abel Heywood, jun., Manchester.
,, James Richard Hardy, Manchester.
,, Henry Watkinson, Manchester.
,, Henry Thomas Crofton, Manchester.
,, John Taylor, Bowdon.
,, Lloyd Roberts, M.D., Manchester.
,, Gustav Behrens, Manchester.
,, E. R. Callender, Sheffield.
1876—Warwick Brookes, Manchester.
,, W. W. Parkinson, Manchester.
,, William Henry Bailey, Salford.
,, Henry H. Howorth, F.S.A., Eccles.
,, John H. Burton, Ashton.
,, R. J. Udall, Manchester.
,, George Nesbitt, Manchester.
,, Wm. Gouldthorp, Manchester.

1876—J. S. R. Phillips, F.S.S.
,, Charles Taylor Bryan, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
,, John H. E. Partington, Manchester.
,, Richard Gill, Manchester.
,, Cornelius Dale, Manchester.
,, J. H. Davies, Manchester.
,, William Jones, Salford.
,, Richard Wade, Manchester.
,, Alfred Owen Legge, Manchester.
,, J. W. Swinnerton, Rome.
1877—R. Challenger Alcock, Manchester.
,, William A. Turner, Pendleton.
,, Henry Nutter, Burnley.
,, John Hall, Bolton.
,, William Meredith, Manchester.
,, John Angell, F.C.S., Manchester.
,, James Crompton, Manchester.
,, F. J. Kingsley, Manchester.
,, John Cocks, Bredbury.
,, William Dawes, Manchester.
,, David Fielden, Manchester.
,, R. M. Ross, Hulme.
,, William Baldwin, Manchester.
,, James Glossop, Manchester.
,, Robert Langton, Manchester.
,, John G. Tiller, Heaton Mersey.
,, T. Read Wilkinson, Manchester.
,, Wm. Abercrombie, Manchester.
,, Solomon Murray, Levenshulme.
,, Henry Gannon, Didsbury.
,, Thomas C. Horsfall, Alderley Edge.
,, J. F. L. Crosland, M. Inst. M.E., Cheetham.
,, George Evans, F.R.S.L., Manchester.
,, Thomas Armstrong, Manchester.
1878—Christopher Blacklock, Hulme.
,, Ward Heys, Stretford.
,, William Darling, jun., Manchester.
,, F. Howard Allen, Manchester.
,, Joseph Gillow, Bowdon.
,, R. Copley Christie, M.A., Manchester.
,, Walter Hughes, B.A., Manchester.
,, Edwin Law, Salford.
,, J. H. Buxton, Manchester.
,, Richard Bagot, Manchester.
1879—Joseph Ramsbottom, Moston.
,, R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, M.D., London.
,, H. H. Hadfield, Pendleton.
,, J. H. Reynolds, Manchester.
,, William Morton, Manchester.
,, James George Mandley, Salford.
,, Rev. Stuart J. Reid, Wilmslow.
,, James Andrew, Manchester.
,, William Wiper, Manchester.
,, James Gooden, Manchester.
1879—Richard Smith, B.A., Manchester.
1880—Thomas Heighway, Manchester.
,, James Oliver, Manchester.
,, Frank Fearneley, Levenshulme.
,, Alfred M. Petty, Manchester.
,, William James Parkinson, Garstang.
,, Abraham Stansfield, Kersal Moor.
,, William A. Royle, Manchester.
,, Robt. J. Bennett, Manchester.
,, A. H. Davies-Colley, Manchester.
,, F. C. Roscow, Manchester.
,, Joseph Fox, Manchester.
,, E. O. Bleackley, Manchester.
,, John Bradbury, Manchester.
,, T. C. Olney, Manchester.
,, Frank Scouloudi, Manchester.
,, C. P. Bahin, M.A., Ph.D., Manchester
,, H. D. Ledward, Manchester.
,, Henry Hughes, Manchester.
,, R. H. Robinson, M.D., Salford.
,, W. S. Adams, Bowdon.
,, Wm. Robinson, Manchester.
,, Rev. E. F. Letts, M.A., Manchester.
,, Thomas Kay, Stockport.
1881—Henry Warden, Manchester.
,, Richd. Wane, Manchester.
,, H. B. Biden, Manchester.
,, E. J. Broadfield, B.A., Manchester.
,, R. Dacre Fox, Manchester.
,, Thomas Rawson, Manchester.
,, T. R. Cobley, Manchester.
,, Thos. Beckett, Manchester.
,, Herbert Frost, jun., Manchester.
,, W. H. Dean, Manchester.
,, John Jackson, Manchester.
,, W. E. Pickels, Australia.
,, C. E. Tyrer, Manchester.
,, John Grantham, Manchester.
,, Alexander Ireland, Manchester.
,, James John Lambert, Manchester.
,, T. W. Gillibrand, Manchester.
,, C. H. Blackley, M.D., Manchester.
,, W. H. Guest, Manchester.
,, Edgar Attkins, Manchester.
,, John Sutcliffe, Bacup.
,, George Pearson, Wilmslow.
1882—Thomas Harrison, F.C.S., Manchester.
,, Edward Bruce Hindle, Manchester.
,, J. A. Goodacre, Manchester.
,, E. M. Goldsmid, Edinburgh.
,, G. W. Rigg, Manchester.
,, H. C. Swithenbank, Manchester.
,, Henry Whiley, Manchester.
,, James Wilcock, Manchester.
,, Wm. Artingstall, Manchester.
,, Henry Ashworth, Manchester.

1883—William Cotterill, Salford.
,, Wm. Robert Credland, Manchester.
,, Chas. T. Tallent-Bateman, Manchester.
,, Peter Cameron, Manchester.
,, Archd. Douglas Scott, Manchester.
,, George Heighway, Manchester.
,, Wm. J. Sinclair, M.A., M.D., M'chester.
,, W. W. Munn, Cheetham.
,, R. F. Brewer, B.A., Manchester.
,, Charles Estcourt, F.C.S., F.I.C., Manchester.
,, W. J. Wild, Stockport.
,, W. T. Arnold, Manchester.
,, John Bannister, Pendleton.
,, Richard Hooke, M.A.A., Manchester.
1884—H. Spenser Wilkinson, M.A., M'chester.
,, G. H. Bibby, A.R.I.B.A., Manchester.
,, J. J. Smith, Heywood.
,, John Scott, M.A., M.B., Chorlton-on-Medlock.
,, F. E. Bradley, Hulme.
,, Alfred Edmeston, Lower Broughton.
1884—James Bellhouse, Cheetham.
,, Thos. M'Clelland, Eccles.
,, Joel Wainwright, Compstall, near Stockport.
,, James Turner, Warrington.
,, Reginald Barber, Fallowfield.
,, J. B. Oldham, B.A., Heaton Norris.
,, Clarence Arnold, Manchester.
,, Ed. Pickstone, Manchester.
,, Adolf Braune, Greenheys.
,, Henry M'Neil, Manchester.
,, James Croom, Manchester.
,, S. B. Sutcliffe, Manchester.
,, Thomas Hodgson, Manchester.
,, J. D. Buckland, Stockport.
,, H. Thornber, Manchester.
,, Andrew Bennie, Manchester.
,, Tatton Winter, Carshalton, Surrey.
,, Charles Wm. Provis, Manchester.
,, Wilmot Holt, Didsbury.
,, Henry Boddington, jun., Manchester.
,, J. H. Clark, F.R.G.S., Cheetham.

Honorary Members:

1866—John E. Taylor, F.L.S., Ipswich.
,, Samuel Laycock, Oldham.
1869—Joseph Stelfox, Manchester.
,, George Richardson, Manchester.
1873—Sir J. A. Picton, F.S.A., Liverpool.
1875—Fred. J. Shields, A.S.P.W., London.
1882—George Sheffield, Douglas.

Rules.

The objects of the Manchester Literary Club are :—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the art, literature, and history of the county.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

I.

MEMBERSHIP.

Membership of the Club shall be limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musical composers, members of the learned professions and of English and foreign universities, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

The Club shall consist of ordinary, corresponding, and honorary members. The nomination of a candidate for ordinary and corresponding membership must be signed by two members, and entered in the candidates' book, stating the qualifications of the candidate. If the nominee for ordinary membership is resident within ten miles of Manchester, he must have attended at least one of the ordinary meetings of the Club before the ballot is taken. It shall be competent for the Council to submit to the Club for election as a corresponding member any person having the necessary qualification, but being resident at a considerable distance from the city of Manchester. All nominations, if approved by the Council (acting as a Ballot Committee, when five shall form a quorum), shall be announced to the members, and the ballot shall be taken at the next ensuing meeting. A majority of two-thirds shall be requisite to secure election.

Nominations for honorary membership to be made by three subscribing members, and entered in the candidates' book, stating the grounds of the nomination. The voting to take place in the same manner as for ordinary and corresponding members.

Each new member shall have his election notified to him by the Honorary Secretary, and shall, at the same time, be furnished with a copy of the Rules of the Club, and be required to remit to the Treasurer, within one month, his entrance fee and subscription; and if the same be unpaid one month after his election, his name shall be struck off the list of members, unless he can justify the delay to the satisfaction of the Council. No new member (other than honorary) shall participate in any of the advantages of the Club until he has paid his entrance fee and subscription.

2.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The subscription for ordinary and corresponding members shall be one guinea per annum, payable in advance on the 29th of September in each year, and shall be paid to the Treasurer. New ordinary members shall also pay an entrance fee of one guinea, but no entrance fee shall be required on the admission of corresponding members. No member whose subscription is unpaid on the 1st of November shall be entitled to vote at any meeting.

Any member may resign on giving one month's notice to the Honorary Secretary before the first Monday in October, otherwise he shall pay his subscription for the following session. The name of every member in arrear shall be placed conspicuously in the room one month before the last meeting of the session is held, and if the subscription be not paid within one month after such meeting he shall cease to be a member, unless he can justify the delay to the satisfaction of the Council.

All arrears may be sued for in the name of the President, Treasurer, or Honorary Secretary for the time being, in the Manchester County Court. See 17 and 18 Vic., cap. 112, sec. 25.

3.

MEETINGS.

The ordinary session shall commence on the first Monday in October, and terminate on the last Monday in March, unless the Council deem it desirable to hold further meetings in April. Special meetings may be held during the vacation at the discretion of the Council, or on the requisition of any six members duly presented to the Honorary Secretary. The Club, during the ordinary session, to meet on each Monday, and begin its proceedings not later than seven o'clock in the evening, by the Secretary reading the minutes of the previous weekly or other meeting; after which the time, until eight o'clock, shall be occu-

pied by the reception of short communications and notes and in general conversation, and at eight o'clock prompt the paper or other business of the evening as set down in the syllabus shall be proceeded with. The subjects under discussion may be adjourned from time to time. Each member shall have the privilege of introducing a friend to the meetings; but no person so introduced shall take part in the proceedings, unless invited to do so by the President, to whom the visitor's name shall be communicated on his entrance into the room, and shall also be entered in the Visitors' Book, with the name of the member introducing such visitor.

4.

OFFICERS AND COUNCIL.

The business affairs of the Club shall be conducted by a Council, to consist of a President, six Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, two Librarians, a Secretary, and seven members, who shall be elected, by ballot, at the last meeting of the session, and hold office until the election of the Council in the following year. A vacancy may be filled up at any ordinary meeting. The Council to sit, each regular meeting night, at least one hour before the assembling of the Club. The Council shall have power to erase the name of any member from the books of the Club on due cause being shown.

Two Auditors shall be appointed by the members at the ordinary meeting next preceding the final meeting of the session, to audit the Treasurer's accounts. A nomination paper for the selection of officers shall be placed on the table of the Club on each of the last four meetings of the session prior to the annual business meeting. No nominations shall be taken after the last meeting but one of the session.

5.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duty of the President shall be to preside at the meetings of the Club, and to maintain order. His decision in all questions of precedence among speakers, and on all disputes which may arise during the meeting shall be absolute. In the absence of the President or Vice-Presidents at seven o'clock, it shall be competent for the members present to elect a chairman.

The Treasurer shall take charge of all moneys belonging to the Club, pay all accounts signed by the President, and submit his accounts and books for audit at the last meeting of the session. The Auditors shall, at the last meeting of the session, attend at the Club-room and audit the accounts of the year, and, if correct sign the same.

The Honorary Librarians shall have charge of all the books, MSS., and scrap-books belonging to the Club. They shall keep a register of all purchases and donations, shall acknowledge the gifts to the Club, and shall present a report on the condition of the library to the yearly business meeting at the end of each session.

The duties of the Honorary Secretary shall be to attend all meetings of the Council and Club, to enter in detail, as far as practicable, the proceedings at each meeting; to conduct the correspondence, file all letters received, and convene all meetings, by circular, if necessary. He shall also prepare and present to the Council at the last meeting of the session in each year a report of the year's work, and, after confirmation by the Council, shall read the same to the members.

6.

SECTIONS.

Sections for the pursuit of special branches of literary or artistic work may at any time be formed by resolution of the Club; and the Council shall be empowered to frame bye-laws necessary for the government of any such section.

7.

SYLLABUS AND ANNUAL VOLUME.

The syllabus of the session shall be prepared in two sections—one to be issued, if possible, a week before the commencement of the session, viz., in the last week in September, and the other at Christmas. A copy of each shall be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. The report of the year, together with the Papers and Proceedings of the Club, shall be bound up at the end of each session, and a copy forwarded to every member. A list of the officers and members, with their full addresses, and the Treasurer's balance sheet, shall be appended to the report.

8.

ALTERATION OF RULES.

No new rule, or alteration in these rules, or of the place of meeting, shall be made without a special meeting of the Club being convened for the purpose, of which seven days' notice shall be given.

APPENDIX I.

MANCHESTER BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR 1884.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM SUTTON.

THE numbers of productions of the Manchester press during the last five years, as recorded in these annual lists, are as follows:—

1880	393
1881	365
1882	441
1883	591
1884	500

Much less music has been published in Manchester during 1884 than in the previous year, and there has been a diminution in publications which come under the headings of Education, Periodicals, Fiction, and Theology; whilst Science shows an increase, as also the books which are placed together as Essays, Dialect, and Miscellaneous. Other differences in the figures for the last three years will be seen in the following tabulated statement:—

	1882.	1883.	1884.
Almanacks, Calendars, and other Annuals	15	20	18
Bibliography	7	9	4
Biography	15	11	7
Education and Philology	35	56	40
Essays, Dialect, and Miscellanies..	26	32	47
Games and Sports...	3	2	1

	1882.	1883.	1884.
History, Topography, and Antiquities	20	10	16
Music	47	139	81
Oriental Literature	1	1	0
Periodicals and Newspapers	68	76	68
Poetry	11	7	10
Politics, Commerce, and Social Questions	70	83	83
Prose Fiction (with Tales for Children)	36	51	28
Science and Art	31	40	53
Societies, Publications of	19	17	22
Theology and Philosophy	37	37	22
Total	441	591	500

The more important new books recorded, taking them in the order as printed in the list, are Dr. A. C. Fryer's *Aidan, the Apostle of the North;* the Rev. J. Stuart Reid's interesting *Life of Sydney Smith*, illustrated by Mr. Walter Tomlinson; the third part of Dr. G. U. Pope's *Tamil Handbook;* a second series of the late W. R. Greg's *Miscellaneous Essays;* Mr. Axon's *Cheshire Gleanings;* Sir Thomas Baker's valuable *Memorials of a Dissenting Chapel*, with illustrations engraved by Mr. Langton; Mr. W. A. Copinger's *History of the Copingers;* the first volume of the *Manchester Court Leet Records*, edited by Mr. Earwaker; Mr. Henry Taylor's *Old Halls of Lancashire and Cheshire;* Mr. T. Locke Worthington's sketch of the *Cathedral Church of Manchester;* Mr. Wylie's first volume of his *History of England under Henry IV.;* Mr. W. T. Arnold's edition of Keats' *Poems;* Mr. H. J. Roby's *Introduction to the Study of Justinian's Digest;* Captain H. S. Wilkinson's *Citizen Soldiers;* Mr. C. L. Barnes' *Rock History;* Mr. Bateman's *History and Description of the Manchester Waterworks;*

Professor W. H. Greenwood's *Iron and Steel;* Mr. Alex. Ireland's edition of the *Vestiges of Creation*, with a valuable preface on the authorship of that work; the first volume of the *Scientific Papers* of our great townsman, Mr. J. Prescott Joule; Mr. R. Marsden's work on *Cotton Spinning;* Dr. Lloyd Roberts' *Midwifery;* another part of Sir Henry Roscoe and Professor Schorlemmer's *Chemistry;* the late Canon Raines' *Vicars of Rochdale*, edited by Mr. H. H. Howorth, and issued by the Chetham Society; another of the same Society's volumes of *Lancashire and Cheshire Wills*, edited by Mr. Earwaker; the transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, the Accountants' Students' Society, the Field-Naturalists' Society, the Scientific Students' Association, the Microscopical Society, the Literary Club, and the Statistical Society; two works issued by the Record Society, the first of which was edited by Mr. W. A. Abram, and contains the *Preston Guild Rolls*, and the other an index of *Richmond Wills*, edited by Colonel Fishwick. The Spenser Society has issued to its members two of George Wither's works—the *Preparation to the Psalter* and *Respublica Anglicana.* The last section, that of Theology, contains Dr. Casartelli's dissertation, *La Philosophie Religieuse du Mazdeisme;* the Rev. Julius Lloyd's *Duty and Faith;* and the Rev. James M'Dougall's *Ascension of Christ and other Sermons.*

In the compilation of the list of music, Mr. John Bannister has again given his kind aid.

The works of local authors which have been printed away from Manchester are marked by asterisks.

ALMANACKS, CALENDARS, &c.

Almanack for the Diocese of Salford for 1885. 12mo.

Almonds and Raisins. The Vegetarian Society's Annual for 1885. Demy 8vo, 76 pp. 6d. *John Heywood.*

Artizan's Year Book and Engineer's and Building Trades Almanack, 1885. Sixth year. Crown 8vo. 6d. *A. Heywood and Son.*

Bradshaw's Railway Manual, Shareholder's Guide, and Official Directory for 1884. Post 8vo. 12s. *Blacklock and Co.*

BRIERLEY (BEN). Ab-o'th'-Yate's Lancashire Folk's Almanack for 1885. 8vo, pp. 48. 3d. *Abel Heywood and Son.*

Calvert's Mechanics' Almanack and Workshop Companion for 1885. pp. 62. 4d. *Calvert.*

Financial Reform Almanack for 1885. Demy 8vo, 208 pp. 1s. *John Heywood.*

Health Year-Book and Almanack for 1885. 8vo, pp. 42, sewed. 2d. *John Heywood.*

Lancashire Congregational Calendar, 1884. 8vo, 240 pp. *John Heywood.*

Liberal Cabinet Photographic Almanack, 1885. Illustrated. 12mo. 1d. *A. Heywood and Son.*

LIVESEY (WM.). Grand United Order of Oddfellows Almanack. Royal 24, 148 pp. *John Heywood.*

Manchester Christmas Annual for 1885. Royal 8vo. 1s. *Salford Chronicle Office.*

Manchester Diocesan Directory for 1885. 12mo. 1s. *Christian Knowledge Society.*

Manual of the Congregational Church, Wilmslow. Fifth year. 12mo. *A. Ireland and Co.*

Official Handbook for Manchester and Salford, &c., 1885. 12mo. 1s. and 2s. *Manchester Corporation (Blacklock and Co.).*

Owens College, Manchester, Calendar for the Session 1884-5. 12mo. 3s. *J. E. Cornish.*

Victoria University Calendar, 1884-5. 12mo. 1s. *J. E. Cornish.*

Unitarian Pocket Almanac for 1884. 32mo. *F. S. Phillips.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, Library Catalogue. 8vo, pp. 76. *A. Ireland and Co.*

IRELAND (A.). The Book-Lover's Enchiridion. Fourth edition. 12mo, pp. 482. 6s. *A. Ireland and Co.*

Manchester Athenæum, List of Books added to the Library from November, 1876, to March, 1884. 12mo, pp. 158. *A. Ireland and Co.*

Manchester and Salford Co-operative Society Library Catalogue. 4to.

BIOGRAPHY.

DE CLERC (A. J.). Sketch of the Life of the Rev. (William) Crombleholme. 8vo, pp. 10. *J. Roberts and Sons.*

*FRYER (A. C.), Aidan, the Apostle of the North. Post 8vo, pp. 128. 2s. 6d. *Partridge.*

Livesey (Joseph), Founder of the Temperance Movement, Life of. 12mo, pp. 16. 1d. *A. Heywood and Son.*

LOWRY (EDWARD). Life. Written by himself. Crown 8vo. 2d. *J. Heywood.*

*REID (STUART J.). A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith. 8vo, pp. xx, 409. 21s. *London: Sampson Low.*

RHODES (B.). John Bright: Statesman and Orator. A popular Sketch of his Life and Work. 8vo, pp. 48. 6d. *Brook and Chrystal.*

SAVANILLA (DON PEDRO DE). The Authentic Autobiography of Catalina D'Erauso, a Runaway Nun, Sailor, Soldier, Lieutenant, Gambler, and Duellist. Compiled from a Manuscript in the Royal Library at Seville. 8vo, pp. 15. 1d. *J. J. Alley.*

EDUCATION AND PHILOLOGY.

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*DAVIES (Rev. JOHN). The Celtic Elements in the Dialect of the Counties adjoining Lancashire. Reprinted from the Archæologia Cambrensis. 8vo. *London: Whiting and Co.*

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